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CHARLES LAMB

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SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
CHICAGO ATLANTA NEW YORK

The Lake English Classics

REVISED EDITION WITH HELPS TO STUDY

ELIA

BY
CHARLES LAMB

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

GEORGE W. BENEDICT

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, BROWN UNIVERSITY

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PREFACE

The text of this edition follows that of Mr. E. V. Lucas's admirable edition of *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb*, which reproduces the text of the original collected edition of 1823; but I have arranged the essays in the order in which they were published in *The London Magazine*. This is not strictly the order of their first appearance, as will be seen from the dates given in the Table of Contents, p. 7. For much of the information in Parts I and II of the Introduction I am under obligation not only to Mr. Lucas's edition, but also to his *Life of Charles Lamb*. I have drawn largely from Mr. Lucas's notes, which are too valuable not to be used; but I have added a good deal that seems to me likely to be of service in an edition for students. In order that a glance may show the frequency and the character of the literary echoes in Lamb's style, references to the sources of many of his quotations are printed at the foot of the page; also his own few notes, marked (L). The other notes, of all sorts—on proper names, unusual words and phrases, Latin quotations, and so forth—are put at the back of the book. My hearty thanks are due to my colleague, Mr. W. T. Hastings, for help in sifting and arranging them, and for general criticism.

Much of the matter in the notes could have been spared if students could only be trusted to clear up difficulties and obscurities for themselves by the use of good dictionaries and other books of reference. Yet these are not always so easily accessible as they should be. Furthermore, I would rather give too much than too little, for one misses a great

part of the flavor unless one realizes Lamb's inveterate allusiveness and understands pretty clearly what the allusions signify. It is not necessary, however, that students should look up all the quotations whose sources I have noted, nor that they should burden their memories with unimportant facts about the many places and persons and things that Lamb mentions. The notes on such allusions will, I hope, satisfy reasonable curiosity and show the picturesqueness of Lamb's mental background; but the notes are not to be learned by heart: they are intended as helps to the understanding of the text, not as examination-material.

I beg to suggest, further, that though the bulk of these essays is small, it might be well if they were read, not in a lump, but intermittently, if practicable. Lamb's essays are so different from what most students have read and are reading, that too much of them at one time may easily prove cloying. And, although Lamb did collect his essays, we should remember that they were written to be read periodically, and that the intervals in their publication served to whet the appetite of the readers of *The London Magazine* and send them to a new paper by *Elia* with increased zest. Nor is it necessary, of course, to read the whole series, in order to understand Lamb and appreciate him. Teachers will doubtless find some of the essays less interesting to their students than others, and less suitable for classroom use. The paper on *The Artificial Comedy*, for instance, though important in itself and also because of Macaulay's demurrer to Lamb's views, raises a delicate point of criticism on a subject always difficult to manage with mixed classes. In short, I should hope that sensible teachers might choose the essays and the methods that they think will make the reading of *Elia* most enjoyable.

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LAMB'S LIFE AND WORKS.

I.

Charles Lamb was born February 10, 1775, in London, in the Inner Temple, a famous old nest of lawyers' lodgings and offices. His father, John Lamb, was clerk, body-servant, and factotum to Samuel Salt, one of the "old benchers"; and his mother was Salt's housekeeper. Charles was the youngest of seven children. Of these only a brother, John, and a sister, Mary Anne, respectively about twelve and ten years older than Charles, lived to adult age: they are the James and Bridget Elia of the essay *My Relations*. Lamb described his father in the essay on *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*, under the name of Loyal, in such vivid terms that it is easy to see that his own lovable nature was a patrimony. It was nearly all that he inherited: his father's station in life was a humble one.

Charles had his first lessons from the daughter of a former resident in the Temple; and in her declining years he gave her in return a generous pension. At about the age of six he went for a year to a day-school in Fetter Lane, near by. He was a delicate boy, and had had smallpox at five years old; and he stuttered.

Fortunately, through the interest of Salt, Lamb was admitted to Christ's Hospital—the famous Blue Coat School,—and with some unusual privileges, if we may trust the essay on Christ's Hospital in *Elia*. An earlier essay, *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, gives an affectionate and enthusiastic account of the character of the school and of the Blue Coat

boys. Here he remained from his entrance in 1782 until 1789, during which time Coleridge, the poet, and Middleton, the first bishop of Calcutta were among his schoolfellows and intimates. A bronze statuette group of the three is now a trophy of the school, "held in rotation by the ward in which most prizes have been gained in the year."⁽¹⁾ There is also a school medal bearing a likeness of Lamb, given as an English Essay Prize.⁽²⁾

A schoolmate⁽³⁾ writes of him thus: "His step was plantigrade, which made his walk slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of his figure. I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary; but there was an implied kindness in it. . . . His delicate frame and his difficulty of utterance, which was increased by agitation, unfitted him for joining in any boisterous sport." He was not one of the Grecians, or high-scholarship boys being prepared for the University; but his school years gave a scholarly turn to a love of reading that was born in him and had doubtless been fed upon the books in Samuel Salt's library—that "spacious closet of good old English reading" which he speaks of in *Mackery End*. Wordsworth tells us⁽⁴⁾ that "Lamb was a good Latin scholar, and probably would have gone to college upon one of the school foundations but for the impediment in his speech." He was, however, a "Deputy Grecian," i. e., a member of the next to the highest class.

Soon after leaving the school, at the age of fourteen, he seems to have been taken into the office of Joseph Paice (de-

(1) See the cut in Lucas's edition, Vol. II., p. 320.

(2) *Ib.* p. 324.

(3) Valentine Le Grice, quoted in Lucas's *Life*, Vol. I., p. 84.

(4) Note to the poem *Written After the Death of Charles Lamb*.

scribed in *Modern Gallantry*), where he probably learned bookkeeping. Through this friend's influence he soon got work in the Examiner's office of the South Sea Company, in whose employ his brother John was, at half a guinea per week. In the spring of 1792, again by the influence of Paice, he was given a post in the East India House as a bookkeeper in the Accountant-General's department; and here he stayed for thirty-three years, until he was pensioned by the Company and retired.

DeQuincey ⁽¹⁾ has given us a vivid picture of Lamb at his work, which has so much of character in it that it deserves to be quoted at length:

"It was either late in 1804 or early in 1805 that I had obtained from a literary friend a letter of introduction to Mr. Lamb. . . . Let me describe my brief introductory call upon him at the India House. . . . I was shown into a small room, or else a small section of a large one . . . in which was a very lofty writing-desk, separated by a still higher railing from that part of the floor in which the profane—the laity, like myself—were allowed to approach the *clerus*, or clerkly rulers of the room. Within the railing sat, to the best of my remembrance, six quill-driving gentlemen ⁽²⁾ . . . [who] were all too profoundly immersed in their oriental studies to have any sense of my presence. . . . I walked, therefore, into one of the two open doorways of the railing, and stood close by the high stool of him who occupied the first place within the little aisle. I touched his arm, by way of recalling him from his lofty Leadenhall speculations to this sublunary world; and, presenting my letter, asked if that gentleman (pointing to the address)

(1) *Works*, Masson's edition, Vol. III., p. 38 ff: *Recollections of Charles Lamb*.

(2) Lamb's friend, Henry Crabb Robinson, has recorded in his *Diary* one of Lamb's puns at the expense of his fellow-sufferers: "The large room at the accountant's office at the East India House is divided into boxes or compartments, in each of which sit six clerks, Charles Lamb himself in one. They are called Compounds. The meaning of the word was asked one day, and Lamb said it was 'a collection of simples.'"

were really a citizen of the present room; for I had been repeatedly misled, by the directions given me, into wrong rooms. The gentleman smiled; it was a smile not to be forgotten. This was Lamb. . . . The seat upon which he sat was a very high one; so absurdly high, by the way, that I can imagine no possible use or sense in such an altitude unless it were to restrain the occupant from playing truant at the fire by opposing Alpine difficulties to his descent. . . .

“He began to dismount instantly; and, as it happened that the very first *round* of his descent obliged him to turn his back upon me as if for a sudden purpose of flight, he had an excuse for laughing; which he did heartily—saying at the same time something to this effect: that I must not judge from first appearances; that he should revolve upon me; that he was not going to fly; and other facetiæ, which challenged a general laugh from the clerical brotherhood. . . .

“The letter of introduction, containing (I imagine) no matters of business, was speedily run through; and I instantly received an invitation to spend the evening with him. . . . He was, with his limited income—and I say it deliberately—positively the most hospitable man I have known in this world.”

Lamb received no salary at the India House until after three years of probation. In 1795 his pay began at £40 a year, increasing gradually, but somewhat irregularly, to £730 in 1825. In addition to his salary there were certain regular gratuities and some payments for work over time. The hours were not what we should call severe—from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon; and (if not at first, certainly later) he had a vacation of a month in each year, besides certain regular holidays.

But the drudgery of auditing accounts, calculating interest, making out warrants, and recording entries of sales and the like, galled him extremely as time went on. His dislike of the work finds its way often into his letters. In 1815 he writes

to Wordsworth: "My business and office business in general has increased so. I don't mean I am there every night, but I must expect a great deal of it. . . . Do not keep a holiday now once in ten times, where I used to keep all red-letter days, and some fine days besides, which I used to dub nature's holidays. I have had my day . . . of the little that is left of my life I may reckon two-thirds as dead, for Time that a man may call his own is his Life." Later in the same year, to Wordsworth again: "I have a glimmering aspect, a chink-light of liberty before me. . . . If I can but begin my own day at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I shall think myself to have Eden days of peace and liberty to what I have had." His letter to Wordsworth upon his release in 1825 is well known: "I came home forever on Tuesday in last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelm'd me. It was like passing from life into Eternity. Every year to be as long as three, i. e., to have three times as much time that is my own, in it! . . . Freedom and life co-existent."

The cloud that business threw over him must have been the darker because of a streak of morbid melancholy, a tendency to insanity, inherent in the blood. In his twenty-first year he had a brief attack of melancholia, of which he writes with a brave show of humor to Coleridge: "I know not what suffering scenes you have gone through at Bristol—my life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this year your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton—I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite anyone. But mad I was. . . . It may convince you of my regard for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who I am inclined to think was the more im-

mediate cause of my temporary frenzy." This last allusion must be to Ann Simmons, of whom later.

Yet it was not his own but his sister's insanity that threw the deepest shadow upon his life. Mary had given signs of the malady before September, 1796. In that month, after symptoms that alarmed her brother and sent him—most unfortunately in vain—after their physician, she fell into a violent paroxysm such as sometimes accompanies the depression of melancholia. Snatching a knife from the table in their rooms in the Temple, she tried to kill her little dressmaker apprentice, actually wounded her aged father, and stabbed her mother to death. Charles was permitted to take her to a private asylum instead of having to put her in a public hospital for the insane. The next year "her removal was then allowed by the authorities on [Lamb's] giving 'his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life.' Charles Lamb when he made this promise was just twenty-two." (1) Thenceforth she was the object of his constant care and solicitude; and though for considerable intervals she was herself, hardly a year passed without a more or less severe recurrence of her malady. Until her father's death in 1799, it was deemed unwise for her to live at home, and during her attacks after that she was usually in a private asylum.

Never were brother and sister closer in all their sympathies, desires, and interests. Mary understood her brother, stimulated his endeavors, shared his disappointments and successes perfectly. Only their drudgeries were separate—Charles bending over his ledgers at the India House, Mary plying her needle as a professional "mantua-maker" at home. Their hours of freedom they lived together. Lamb's letters are full of his sister. During one of her attacks he wrote

(1) Lucas, *Life*, Vol. I., p. 15f.

to Dorothy Wordsworth (the poet's sister) thus: "Meantime she is dead to me and I miss a prop. All my strength is gone, and I am like a fool, bereft of her coöperation. I dare not think, lest I should think wrong; so used am I to look up to her in the least and the biggest perplexity." Indeed, it is pleasant to think that the intimacy between the Wordsworths and the Lambs was the readier and closer because of the perfect sympathy between brother and sister on either side.

Except for the tragedy of 1796 and Charles's retirement from the India House in 1825 there is little to mark stages in his life. His literary labors, at first somewhat varied, were after 1810 pretty much of one sort. For the rest, Lamb's life was diversified only by his vacation excursions (with Mary, when she was able) and his frequent shifts of domicile. He visited Somersetshire and the Lake Country, the Isle of Wight, Oxford and Cambridge, Mackery End and Blakesware in Hertfordshire, "sweet Calne in Wiltshire," Birmingham, and Paris, and has left us charming reminiscences of some of them in his essays.

But he was of the city by his nature as well as by the compulsion of his employment, and it was only in London that he felt himself thoroughly comfortable. His home, until Samuel Salt's death, in 1792, was in the Temple; after eight years in small lodgings in Holborn and Pentonville, he and Mary came back to lodgings in the Temple again, in Mitre Court Buildings. Here began the famous weekly gatherings of his friends,⁽¹⁾ with whist, puns, punch, talk of plays and pictures and books. The Lambs moved in 1809 to Inner Temple Lane, "where," wrote Charles, "I mean to live and

(1) Among the records of these gatherings is Hazlitt's spirited account in his *Conversation of Authors*.

die: for I have such a horror of moving"—this was the seventh move already—"that I would not take a benefice from the King if I were not indulged with non-residences." But they moved out of the Temple in 1817 to lodgings in Russell Street, Covent Garden. Lamb wrote to Dorothy Wordsworth: "I thought we never could have been torn up from the Temple. . . . We can never strike root so deep in any other ground."

In 1823 they took a house, the first they had ever had to themselves, by the bank of the New River in the suburb of Islington; in 1827 another at Enfield, further out from the city, where with some interruptions they stayed till 1833. From "dull Enfield," as he calls it, Lamb wrote a long letter to Wordsworth—of all people!—protesting against the boredom of life in the country. "Yearnings of life, not quite kill'd, rise, prompting me that there was a London, and that I was of that old Jerusalem. In dreams I am in Fleetmarket, but I wake and try to sleep again. . . . O, let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison till man with promethean felicity and boldness luckily sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, playhouses, satires, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence. Man found out inventions. From my den I return you condolence for your decaying sight, not for anything there is to see in the country, but for the miss of the pleasure of reading a London newspaper. . . . I would live in London shirtless, bookless." From Enfield they moved to Edmonton, "three or four miles nearer the Great

City," as Lamb writes, again to Wordsworth: ". . . I have few friends left there, one or two tho' most beloved. But London streets and faces cheer me inexpressibly."

Lamb had absolutely a genius for friendship, and hardly anything in his life is more significant than the number and quality of his friends and acquaintances. Some came to him from his early acquired and long continued interest in the theatre: of these the closest was the charming and accomplished actress, Miss Fanny Kelly, to whom, by the way, Mary Lamb taught Latin. Others were Liston, Charles Kemble, Macready, Elliston, and Munden, the actors; and Holcroft, James Kenney, and James Sheridan Knowles, the playwrights. Most of his distinguished friends, however, were men of letters more or less closely connected with the Romantic Movement in literature, in which Lamb himself played a part. The chief of these have already been mentioned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth. Some of the others were Robert Southey, the poet-laureate; Thomas DeQuincey, the "English opium-eater"; William Hazlitt, the critic and essayist; Leigh Hunt, the editor, essayist, and poet; Henry Cary, the translator of Dante; Walter Savage Landor, the poet and essayist; William Godwin, the political philosopher; Thomas Hood, the humorist; and Henry Crabb Robinson, the author of the famous *Diary* which gives us so much of the literary gossip of the day. Among his acquaintances were John Keats, Thomas Moore, Sir Walter Scott, Samuel Rogers, Thomas Love Peacock, Mrs. Shelley, Stothard the artist, John Payne Collier the Shakespearean scholar, Thomas Carlyle (who has left us an ill-natured and ill-judged estimate of Lamb), and Christopher North (Professor Wilson). From some of his friends there were temporary estrangements, but there is universal testimony

to the kindness, sincerity, warmth, and lovableness of his nature.

He had one love affair, in his youth, and once later contemplated marriage. Upon some visit to his Grandmother Field in Hertfordshire, he doubtless met Ann Simmons, who is identified with the "Alice W—" of the essays and who is apparently the subject of some early love sonnets. His heart must have been "seriously engaged," in the old-fashioned phrase, but nothing came of it. His grandmother, it is said, opposed the match because of the insanity in his family. If he had not ceased to think seriously of Ann Simmons by the time of his mother's death, he certainly did then. Writing to Coleridge, he says: "Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind." Two months later he writes to Coleridge again: "I have burned all my own verses. . . . I burned a little journal of my foolish passion which I had a long time kept"; and about a year later still, "it is a passion of which I retain nothing, 'twas a weakness." The stern seriousness of his responsibility toward his sister would seem to have killed, for the time, all thoughts of authorship as well as of marriage. In 1819, when he was forty-four, he proposed marriage to Miss Kelly, the actress. His letter, written when Miss Kelly was suffering from some grief, begins thus: "Dear Miss Kelly—We had the pleasure, *pain* I might better call it, of seeing you last night in the new Play. It was a most consummate piece of acting, but what a task for you to undergo! at a time when your heart is sore from real sorrow! it has given rise to a train of thinking which I cannot suppress." The whole letter is tender, considerate, manly; but one cannot wonder that Miss Kelly declined the offer. From the frequent occurrence in it of "we," "us," "our," it is clear that

even at such a moment Miss Kelly's image shared with his sister Mary's the possession of his thoughts: one might almost say he was proposing marriage on Mary's behalf as well as his own. Only a year and a half later Lamb wrote *Dream-Children*, which Mr. Lucas suggests should be read in the light of his recent proposal. Lamb's thoughts of marriage, though prompted more by a generous and tender regard for Miss Kelly's comfort than by real love, perhaps had stirred his memory and rekindled a gleam of his early passion.

Having no child of his own, Lamb found one in Emma Isola, the motherless daughter of a shy, unworldly don of Cambridge University. Charles and Mary had seen her in Cambridge in 1820, and she had visited them the following Christmas. Perhaps they already thought of having her live with them, and may have made their journey to France in 1821 to the end of helping her with French. On her father's death in 1823 they adopted her. They taught her Latin, and Robinson tells us that Lamb taught her Italian "without knowing the language himself." She became a governess in a friend's family, and in 1833 married Edward Moxon, the publisher.

Though cordially approving of the marriage, Lamb missed his niece, as he called her. Mary Lamb's illness had grown much upon her, and bore hard upon her brother. Coleridge, his friend of forty years, died in July, 1834, and Lamb felt his loss greatly. He had no routine of employment to uphold him. His health was enfeebled—it must be confessed, by his intemperance. December 22, 1834, during a morning's walk in Edmonton, he stumbled and fell. The illness which followed was fatal. He died December 27, and was buried in Edmonton. Thirteen years later Mary Lamb died in London, and was buried beside her brother.

II.

Charles Lamb belongs to the class of miscellaneous writers. The range of kinds in his writing is large, but as his product in these various kinds is by no means of uniform merit, he lives by a rather small part of his whole work,—by the *Tales from Shakespear*, the *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, and a few essays, chiefly those collected under the titles *Elia* and *Last Essays of Elia*.

His first serious efforts were in poetry, consisting of a few sonnets, some blank verse fragments, and a handful of other bits, composed between 1794 and 1798. Some are sentimental, some sad, some religious, showing the grave view of the world engendered in him by the failure of his first hopes in love and by his sister's insanity. Four of the sonnets were published with Coleridge's *Poems on Various Subjects* (1796) and republished, with additions, in the second edition (1797), which contained also contributions from Coleridge's other literary protégé, Charles Lloyd. In 1798 Lloyd and Lamb published a volume of poems under the unassuming title *Blank Verse*, in which seven short pieces were Lamb's. Lamb printed a few other poems in periodicals during these years, among them *Living Without God in the World*, which is on the whole the best thing in his early verse. There can be little doubt that all these early poems were written under the influence of the new ideas about poetry which Coleridge thought he had received from reading Bowles's sonnets, and which he of course preached to his friends, Lloyd and Lamb,

as well as to Wordsworth.⁽¹⁾ Lamb's verses are simple, sweet, and tender, but his poetic style lacks, for the most part, melody and power, and it is safe to say that were it not for the interest in his other work and in Coleridge's germinative influence, his poetry would be forgotten now.

Much the same may be said of his next work, *Rosamund Gray* (1798), a curiously condensed story in thirteen chapters averaging a little over two pages in length. By its manner, particularly at the outset, one might think it intended for children, but its pathos is evidently aimed at adult readers. It is not at all a story of what happens—the interest is wholly in the emotions which the events awaken in the actors and in the author; that is, it is of the sentimental class. Some critics, however, find its sentiment so simple and pure that it makes a deep impression upon them.

Lamb's next venture was more ambitious. It was a tragedy, *John Woodvil* (completed 1799), in mixed prose and irregular blank verse, full of echoes of Elizabethan dramatists. It is, in fact, an attempt to write a play in the Elizabethan style, an attempt for which Lamb's intimate knowledge of the old drama and his sensitiveness to effects of style qualified him probably better than any other man of his day. But as a play it can hardly be called successful. The feelings of love, filial piety, loyalty, and ambition are its springs of action, its temper is noble, the conception is intense; yet the plot is bare, the characters are not real, and

(1) Bowles was doubtless only the spark to the powder. In brief, Coleridge's poetical creed involved the superiority of the sonnet and blank verse and free lyric measures over the conventional ten-syllable couplet of the school of Pope; the love of natural beauty; and the reliance on imagination and emotion rather than on reason and polished technique, for the production of poetical pleasure. The idea that true poetry should be the outpouring of the heart Coleridge emphasized by calling thirty-six of the pieces in his first volume of poems by the affected and clumsy title of "Effusions." Lamb remonstrated, and begged him to call them "Sonnets, for heaven's sake, not 'Effusions.'"

the poetry, except for a few short passages, is not truly affecting. It was submitted, under its original title of *Pride's Cure*, to Kemble, the great actor, who declined it, and it was never produced on the stage in Lamb's lifetime. Lamb published it in 1802, together with some *Curious Fragments* capitably imitating Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, of which he was very fond. The book was not well received.

In 1800 Lamb wrote the epilogue for Godwin's unsuccessful tragedy, *Antonio*. In his second paper on the *Old Actors* (*London Magazine*, April, 1822), he gives a most amusing account of the one, damning performance of this play.⁽¹⁾ For the next two years his published work was small and unimportant, consisting of lampoons on the government in *The Albion* (a short-lived affair), squibs and jokes in *The Morning Chronicle* and *The Morning Post*, some dramatic criticism, and one piece, *The Londoner*, that shows for the first time in print his love of the city, and gives promise of the later *Elia*.

Another attempt in drama, the farce *Mr. H—*, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1806. It was a failure, and was withdrawn at Lamb's request. The plot turns upon the grotesqueness of the name Hogsflesh, which its owner attempts to conceal, but inadvertently reveals, to the disgust and consternation of his friends, particularly his lady-love. He gets it changed to Bacon, and thus comes off triumphant. The play was produced with some success in Philadelphia in 1812, and printed there, without Lamb's name, in 1813. Lamb published it for the first time authoritatively in Vol. II. of his collected *Works* (1818).

The next year (1807) saw the publication of the earliest of Lamb's lasting works. This was the *Tales from Shakespear*.

(1) This passage was omitted when Lamb revised the essay for the collected edition of *Elia*.

long a deservedly popular book with the young readers for whom it was intended. It was put forth by "The Juvenile Library," i. e., Mrs. William Godwin, whom Lamb cordially detested but whose enterprise every child that has made acquaintance with Shakespeare through the *Tales* has reason to be grateful for. Though it bore the name of Charles Lamb alone as author, it was more Mary Lamb's work than her brother's, for out of the twenty tales in the book, she wrote all but those of *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Timon*, *Romeo*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The preface explained that the writers had kept as much of Shakespeare's language as was practicable, and that "what these tales shall have been to the *young* readers, that and much more it is the writers' wish that the true Plays of Shakespear may prove to them in older years—enrichers of fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honorable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity; for of examples teaching these virtues his pages are full."

The connection thus formed with The Juvenile Library lasted for some years and produced several other books for children. In *The Adventures of Ulysses* (1808) Lamb retold in charming style—better even than that of the *Tales*—the story of the *Odyssey*, taking it from Chapman's *Homer*. *Mrs. Leicester's School* (1808; the first edition, however, bears the date 1809), is a collection of stories supposed to be told in turn by ten young ladies of a boarding-school concerning their childhood experiences. It came out anonymously, but was chiefly Mary Lamb's work. The stories vary considerably in interest, but all are better executed than *Rosamund Gray*; and they have an added interest from the many autobiographical hints they contain. In 1809 appeared *Poetry*

for Children, by the Author of "Mrs. Leicester's School." This also was chiefly by Mary Lamb. The last book issued by The Juvenile Library in which the Lambs were concerned seems to have been Charles's *Prince Dorus* (1811), a humorous verse-tale of the prince with the long nose.⁽¹⁾

Lamb now turned his attention to the old drama with a more serious critical purpose. He had been at work for some time upon a collection of extracts, and published it in 1808 under the title *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Who Lived about the Time of Shakspeare: With Notes by Charles Lamb*. It was published by Longman, apparently as a sort of companion to Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets* (1790), Ellis's *Specimens of English Metrical Romances* (1805), and Burnett's *Specimens of English Prose Writers* (1807). The importance of the undertaking itself and its significant position in the history of the appreciation of the Elizabethan drama justify the following quotation from Lamb's Preface:

"The kind of extracts which I have sought after have been, not so much passages of wit and humour, though the old plays are rich in such, as scenes of passion, sometimes of the deepest quality, interesting situations, serious descriptions, that which is more nearly allied to poetry than to wit, and to tragic rather than to comic poetry. The plays which I have made choice of have been, with few exceptions, those which treat of human life and manners, rather than masques, and arcadian pastorals. . . . My leading design has been, to illustrate what may be called the moral sense of our ancestors, to show in what manner they felt, when they placed themselves by the power of imagination in trying situations in the conflicts of duty and passion, or the

(1) The verses in *The King and Queen of Hearts* (undated) are ascribed to Lamb with all but entire certainty. This was an apparently early publication of The Juvenile Library, consisting of amusing copper-plate pictures after the manner of playing-cards, with a running verse commentary.

strife of contending duties; what sort of loves and enmities theirs were; how their griefs were tempered, and their full-swoln joys abated; how much of Shakespeare shines in the great men his contemporaries, and how far in his divine mind and manners he surpassed them and all mankind.

“Another object which I had in making these selections was, to bring together the most admired scenes in Fletcher and Massinger, in the estimation of the world the only dramatic poets of that age who are entitled to be considered after Shakespeare, and to exhibit them in the same volume with the more impressive scenes of old Marlowe, Heywood, Tourneur, Webster, Ford, and others; to show what we have slighted, while beyond all proportions we have cried up one or two favorite names.”

It will be seen from these words that Lamb's purpose was not scientific or historical, but literary, in a somewhat narrow sense. He was not studying dramatic technique or the development of the drama as a type; he was culling and arranging and exhibiting those things that a reader of taste should be expected to enjoy. His interest is in emotions and in the imaginative realization and expression of those emotions. Ideas there are, of course, in the dramatists: but Lamb is always less concerned to formulate and expound ideas than to capture the feelings that spring from ideas and situations, and to observe how those feelings find expression in a particular man's actions and words. The testimony to the acuteness of his insight and the fineness of his taste is universal. Professor Herford's comment is excellent⁽¹⁾: for this task, he says, “no living Englishman had comparable qualifications . . . he had to choose out the decisive poetry from several hundred plays of some thirty authors. Even Scott is not more one in spirit with his ballads than

(1) *The Age of Wordsworth*, pp. 62-63.

Lamb is with his plays. His brief critical notes are the inmost breath and genius of the poetry itself captured and made palpable in words."

The *Specimens* may well be considered the prelude, as it were, to the second period of Lamb's literary labors. In his first period he seems to be trying his powers, but in his second he finds his feet as an essayist and proceeds master of criticism. The opportunity for this more serious achievement came to him, as it happened, through Leigh Hunt, himself a Christ's Hospital boy. Hunt and his brother, who had started a weekly paper called *The Examiner* in 1808, undertook also a quarterly, *The Reflector*, in 1810, which was to be largely the work of old Blue Coat boys. To it Lamb contributed some of his keenest and best sustained critical essays, especially the papers on *The Genius and Character of Hogarth*, and *On the Tragedies of Shakespeare Considered with Reference to their Fitness for Stage Representation*. Some of his other *Reflector* contributions, such as *On the Inconvenience of Being Hanged*, *Edax on Appetite*, and *The Good Clerk*, show the characteristic vein of humor of the *Elia* essays. In *The Examiner*, in 1812, he published some squibs in verse against the Prince Regent, the most amusing and caustic of which is *The Prince of Whales*. In 1813 he began to write characteristic short scraps of articles for the "Table Talk" in *The Examiner*; he contributed also dramatic criticisms and some short reviews of books, among them one on a burlesque entitled *Falstaff's Letters* (in which he himself certainly had had a hand), and an appreciative one on Keats's poems. To this period belongs some good work in other periodicals, especially *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, in *The Englishman's Magazine*, 1813, and a review of

Wordsworth's *Excursion* in *The Quarterly Review*,⁽¹⁾ 1814. His last piece in *The Examiner* seems to have been in 1820, in which year he wrote also a few things for Hunt's *Indicator*.

But before he ceased to write for Hunt's papers, he had made a collection of such early work as he wished to preserve, and, adding to it from his more recent writing, published the whole in two volumes in 1818 under the title *The Works of Charles Lamb*. The first volume contained reprinted poems, *John Woodvil*, the dramatic fragment *The Witch*, the *Curious Fragments*, *Rosamund Gray*, and *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*. The second was made up of critical and other essays and *Mr. H—*.

To the opportunity offered him by Hunt's columns and to the consequent feeling of freedom and encouragement, he owed much, as has been said. A still more favorable opportunity opened in 1820, the year which marks the beginning of his best and most productive period. This chance was the foundation of *The London Magazine*—a new venture, with an old name—by John Scott, who had edited *The Champion*, for which Lamb had written in 1814. Very likely Scott invited him to write for the *London*; but one of his biographers⁽²⁾ says that "Lamb's association with Hazlitt in the year 1820 introduced him to that of *The London Magazine*, which supplied the finest stimulus his intellect

(1) Lamb's relations with the *Quarterly*, edited by the high-handed Gifford, were always uncomfortable. Gifford had called Lamb's comment on Ford, in the *Dramatic Specimens*, "the blasphemies of a maniac," a judgment, which, as Robinson says in his *Diary*, "in brutality surpasses anything, even in the *Edinburgh Review*." The *Quarterly* garbled Lamb's review of the *Excursion*, which he said to Wordsworth was "the prettiest piece of prose I ever writ"; it printed Southey's article on "The Progress of Infidelity" that called out Lamb's defence of Hazlitt, Hunt, and himself; and it professed to think Lamb's *Confessions of a Drunkard* an autobiographical document.

(2) T. N. Talfourd, *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*, Chap. VII.

had ever received, and induced the compositions fondly and familiarly known under the fantastic title of *Elia*."

This pseudonym was the real name of an old Italian clerk in the South Sea House in Lamb's day there:⁽¹⁾ "Elia himself added the function of an author to that of a scrivener like myself," writes Lamb. He tells us that the proper pronunciation is "Ellia," but it must have been variously pronounced in his own day. Mr. Lucas says that Lamb's friend Hone rhymed it with "desire"—I suppose because of the similarity to "Elias"; and, oddly, the Maclise portrait of Lamb bears the name in Greek letters in two forms, viz: ΕΛΙΑ and ηλια, which by the practice of that time would indicate respectively "Ellia" and "Eelia." This last is certainly the common pronunciation now; but it must be given up.

Under cover of this pseudonym Lamb published almost all of his contributions to *The London Magazine*. His first was in August, 1820. Scott, the first editor, died from a wound received in a duel, in February, 1821, and the control passed into the hands of John Taylor, of the publishing firm of Taylor and Hessey, which bought the magazine after Scott's death; Lamb, however, continued to write for it—occasionally, it would seem, anonymously. His last contribution, according to Mr. Lucas, was in August, 1825, with which number Taylor and Hessey also ended their connection with the magazine. After that Lamb used the signature "Elia" for a few pieces in other periodicals (*The New Monthly Magazine*, *The Englishman's Magazine*, Hone's *Table Book*, and *The Athenæum*). Some of these were reprinted in the *Last Essays of Elia*. He also used the signature perhaps a dozen times in his private correspondence, the last time, just before

(1) Lucas, *Works*, Vol. II., p. 299.

his death, writing "Ch. Lamb, *alias* Elia." Even in print it was a perfectly transparent disguise to anybody who knew him or his earlier articles.

The first collected edition of *Elia*, comprising the essays contained in the present book, was published in 1823, by Taylor and Hessey, the owners of *The London Magazine*. Aside from the continued Elia articles mentioned above, and a few short bits signed *Lepus* in *The New Times*, Lamb's latest work was once more largely dramatic and in verse. In 1825 he wrote *The Pawnbroker's Daughter*, a farce turning on the inconvenient situation of a lover who has been hanged and cut down. It was never played, though Lamb had hopes of it, but was printed in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1830. In 1827 he wrote the dramatic poem, *The Wife's Trial*, in which he strove again for a Shakespearean flavor, but which is more modern than *John Woodvil*. It was offered to Charles Kemble for production at Covent Garden Theatre. As Mr. Lucas says, Lamb never seems to have convinced himself that he could not write successfully for the stage. He himself said that he had trouble with the "damned plot," but thought he could "find wit, passion, sentiment, character, and the like trifles." As a matter of fact, however, though he has abundance of feeling of his own, and a very sensitive and sympathetic appreciation of character, he lacks the dramatist's power to get inside a character and make it act and speak with lifelikeness. *The Wife's Trial* was printed in *Blackwood's*, 1828.

In 1830 appeared, as the first fruits of Moxon's newly established publishing business, *Album Verses*, containing occasional pieces written for ladies' albums, some sonnets, some translations of the Latin poems of Vincent Bourne (an English scholar of the eighteenth century), and a *Pindaric*

Ode to the Treadmill. Lamb did not regard this collection very seriously, but some of the reviewers took it in all seriousness and fell foul of it. It contained the sonnet *The Gipsy's Malison*, previously printed in *Blackwood's*, 1829, after having been declined by *The Gem*; apropos of which exhibition of taste, Lamb got off one of his best witticisms: "The editors declined it, on the plea that it would *shock all mothers*. . . . I am born out of time. I have no conjecture about what the present world calls delicacy. I thought *Rosamund Gray* a pretty modest thing. Hessey assures me that the world would not bear it. I have lived to grow into an indecent character. When my sonnet was rejected, I exclaimed, 'Hang the age. I will write for Antiquity!'"

In 1831 Moxon published an anonymous burlesque ballad, *Satan in Search of a Wife*, with grotesque illustrations by the famous Cruickshank. In 1833, after some difficulty and a lawsuit with Taylor, the former editor of *The London Magazine*, who claimed proprietary rights in the essays, Moxon published the *Last Essays of Elia*, containing the greater part of Lamb's prose written since the collected *Elia* of 1823. It was Lamb's last book.

III.

The *Elia* essays show Lamb at his best in his humor and fancy, his tenderness, his intimate personalness. If their serious criticism is not quite so incisive and luminous as that of the essays on Hogarth and Shakespeare, published in *The Reflector*, it is still admirably keen and delicate. Out of them we can—and we do—construct the real Charles Lamb himself, toiling in the prison-house of the East India Company, living his boyhood over again in imagination, cherishing his friends, smiling at us sometimes very wistfully, solacing himself with his old authors, or bursting into mirth and puns—all this with that dark shadow of insanity and grief hanging over him. It was a brave soul; and he wins our affection the more strongly—"the best loved of English writers," he has been called—because, with all his self-revelation, he never thinks to let us see the heroic in him.

It may not be amiss to point out in some detail the manifestations of his chief traits. We recognize at once the pervasiveness of his humor no less than the brilliancy of a particular pun or an odd metaphor ingeniously spun out and varied. This humor is, as it were, a saturated solution so rich in intellectual constituents that it is ever on the point of crystallizing into wit; on the other hand, the substance of thought is so compounded with feeling that it is constantly on the point of turning into pathos. Though conspicuous and pervasive, it is quite indescribable in a single word or phrase. It is quick, yet not racy; lively, yet not boisterous

nor ever side-splitting, at least in his writing (though his jokes in company were sometimes little better than tomfoolery); extravagant, rare, elaborate, and minute, yet without that labored quality which we call far-fetched; delicate, yet saved from thinness by its ingenuity; bookish, delighting in verbal subtleties, yet richly appreciative of human comedy. It is a pity that the *Dissertation Upon Roast Pig*, easily the best known and probably the best enjoyed of the essays, is so generally accepted as the classical example of Lamb's humor. His fine sense for character, as in *The Two Races of Men*, is a finer thing than his gusto for pig, perfect as that is; and the felicities of *Distant Correspondents* or *The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers* are superior, because involving a richer range of associations.

His sympathetic nature, also, is evident. He is full of regard for the unfortunate and the helpless. Weakness moves his pity, not his scorn. His pity was active, finding its outlet in many an act of kindly help, not in theoretical humanitarianism. He would put his hand into his pocket for a beggar, raise a subscription, write an epilogue for a friend's play, revise a young poet's verses, find work for his servant's relatives. He is charitable in his judgments of men, unless, perhaps, of a stiff-necked prig⁽¹⁾: such a one "wolde he snibben sharply for the nones," like Chaucer's Parson. But benevolence and intellectual charity are by no means all of true sympathy. He was singularly sensitive to the appeal of widely different natures, and quick to understand and appreciate their strength or weakness, to catch and relish their peculiar quality, their flavor of sweetness, richness, or pungency. Of this power of his,

(1) See his indignant protest (*Letter to Southey*) against the illiberal censure of his own and Leigh Hunt's and Hazlitt's moral views.

such essays as *The Old Benchers* and *Imperfect Sympathies* are good examples.

He is always intensely personal. This means first that his interests are in the manners and thoughts and feelings of concrete men and women. He loved a "humor" in a man. He cared nothing about science or metaphysics. He wanted his abstract ideas mixed with flesh and blood. In politics he took a very small interest, and was a partisan, if at all, for his friends' sake, or because he could not bear in silence the personal affronts which the conduct of the Prince Regent gave not only to the Princess but to every decent subject as well. He refused, to the exasperation of some of his friends, to manifest any enthusiasm over Waterloo; but rather strangely does not seem to have felt any deep pity for Napoleon's fate. He had few or none of what are called "views," even in literature or art, though he had strong preferences among writers and painters. He esteemed Coleridge and Wordsworth and liked their poetry; but he had no part in their declaration of literary independence. Serious judgments couched in general terms are hardly to be found in his essays; his mental idiom, so to speak, is particular and specific.

He is personal, in the second place, in that his view of everybody and everything takes its color from his own nature. It is a common enough trait, but Lamb has it in marked degree. As has well been said of him, "all that he knows or observes in the world of books or men becomes absorbed in the single life of his own mind, and is reproduced as part and parcel of Charles Lamb." That is, the reader feels that Lamb's sense of a fact is constantly interposed between him and the fact itself. This does not necessarily imply a sacrifice of accuracy or truth any more than when we look at the sun

through a smoked glass. But I do not mean that Lamb is at all a dark or turbid medium. If Lamb's essays were paintings, we should say that they have a great deal of "atmosphere."

This personal habit of mind explains the large amount of reminiscence in his work. His fondness for things as they had been is unmistakable—for the old benchers, the old actors, the old writers, old china, the old landmarks of the city: They were what *he* was used to. He had made his discoveries once for all in his boyhood of the oddities in the Temple walks, of the theatre, of old books in Samuel Salt's library, of London. It was not the greatness of the city, not its growth, but the unchanging familiarity of its aspect that delighted him. "The disappearance of the old clock from St. Dunstan's church drew tears from him; nor could he ever pass without emotion the place where Exeter Change once stood."⁽¹⁾ If he had been born and bred in the country, as Wordsworth was, he too would have loved its mountains, lakes, and wild flowers; but not in Wordsworth's way. For Wordsworth had a power of abstract thought, of imaginative vision, that saw behind all the separate facts of nature and the diverse operations of natural forces a unifying, universal Presence, "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns," and "in the heart of man," as well. That is a philosophical conception as well as a poetic one. Similarly there is a unifying, abstractly imaginative conception underlying Wordsworth's Westminster Bridge sonnet on London: he felt the city to be a great organism, could imagine its "mighty heart." Such poetic abstractions, equally with scientific ones, were foreign to Lamb. Possibly he failed to appreciate the country not only because he had not known

(1) Μόρον, quoted in Lucas, *Life*, Vol. II., p. 352.

it well as a boy, but also because he felt it to be impersonal, fortuitous, somehow the result of vague, intangible force, not of sentient design and feeling. He was not interested in the city as a sociological fact: it was not for him the necessary result of general social pressure, which is abstract, intangible, impersonal. The city to him was the expression of separate, individual men's activity, the place where this man and this and this lived and talked and worked, the scene of the life of such people as he had early learned to know. Over it and all its doings was the glamor of his boyhood's recollection.

Again, this personal habit is the essence of his literary preferences. His criticism is not "scientific." He would have been the last man to write a history of literature, to discuss origins, to trace tendencies, to deal with poetry as the expression of the composite mental and spiritual life of an age. The scientific temper is impersonal: its results are valid precisely in the degree in which it purges itself of individuality. But Lamb's temper, if not scientific, is something at least as fruitful. He is finely æsthetic. He does not apply principles or dogmas; he consults his taste. He is a connoisseur. He is like a wine-taster who knows little of vine-growing or the chemistry of wine-making but recognizes the rare bouquet of the precious vintage when he tastes it. There is no denying that Lamb was of those whom Hazlitt⁽¹⁾ rather contemptuously calls the Occult School of critics: "They discern no beauties but what are concealed from superficial eyes, and overlook all that are obvious to the vulgar part of mankind. . . . This is not envy or affectation, but a natural proneness to singularity, a love of what is odd and out of the way." But we may

(1) *On Criticism*. Hazlitt had Lamb in mind.

apply to Lamb what he himself said of Hazlitt: his "decisions (most profound and subtle where they are for the most part just) are more safely to be relied upon on subjects and authors he has a partiality for, than on such as he has conceived an accidental prejudice against." He differs from Hazlitt, however, in seldom obtruding his dislikes and hostilities upon our notice.

The writers whom he loved best⁽¹⁾ were naturally, therefore, those of marked individuality, such as Sir Thomas Browne, Robert Burton, Izaak Walton, and Jeremy Taylor. He said that there were many whom he would have wished to see before Sir Isaac Newton and Locke, the author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, though he inadvertently acknowledged that they bore the greatest names in English letters. " 'Yes, the greatest names,' he stammered out hastily, 'but they were not persons—not persons. . . . Not characters, you know. . . . Beyond their contents there is nothing personally interesting in the men.' "⁽²⁾ He loved style and manner in writing, almost for its own sake; Hazlitt tells us in another place that he waded through great tomes of school divinity, not for the substance of theology that they contained, but for the pleasure he got out of their intricacy of style. And this feeling for the garb of thought seems to be a considerable element in his adoration of the Elizabethan dramatists: it was not only that the joy of

(1) Lamb's disregard of the physical well-being of his books was positively shocking. His Enfield neighbor, Westwood, tells how they had been patched and botched by the cobbler Lamb got to repair them. He would throw presentation copies of his friends' books through the branches of an apple tree, or roll them down the stairs. He was even vandal enough, when he wanted to furnish some forgotten garret in his Temple lodgings, to cut out the plates from his own books to cover the walls with; and he and Mary nearly wept when they found that a particularly fine set of plates to Ariosto could not be cut out because parts of the text were printed on the other side!

(2) Hazlitt, *On Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen*. The essay is a most interesting account of one of Lamb's evenings.

his first play was an imperishable thing; not only that in the drama he found that concrete human embodiment of thought already spoken of; not only that as a whole the earlier drama was conceived in grandeur and grandly executed; not only that the dramatists had each his own distinguishing character; but also that the very language in which the old plays were written, now consciously ornate and elaborate, now swift and simple beyond the reach of modern poetical phrase, now tortuous, ingenious, and compact to the point of undeniable obscurity, and always in idiom and vocabulary far enough remote from modern speech to preserve a tang of strangeness and wonder, seemed to bear a charmed life of its own, an existence, as it were, independent of its content.

It may seem strange to speak of Lamb's nature, brimming over with ready sympathy and glowing with humor, as in any way rigid. His very style—the cast of his sentences, the variety of his diction—is mobility itself. Yet there is a lack of breadth and of solidity in him which, with his delicacy, produces an impression of fragility. Sustained effort is impossible for him—perhaps the India House absorbed all he had of that. He does everything by flashes. His one story, *Rosamund Gray*, is slender. His criticism is keen and penetrating, but never thorough or systematic. His work on the old dramatists was by excerpts and brief notes. His essay on *The Artificial Comedy of the Last Century*, pretty nearly his only bit of critical generalizing in *Elia*, soon turns away to consider particular actors. He seldom reasons anything through. He has often no plan or outline in his composition. “The Essays,” he writes to his publisher, “want no Preface; they are *all Preface*. A Preface is nothing but a talk with the reader; and they do nothing else.” The

subjects are varied, but the manner is the same, or nearly so. The *Dissertation Upon Roast Pig* is exceptional in that it contains a story; but it soon breaks off into personal appreciation of pig as pork. It has unmistakably the essential quality of the intimate essay as a type, in that it springs from personal experience, feeling, and taste. Everywhere Lamb is the same tender-hearted, humorous, fanciful, odd fellow talking to us in brief monologue. And it is not so much what he talks of as his way of conceiving it and setting it off, that claims our attention and affection.

He gives us little new or positive information—except about himself. He writes not for our profit, but for our pleasure, because for his own pleasure. He explains little or nothing; he has no bones to pick with us over theories; he does not preach to us or lecture to us. I will not say that he does not make us wiser, for a man is sometimes the wiser for a laugh over an odd character or a tear over a pathetic reminiscence. We feel with him the humor or the sadness or the beauty of the things that stirred him. His feeling is sometimes so whimsical as to be unconvincing; sometimes so fine drawn as to strike ordinary, normal sensibilities as perverse; usually so fresh, uncopied, unstudied that it altogether captivates and possesses us.

CHIEF DATES IN LAMB'S LIFE.

1775. Born February 10, in Crown Office Row Inner Temple.
1782. Entered Christ's Hospital.
1789. Left school.
1791. Entered the service of the South Sea Company.
1792. Entered the service of the East India Company.
1796. Mary Lamb killed her mother.
1796. Four sonnets published in Coleridge's *Poems on Various Subjects*; further contributions to the second edition (1797).
1798. *Blank Verse by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb. Rosamund Gray.*
1802. *John Woodvil.*
1806. *Mr. H*— produced at Drury Lane Theatre.
1807. *Tales from Shakespear.*
1808. *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets. The Adventures of Ulysses. Mrs. Leicester's School* (dated 1809).
1809. *Poetry for Children.*
1810. Began to write for Leigh Hunt's *Reflector.*
1811. *Prince Dorus.*
1818. *The Works of Charles Lamb* (collected edition, 2 vols.).
1820. Began to write for *The London Magazine.*
1823. *Elia* published in collected form.
Charles and Mary adopted Emma Isola.

1825. Retired from the East India House with a pension.
1830. *Album Verses*.
1831. *Satan in Search of a Wife*.
1833. *The Last Essays of Elia* in collected form.
1834. Died, at Edmonton, December 27, aged 59 years,
10 months.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Reprints of single works by Lamb (chiefly, of course, the *Tales from Shakespear* and the two series of Elia essays) are legion; and collected editions of the works and letters are many. Three good modern collected editions, each containing some matter necessarily omitted from the other two, are easily accessible, viz:

The Eversley Edition, edited with Notes and Introduction by the Reverend Canon Alfred Ainger, London, 1878-88. (Works, 4 vols.; Letters, 2 vols.; Life, 1 vol.).

The Works of Charles Lamb, edited by William Macdonald, London and New York, 1903.

(Works, 10 vols.; Letters, 2 vols. Vol. 1 has a Preface on "Editions Past and Present"; vol. 2 a short Memoir. Portraits, and spirited pen-and-ink illustrations by C. E. Brock.)

The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb, edited by E. V. Lucas, London and New York, 1903-5.

(Works, 5 vols.; Letters, 2 vols. Many portraits, facsimiles, maps, pictures, etc. Very fully annotated.)

For Lamb's life see the articles in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 9th edition, and the *Dictionary of National Biography*, both by Canon Ainger; also his volume on Lamb in "The English Men of Letters" series, of which latter the Life included in the Eversley Edition is an enlargement. But the most complete account is *The Life of Charles Lamb*, by E. V. Lucas (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1905), in two volumes.

Of his contemporaries who have left us their legacies of record and reminiscence the most important are William Hazlitt (in *Table Talk* and the *Spirit of the Age*), Leigh Hunt (in *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries* and *Autobiography*), Henry Crabb Robinson (in his *Diary*), Thomas DeQuincey (*Recollections of Charles Lamb*, Masson's collected ed., vol. 3. and *Charles Lamb*, same ed., vol. 5.), Thomas Noon Talfourd (*Works of Charles Lamb*, 1838, and *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*), Bryan W. Procter (*Charles Lamb, a Memoir, by Barry Cornwall*), and P. G. Patmore (*My Friends and Acquaintances*).

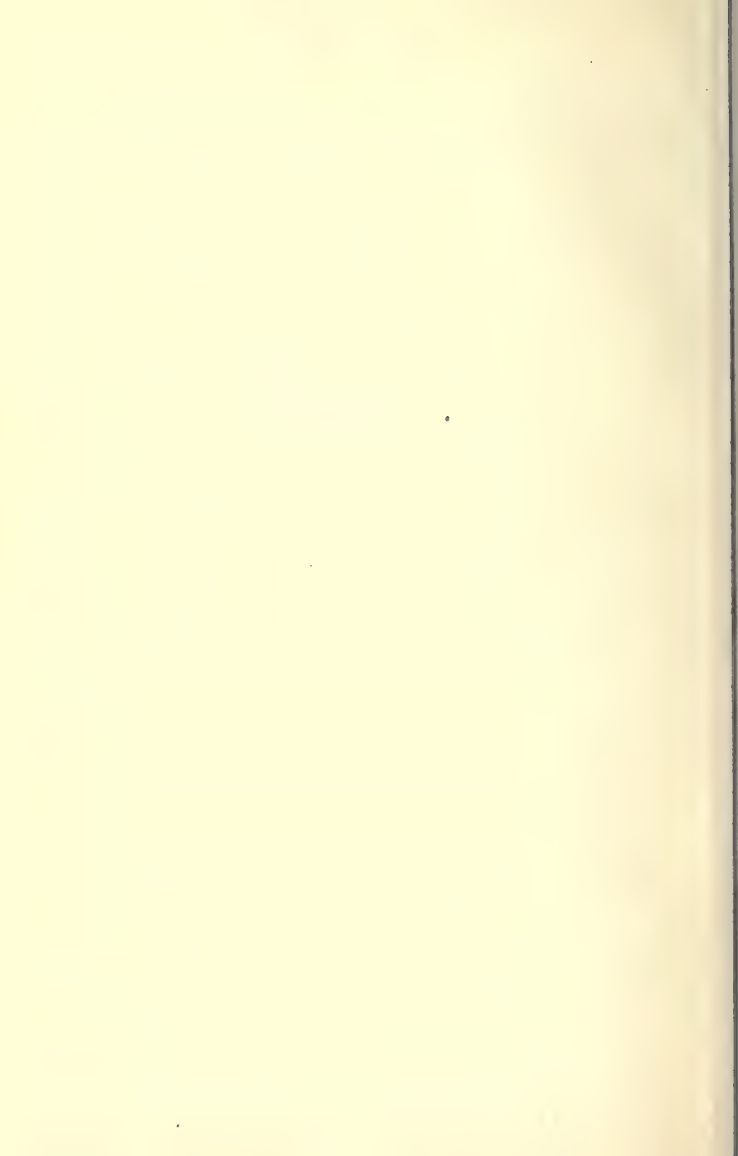
In the Footprints of Charles Lamb, by Benjamin E. Martin, New York, 1890. contains a number of pictures of places associated with Lamb's memory, and an elaborate bibliography (not perfectly accurate) down to 1888, by E. D. North.

Of the mass of critical essays on Lamb see A. Birrell (*Obiter Dicta*, 2nd Series), Walter Pater (*Appreciations*), A. C. Swinburne (*Miscellanies*), Paul E. More (*Shelburne Essays*).

ELIA

BY

CHARLES LAMB



THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

READER, in thy passage from the Bank—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself)—to the Flower Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly,—didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome, brick and stone edifice, to the left—where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I daresay thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters, and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.¹

This was once a house of trade,—a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee-rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers—directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tar-

¹ "I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate."—
OBSIAN. (L.)

nished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver ink-stands long since dry;—the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty;—huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have anti- 5
quated;—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams,—and soundings of the Bay of Panama!—The long passages hung with buckets, appended, in idle row, to walls, whose substance might defy any, short of the last conflagration:— 10
with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an “unsunned heap,”¹ for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal,—long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BUBBLE.—

Such is the SOUTH-SEA HOUSE. At least, such it was 15
forty years ago, when I knew it,—a magnificent relic! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunities of verifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates 20
upon it. The moths, that were then battenning upon its obsolete ledgers and day-books, have rested from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fretwork among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a superfœtation of dirt!) 25
upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, inquisitive to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen Anne’s reign; or, with less hallowed curiosity, seeking to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous HOAX, whose extent the petty 30
speculators of our day look back upon with the same

¹ COMUS, l. 398.

expression of incredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as would become the puny face of modern conspiracy contemplating the Titan size of Vaux's superhuman plot.

5 Peace to the manes of the BUBBLE! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial!

Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce,—amid the fret and fever of speculation—
with the Bank, and the 'Change, and the India House
10 above thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbor out of business*—to the idle and merely contemplative,—to such as me, old house! there is a charm in thy quiet:—a cessation—a coolness from business—an
15 indolence almost cloistral—which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spoke of the past:—the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts of accountants puzzle me.
20 I have no skill in figuring. But thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves—with their old fantastic flourishes, and decorative rubric interlacings—their sums in triple columniations, set down with formal
25 superfluity of ciphers—with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business, or bill of lading—the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some *better library*;—are very agreeable and
30 edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunct dragons with complacency. Thy heavy odd-shaped ivory-handled penknives (our ancestors had everything on a larger scale

than we have hearts for) are as good as anything from Herculaneum. The pounce-boxes of our days have gone retrograde.

The very clerks which I remember in the South-Sea House—I speak of forty years back—had an air very different from those in the public offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place!

There were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before. Humorists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay-monastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat—and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.

The cashier at that time was one Evans, a Cambro-Briton. He had something of the choleric complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visage, but was a worthy sensible man at bottom. He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzed out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in caricatures of what were termed, in my young days, *Maccaronies*. He was the last of that race of beaux. Melancholy as a gib-cat¹ over his counter all the

forenoon, I think I see him making up his cash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared every one about him was a defaulter; in his hypochondry ready to imagine himself one; haunted, at least, with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one: his tristful visage clearing up a little over his roast neck of veal at Anderton's at two (where his picture still hangs, taken a little before his death by desire of the master of the coffee-house, which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years), but not attaining the meridian of its animation till evening brought on the hour of tea and visiting. The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the clock announcing six, was a topic of never-failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened with his presence. Then was his *forte*, his glorified hour! How would he chirp, and expand over a muffin! How would he dilate into secret history! His countryman Pennant himself, in particular, could not be more eloquent than he in relation to old and new London—the site of old theatres, churches, streets gone to decay—where Rosamond's pond stood—the Mulberry Gardens—and the Conduit in Cheap—with many a pleasant anecdote, derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immortalised in his picture of *Noon*,—the worthy descendants of those heroic confessors, who, flying to this country, from the wrath of Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons, kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog Lane, and the vicinity of the Seven Dials!

Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame. He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to

Westminster Hall. By stoop I mean that gentle bending of the body forwards, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the applications of their inferiors. While he held you in converse, you felt strained to the height in the colloquy. 5 The conference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest order. It did not reach to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper. A sucking babe might have 10 posed him. What was it then? Was he rich? Alas, no! Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within. She had a neat meagre person, which it was evident she had not sinned in over-pampering; but in 15 its veins was noble blood. She traced her descent, by some labyrinth of relationship, which I never thoroughly understood,—much less can explain with any heraldic certainty at this time of day,—to the illustrious, but unfortunate house of Derwentwater. This was the secret of 20 Thomas's stoop. This was the thought—the sentiment—the bright solitary star of your lives,—ye mild and happy pair,—which cheered you in the night of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments: 25 and it was worth them all together. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armor only, no insult likewise could reach you through it.

*Decus et solamen.*¹

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John 30 Tipp. He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good

1 Virgil, *AENEID*, X., 858.

truth cared one fig about the matter. He "thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it."¹ Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours. He sang, certainly with other notes than to the Orphean lyre.² He did indeed scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suite of official rooms in Threadneedle Street, which, without anything very substantial appended to them, were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them—(I know not who is the occupier of them now)—resounded fortnightly to the notes of a concert of "sweet breasts," as our ancestors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orchestras—chorus singers—first and second violoncellos—double basses—and clarionets—who ate his cold mutton, and drank his punch, and praised his ear. He sate like Lord Midas among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas, that were purely ornamental, were banished. You could not speak of anything romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted. The whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividend warrants. The striking of the annual balance in the company's books (which, perhaps, differed from the balance of last year in the sum of £25, 1s. 6d.) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of *things* (as they call them in the city) in his beloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days when South-Sea hopes were young—he was indeed equal to the wielding of any the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in

1 Fielding, JOSEPH ANDREWS, Bk. III., Ch. 5 (adapted).

2 PARADISE LOST, III., 17.

these or those days):—but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was everything. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world: he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand that commended their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity —(his few enemies used to give it a worse name)—a something which, in reverence to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements; it betrays itself, not you: it is mere temperament; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising; it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortinbras, “greatly find quarrel in a straw,”¹ when some supposed honor is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life; or leaned against the rails of a balcony; or walked upon the ridge of a parapet; or looked down a precipice; or let off a gun; or went upon a water-party; or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it: neither was it recorded of him, that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

1 HAMLET, IV., iv., 55.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead, in whom common qualities become uncommon? Can I forget thee, Henry Man, the wit, the polished man of letters, the *author*, of the South-Sea House? who never enteredst thy office in a morning or quittedst it in mid-day—(what didst *thou* in an office?)—without some quirk that left a sting! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican, not three days ago, and found thee terse, fresh, epigrammatic, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days—thy topics are staled by the “new-born gauds”¹ of the time:—but great thou used to be in Public Ledgers, and in Chronicles, upon Chatham and Shelburne, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies—and Keppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond,—and such small politics.—

A little less facetious, and a great deal more obstreperous, was fine rattling, rattleheaded Plumer. He was descended—not in a right line, reader (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favored a little of the sinister bend)—from the Plumers of Hertfordshire. So tradition gave him out; and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) had been a rake in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old Whig still living, who has represented the county in so many successive parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George the Second’s days,

1 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, III.,iii., 176.

and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks, with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may read of it in Johnson's *Life of Cave*. Cave came off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumor. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated. But, besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.—

Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild child-like, pastoral M——; a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies, when in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke, which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful.¹ Thy sire was old surly M——, the unapproachable churchwarden of Bishopsgate. He knew not what he did, when he begat thee, like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter:—only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.—

Much remains to sing. Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private:—already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent;²—else could I omit that strange creature Woollett, who existed in trying the question, and *bought litigations?*—and still stranger, inimitable, solemn Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation. How profoundly would he nib a pen—with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!—

But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling fast over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.

¹ AS YOU LIKE IT, II., vii.

² HAMLET, III., ii., 401.

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while—peradventure the very *names*, which I have summoned up before thee, are fantastic, insubstantial—like Henry Pimpernel, and old John Naps of Greece:¹—

5 Be satisfied that something answering to them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.

OXFORD IN THE VACATION.

CASTING a preparatory glance at the bottom of this article, as the wary connoisseur in prints, with cursory eye (which, while it reads, seems as though it read not), never fails to
10 consult the *quis sculpsit* in the corner, before he pronounces some rare piece to be a Vivares, or a Woollett——methinks I hear you exclaim, reader, *Who is Elia?*

Because in my last I tried to divert thee with some half-forgotten humors of some old clerks defunct, in an old
15 house of business, long since gone to decay, doubtless you have already set me down in your mind as one of the self-same college—a votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill.

20 Well, I do agnize something of the sort. I confess that it is my humor, my fancy—in the forepart of the day, when the mind of your man of letters requires some relaxation—(and none better than such as at first sight seems most abhorrent from his beloved studies)—to while away some
25 good hours of my time in the contemplation of indigoes, cottons, raw silks, piece-goods, flowered or otherwise. In the first place . . . and then it sends you home with such increased appetite to your books . . .

1 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, Induction, II., 96.

not to say, that your outside sheets, and waste wrappers of foolscap, do receive into them, most kindly and naturally, the impression of sonnets, epigrams, *essays*—so that the very parings of a counting-house are, in some sort, the settings up of an author. The enfranchised quill, that has plodded all the morning among the cart-rucks of figures and cyphers, frisks and curvets so at its ease over the flowery carpet-ground of a midnight dissertation. It feels its promotion. . . . So that you see, upon the whole, the literary dignity of *Elia* is very little, if at all, compromised in the condescension.

Not that, in my anxious detail of the many commodities incidental to the life of a public office, I would be thought blind to certain flaws, which a cunning carper might be able to pick in this Joseph's vest. And here I must have leave, in the fullness of my soul, to regret the abolition, and doing-away with altogether, of those consolatory interstices, and sprinklings of freedom, through the four seasons,—the *red-letter days*, now become, to all intents and purposes, *dead-letter days*. There was Paul, and Stephen, and Barnabas—

Andrew and John, men famous in old times; ¹

we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ's. I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old *Baskett* Prayer-book. There hung Peter in his uneasy posture—holy Bartlemy in the troublesome act of flaying, after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti.—I honored them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot—so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred:—only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the *better Jude* with Simon—

¹ PARADISE REGAINED, II., 7.

clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together, to make up one poor gaudy-day between them—as an economy unworthy of the dispensation.

These were bright visitations in a scholar's and a clerk's life—"far off their coming shone."¹—I was as good as an almanac in those days. I could have told you such a saint's-day falls out next week, or the week after. Peradventure the Epiphany, by some periodical infelicity, would, once in six years, merge in a Sabbath. Now am I little better than one of the profane.² Let me not be thought to arraign the wisdom of my civil superiors, who have judged the further observation of these holy tides to be papistical, superstitious. Only in a custom of such long standing, methinks, if their Holinesses the Bishops had, in decency, been first sounded—but I am wading out of my depths. I am not the man to decide the limits of civil and ecclesiastical authority—I am plain Elia—no Selden, nor Archbishop Usher—though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley.

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a

1 PARADISE LOST, VI., 768.

2 I. HENRY IV., I., ii., 105.

Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtesy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favors the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own,—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fireplaces, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple.

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art everything! When thou wert, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter antiquity, as thou calledst it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, modern! What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses¹ are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty

1 JANUSES of ONE FACE.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE. (L.)

future is as nothing, being everything! the past is everything, being nothing!

What were thy *dark ages*? Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning.

5 Why is it that we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping!

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride
10 and solace me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves——

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labors to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in
15 some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odor of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential
20 apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those *varia lectiones*, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. I am no Herculanean raker. The credit of the three witnesses
25 might have slept unimpeached for me. I leave these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.—whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook at Oriel. With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He
30 stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new-coat him in Russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.

D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learning. No inconsiderable portion of his moderate fortune, I apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford's Inn—where, like a dove on the asp's nest, he has long taken up his unconscious abode, amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys' clerks, apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits, "in calm and sinless peace."¹ The fangs of the law pierce him not—the winds of litigation blow over his humble chambers—the hard sheriff's officer moves his hat as he passes—legal nor illegal discourtesy touches him—none thinks of offering violence or injustice to him—you would as soon "strike an abstract idea."

D. has been engaged, he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately lit upon a MS. collection of charters, relative to C—, by which he hopes to settle some disputed points—particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of foundation. The ardor with which he engages in these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here, or at C—. Your caputs, and heads of Colleges, care less than anybody else about these questions.—Contented to suck the milky fountains of their Alma Maters, without inquiring into the venerable gentlewomen's years, they rather hold such curiosities to be impertinent—unreverend. They have their good glebe lands *in manu*, and care not much to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sources, for D. is not a man to complain.

D. started like an unbroke heifer, when I interrupted

1 PARADISE REGAINED, IV., 425

him. *A priori* it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriel. But D. would have done the same, had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's Inn, or in the Temple. In addition to a provoking short-sightedness (the effect of late studies and watchings at the midnight oil), D. is the most absent of men. He made a call the other morning at our friend *M.'s* in Bedford Square; and finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose he enters me his name in the book—which ordinarily lies about in such places, to record the failures of the untimely or unfortunate visitor—and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three hours after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighborhood again, and again the quiet image of the fireside circle at *M.'s*—Mrs. *M.* presiding at it like a Queen Lar, with pretty *A. S.* at her side—striking irresistibly on his fancy, he makes another call (forgetting that they were “certainly not to return from the country before that day week”) and disappointed a second time, inquires for pen and paper as before: again the book is brought, and in the line just above that in which he is about to print his second name (his re-script)—his first name (scarce dry) looks out upon him another *Sosia*, or as if a man should suddenly encounter his own duplicate! The effect may be conceived. D. made many a good resolution against any such lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously.

For with G. D.—to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord.¹ At the very time when, personally encountering

1 II. CORINTHIANS, V., 8.

thee, he passes on with no recognition—or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprised—at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus—or co-sphered with Plato—or, with Harrington, framing “immortal commonwealths”—devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species—peradventure meditating some individual kindness of courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

[D. commenced life after a course of hard study in the “House of pure Emanuel,” as usher to a knavish fanatic schoolmaster at——, at a salary of eight pounds per annum, with board and lodging. Of this poor stipend he never received above half in all the laborious years he served this man. He tells a pleasant anecdote, that when poverty, staring out at his ragged knees, has sometimes compelled him, against the modesty of his nature, to hint at arrears, Dr.——would take no immediate notice, but after supper, when the school was called together to even-song, he would never fail to introduce some instructive homily against riches, and the corruption of the heart occasioned through the desire of them—ending with “Lord, keep thy servants, above all things, from the heinous sin of avarice. Having food and raiment, let us therewithal be content. Give me Agar’s wish”—and the like—which, to the little auditory, sounded like a doctrine full of Christian prudence and simplicity, but to poor D. was a receipt in full for that quarter’s demand at least.

And D. has been under-working for himself ever since;—drudging at low rates for unappreciating booksellers,—wasting his fine erudition in silent corrections of the classics, and in those unostentatious but solid services to learning

which commonly fall to the lot of laborious scholars, who have not the heart to sell themselves to the best advantage. He has published poems, which do not sell, because their character is unobtrusive, like his own, and because he has been too much absorbed in ancient literature to know what the popular mark in poetry is, even if he could have hit it. And, therefore, his verses are properly, what he terms them, *crotchets*; voluntaries; odes to liberty and spring; effusions; little tributes and offerings, left behind him upon tables and window-seats at parting from friends' houses; and from all the inns of hospitality, where he has been courteously (or but tolerably) received in his pilgrimage. If his muse of kindness halt a little behind the strong lines in fashion in this excitement-loving age, his prose is the best of the sort in the world, and exhibits a faithful transcript of his own healthy, natural mind, and cheerful, innocent tone of conversation.]*

D. is delightful anywhere, but he is at the best in such places as these. He cares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Scarborough, or Harrogate. The Cam and the Isis are to him "better than all the waters of Damascus."¹ On the Muses' hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains;² and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter of the House Beautiful.²

*These bracketed paragraphs were omitted from the collected edition.

1 II. KINGS, V., 12.

2 THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE-AND-THIRTY YEARS AGO.

IN Mr Lamb's "Works," published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school,¹ such as it was, or now appears to him to have been between the years 1782 and 1789. It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his; and, with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously.

I remember L. at school; and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his school-fellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in the morning, while we were battenning upon our quarter of a penny loaf—our *crug*—moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of "extraordinary bread and butter," from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—(we had three banyan to four meat days in the week)—was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinna-

1 "Recollections of Christ's Hospital." (L.)

mon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth—our scanty mutton crags on Friday—and rather more savory but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite); and the contending passions of L. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness and a troubling over-consciousness.

I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards

it in those unfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its Church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole-day-leaves*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the livelong day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing-excursions to the New-River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes:—How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings—the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them!—How faint and languid, finally, we would return, towards night-fall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless—shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well

known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the Lions in the Tower—to whose levée, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor (so we called the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose*, in the coldest winter nights—and this not once, but night after night—in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder. The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and, under the cruelest penalties, forbade the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season, and the day's sports.

There was one H——, who, I learned, in after-days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered—at Nevis, I think, or St. Kits, —some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red-hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us,

with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the *ward*, as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat—happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel—but, foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables—waxing fat, and kicking,¹ in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho)² set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same *facile* administration, can L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings “by Verrio, and others,” with which it is “hung round and adorned.” But the sight of sleek well-fed blue-coat boys in pictures was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried

1 DEUTERONOMY, xxxii., 15.

2 JOSHUA, vi., 5.

away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves reduced
(with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)

To feed our mind with idle portraiture.¹

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to *gags*, or
5 the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some
superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful
to young palates (children are universally fat-haters), and in
strong, coarse, boiled meats, *unsalted*, are detestable. A
gag-eater in our time was equivalent to a *ghoul*, and held in
10 equal detestation. — suffered under the imputation:

—————"Twas said,
He ate strange flesh.²

He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the
remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice frag-
15 ments, you may credit me)—and, in an especial manner,
these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away,
and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bedside.
None saw when he ate them. It was rumored that he
privately devoured them in the night. He was watched,
20 but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable.
Some reported, that, on leave-days, he had been seen to
carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief,
full of something. This then must be the accursed thing.³
Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could
25 dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This
belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None
spoke to him. No one would play with him. He was ex-
communicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was

1 Dryden's AENEID, I.

2 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, I., IV., 67.

3 JOSHUA, VI., 18.

too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism with open door, and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward, for this happened a little after my time, with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of ——, an honest couple come to decay,—whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! The governors on this occasion, much to their honor, voted a present relief to the family of ——, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon RASH JUDGMENT, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to ——, I believe would not be lost upon his auditory. I had left school then, but I well remember ——. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile

prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself, as he had done by the old folks.

I was a hypochondriac lad; and a sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offence. As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison-orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water—who *might not speak to him*; or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude:—and here he was shut up by himself of *nights*, out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to.¹ This was the penalty for the second offence. Wouldst thou like, reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was

¹ One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the governors of the impolicy of this part of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed with. This fancy of dungeons for children was a sprout of Howard's brain; for which (saving the reverence due to Holy Paul), methinks. I could willingly spit upon his statue. (L.)

brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fé*, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire—all trace of his late “watchet weeds”¹ carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frightened features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguise he was brought into the hall (*L.’s favorite state-room*) where awaited him the whole number of his school-fellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors; two of whom, by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these *Ultima Supplicia*; not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne, and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstances to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his *San Benito*, to his friends, if he had any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless),

1 Collins’s ODE ON THE MANNERS: DRAYTON, POLYOLBION, SONG V., 13.

or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation *after* school hours; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier, than *in* them. The Upper and the Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrenees. The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master; but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders (just enough to disturb a fly) was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good-will—holding it “like a dancer.”¹ It looked in his hands rather like an emblem, than an instrument of authority; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good, easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us, now and then, but often stayed away whole days from us; and when he came, it made no dif-

1 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, III., xi., 36.

ference to us—he had his private room to retire to, the short time he stayed, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to “insolent Greece or haughty Rome,”¹ that passed current among us—Peter Wilkins—the Adventures of the Hon. Capt. Robert Boyle—the Fortunate Blue Coat Boy—and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic or scientific operations; making little sun-dials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called *cat-cradles*; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game “French and English,” and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time—mixing the useful with the agreeable—as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle to have seen us.

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the *gentleman*, the *scholar*, and the *Christian*; but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some episcopal *levée*, when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeded further than two or three of the introductory fables of Phædrus. How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delicacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions,

¹ Ben Jonson, LINES TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

that he was not altogether displeased at the contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots to his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with sardonic grin, observe to one of his upper boys, "how neat and fresh the twigs looked." While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato, with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite, we were enjoying ourselves at our ease in our little Goshen. We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconcile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us; his storms came near, but never touched us; contrary to Gideon's miracle,¹ while all around were drenched, our fleece was dry.² His boys turned out the better scholars; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temper. His pupils cannot speak of him without something of terror allaying their gratitude; the remembrance of Field comes back with all the soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and work like play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itself, a "playing holiday."³

Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, we were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his system. We occasionally heard sounds of the *Ululantes*, and caught glances of Tartarus. B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was cramped to barbarism. His Easter anthems (for his duty obliged him to those periodical flights) were grating as scannel pipes.⁴ He

1 JUDGES, vi., 36-40.

2 Cowley. (L.)

3 I. HENRY IV., I. ii., 227.

4 In this and everything B. was the antipodes of his coadjutor. While the former was digging his brains for crude anthems, worth a

would laugh, ay, and heartily, but then it must be at Flaccus's quibble about *Rex*—or at the *tristis severitas in vultu*, or *inspicere in patinas*, of Terence—thin jests, which at their first broaching could hardly have had *vis* enough to move a Roman muscle. He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discolored, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school, when he made his morning appearance in his *passy*, or *passionate wig*. No comet expounded surer. J. B. had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a “Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?” Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the school-room, from his inner recess, or library, and, with turbulent eyes, singling out a lad, roar out, “Od’s my life, sirrah” (his favorite adjuration), “I have a great mind to whip you,”—then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair—and after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil’s Litany, with the expletory yell—“*and I WILL, too.*” In his gentler moods, when the *ravidus furor* was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy, and reading the Debates, at the same time; a paragraph, and a lash between; which in

pig-nut, F. would be recreating his gentlemanly fancy in the more flowery walks of the Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of Vertumnus and Pomona, is not yet forgotten by the chroniclers of that sort of literature. It was accepted by Garrick, but the town did not give it their sanction. B. used to say of it, in a way of half-compliment, half-irony, that it was *too classical for representation.* (L.)

those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.

5 Once, and but once, the uplifted rod was known to fall ineffectual from his hand—when droll squinting W——, having been caught putting the inside of the master's desk to a use for which the architect had clearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity averred, that *he*
10 *did not know that the thing had been forewarned.* This exquisite irrecognition of any law antecedent to the *oral* or *declaratory*, struck so irresistibly upon the fancy of all who heard it (the pedagogue himself not excepted) that remission was unavoidable.

15 L. has given credit to B.'s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his literary life, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample encomium on them. The author of the Country Spectator doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we cannot dismiss
20 him better than with the pious ejaculation of C—— when he heard that his old master was on his death-bed—"Poor J. B.—may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no *bottoms* to reproach his sublunary infirmities."

25 Under him were many good and sound scholars bred. First Grecian of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since Co-grammar-master (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T—e. What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present to those who
30 remembered the anti-socialities of their predecessors! You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate sub-

appearance of the other. Generally arm in arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering that it suited him to lay down the fasces also. Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero De Amicitia*, or some tale of Antique Friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate! Co-Grecian with S. was Th—, who has since executed with ability various diplomatic functions at the Northern courts. Th— was a tall, dark, saturnine youth, sparing of speech, with raven locks. Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta), a scholar and a gentleman in his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent critic; and is author (besides the *Country Spectator*) of a Treatise on the Greek Article, against Sharpe. M. is said to bear his mitre high in India, where the *regni novitas* (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker might not be exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic diocesans with a reverence for home institutions, and the church which those fathers watered.¹ The manners of M. at school, though firm, were mild, and unassuming. Next to M. (if not senior to him) was Richards, author of the *Aboriginal Britons*, the most spirited of the Oxford Prize Poems; a pale, studious Grecian. Then followed poor S——, ill-fated M——! of these the Muse is silent.

Finding some of Edward's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by.²

¹ I. CORINTHIANS, iii., 6-8.

² PRIOR'S *CARMEN SECULARE*, 1700, adapted.

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I
 5 seen the casual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for
 10 even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!*—Many were the “wit-combats” (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller)
 15 between him and C. V. Le G——, “which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in
 20 sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.”¹

Nor shalt thou, their compeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with the cordial smile, and still more cordial laugh,
 25 with which thou wert wont to make the old Cloisters shake, in thy cognition of some poignant jest of theirs; or the anticipation of some more material, and, peradventure, practical one, of thine own. Extinct are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance, with which (for thou wert the
 30 *Nireus formosus* of the school), in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town-

1 Fuller's WORTHIES, adapted.

damsel, who, incensed by provoking pinch, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angel-look, exchanged the half-formed terrible “*bl—*,” for a gentler greeting—“*bless thy handsome face!*”

Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia—the junior Le G— and F—; who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect—ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning—exchanged their Alma Mater for the camp; perishing one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanca:—Le G—, sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured; F—, dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

Fine, frank-hearted Fr—, the present master of Hertford, with Marmaduke T—, mildest of Missionaries—and both my good friends still—close the catalogue of Grecians in my time.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN.

THE human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow*, and *the men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, “Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites,”¹ flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born

1 I. ACTS, II., 9.

degraded. "He shall serve his brethren."¹ There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

5 Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades—Falstaff—Sir Richard Steele—our late incomparable Brinsley—what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies!² What contempt for money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond
15 Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective!—What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*,—to the extent of one-half of the principle at least!—

He is the true taxer "who calleth all the world up to be
20 taxed;"³ and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted betwixt the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolary Jew that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem!—His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state-
25 gatherers, —those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his Feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant
30 look to your purse,—which to that gentle warmth expands

1 GENESIS, ix., 25.

2 MATTHEW, vi., 28.

3 LUKE, ii., 1.

her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Pro-
 pontic which never ebbeth!¹ The sea which taketh hand-
 somely at each man's hand. In vain the victim, whom he
 delighteth to honor,² struggles with destiny; he is in the 5
 net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lend—
 that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the
 reversion promised.³ Combine not preposterously in thine
 own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives!⁴—but,
 when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smil- 10
 ingly, as it were half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice!
 See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a
 noble enemy.

Reflections like the foregoing, were forced upon my mind
 by the death of my old friend, Ralph Bigod, Esq., who 15
 departed this life on Wednesday evening; dying, as he had
 lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a de-
 scendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who hereto-
 fore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and
 sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. 20
 Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues;
 which with that noble disinterestedness which I have
 noticed as inherent in men of the *great race*, he took almost
 immediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to
 nothing: for there is something revolting in the idea of a 25
 king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod
 were all regal. Thus furnished by the very act of dis-
 furnishment; getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of
 riches, more apt (as one sings)

1 OTHELLO, III., iii., 453 (misquoted).

2 ESTHER, vi., 6.

3 PROVERBS, XIX., 17.

4 LUKE, XVI., 19ff.

To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise,¹

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise,
"borrowing and to borrow."²

5 In his periegesis, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tythe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated; but having had the honor of accompanying my friend, divers times, in his perambulations
10 about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met, who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems, these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen,
15 his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; and, with Comus, seemed pleased to be "stocked with so fair a herd."³

20 With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth, that "money kept longer than three days stinks." So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he
25 was an excellent toss-pot), some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him—as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious,—into ponds, or ditches, or deep holes,—inscrutable cavities of the earth:—or he would bury it (where he would never
30 seek it again) by a river's side under some bank, which (he

1 PARADISE REGAINED, II., 455.

2 REVELATION, VI., 2, adapted.

3 COMUS, I. 151.

would facetiously observe) paid no interest—-but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring into the wilderness,¹ while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency. For Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with grey (*cana fides*). He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waving for a while my theory as to the *great race*, I would put it to the most untheorizing reader, who may at times have disposable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindness of his nature to refuse such a one as I am describing, than to say *no* to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who, by his mumping visnomy, tells you, that he expects nothing better; and therefore, whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man; his fiery glow of heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how *ideal* he was; how great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions with whom I have associated since, I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders*, and *little men*.

To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon; I mean your *borrowers of books*—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and

1 GENESIS, XXI.

creators of odd volumes. There is Comberbatch, matchless in his depredations!

That foul gap in the bottom shelf facing you, like a great eye-tooth knocked out—(you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, reader!)—with the huge Switzer-like tomes on each side (like the Guildhall giants, in their reformed posture, guardant of nothing) once held the tallest of my folios, *Opera Bonaventuræ*, choice and massy divinity, to which its two supporters (school divinity also, but of a lesser calibre,—Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas) showed but as dwarfs, itself an Ascapart!—*that* Comberbatch abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds, which is more easy, I confess, for me to suffer by than to refute, namely, that “the title to property in a book” (my Bonaventure, for instance) “is in exact ratio to the claimant’s powers of understanding and appreciating the same.” Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe?

The slight vacuum in the left-hand case—two shelves from the ceiling—scarcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser—was whilom the commodious resting-place of Browne on *Urn Burial*. C. will hardly allege that he knows more about that treatise than I do, who introduced it to him, and was indeed the first (of the moderns) to discover its beauties—but so have I known a foolish lover to praise his mistress in the presence of a rival more qualified to carry her off than himself.—Just below, Dodsley’s dramas want their fourth volume, where *Vittoria Corombona* is! The remainder nine are as distasteful as Priam’s refuse sons, where the fates *borrowed* Hector. Here stood the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, in sober state.—There loitered the *Complete Angler*; quiet as in life, by some stream side.—In

yonder nook, John Bunclé, a widower-volume, with "eyes closed," mourns his ravished mate.

One justice I must do my friend, that if he sometimes, like the sea, sweeps away a treasure, at another time, sea-like, he throws up as rich an equivalent to match it. I have a small under-collection of this nature (my friend's gatherings in his various calls), picked up, he has forgotten at what odd places, and deposited with as little memory as mine. I take in these orphans, the twice-deserted. These proselytes of the gate are welcome as the true Hebrews. There they stand in conjunction; natives, and naturalised. The latter seem as little disposed to inquire out their true lineage as I am.—I charge no warehouse-room for these deodands, nor shall ever put myself to the ungentlemanly trouble of advertising a sale of them to pay expenses.

To lose a volume to C. carries some sense and meaning in it. You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it. But what moved thee, wayward, spiteful K., to be so importunate to carry off with thee, in spite of tears and adjurations to thee to forbear, the Letters of that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle?—knowing at the time, and knowing that I knew also, thou most assuredly wouldst never turn over one leaf of the illustrious folio:—what but the mere spirit of contradiction, and childish love of getting the better of thy friend?—Then, worst cut of all! to transport it with thee to the Gallican land—

Unworthy land to harbor such a sweetness,
 A virtue in which all ennobling thoughts dwelt,
 Pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts, her sex's
 wonder!

—hadst thou not thy play-books, and books of jests and

fancies, about thee, to keep thee merry, even as thou keep-
 est all companies with thy quips and mirthful tales?—Child
 of the Green-room, it was unkindly done of thee. Thy
 wife, too, that part-French, better part Englishwoman!—
 5 that *she* could fix upon no other treatise to bear away, in
 kindly token of remembering us, than the works of Fulke
 Greville, Lord Brook—of which no Frenchman, nor woman
 of France, Italy, or England, was ever by nature constituted
 to comprehend a tittle! *Was there not Zimmerman on*
 10 *Solitude?*

Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collec-
 tion, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to
 lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as
 S. T. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the
 15 time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations,
 tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are
 these precious MSS. of his—(in *matter* oftentimes, and
 almost in *quantity* not unfrequently, vying with the originals)
 —in no very clerkly hand—legible in my Daniel; in old
 20 Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne; and those abstruser
 cogitations of the Greville, now alas! wandering in Pagan
 lands.—I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy
 library, against S. T. C.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

EVERY man hath two birthdays: two days, at least, in every
 25 year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it
 affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an
 especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude
 of old observances, this custom of solemnising our proper
 birthday hath nearly passed away, or is left to children,

who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand anything in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam. 5

Of all sound of all bells—(bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected—in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal color; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed 15

I saw the skirts of the departing Year.¹

It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of, in that awful leave-taking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some of my companions affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who 20

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.² 25

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years,—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of

¹ Coleridge's DEPARTING YEAR.

² Pope's ODYSSEY, XV., 89.

other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armor-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again *for love*, as the gamesters phrase it, games, for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel. Methinks, it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W—n, than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost. It was better that our family should have missed that legacy, which old Dorrell cheated us of, than that I should have at this moment two thousand pounds *in banco*, and be without the idea of that specious old rogue.

In a degree beneath manhood, it is my infirmity to look back upon those early days. Do I advance a paradox, when I say that, skipping over the intervention of forty years, a man may have leave to love *himself*, without the imputation of self-love?

If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective—and mine is painfully so—can have a less respect for his present identity, than I have for the man Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humorsome; a notorious . . .; addicted to . . .; averse from counsel, neither taking it, nor offering it;— . . . besides; a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on, and spare not; I subscribe to it all, and much more, than thou canst be willing to lay at his door—but for the child Elia—that “other me,” there, in the background—I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master—with as

little reference, I protest, to this stupid changeling of five-and-forty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow at Christ's, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleep. I know how it shrank from any the least color of falsehood.—God help thee, Elia, how thou art changed! Thou art sophisticated.¹—I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was—how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself,—and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpractised steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being!

That I am fond of indulging, beyond a hope of sympathy, in such retrospection, may be the symptom of some sickly idiosyncrasy. Or is it owing to another cause; simply, that being without wife or family, I have not learned to project myself enough out of myself; and having no offspring of my own to dally with, I turn back upon memory and adopt my own early idea, as my heir and favorite? If these speculations seem fantastical to thee, reader—(a busy man, perchance), if I tread out of the way of thy sympathy, and am singularly conceited only, I retire, impenetrable to ridicule, under the phantom cloud of Elia.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony.—In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it

¹ MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, III., i., 121.

seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but
5 the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of Decem-
10 ber. But now, shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count
15 upon their periods and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle."¹ Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that
20 smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age
25 to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.—Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household
30 gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up with-

1 JOB, vii., 6.

out blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life? 5

Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him? 10

And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading? 15

Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the recognisable face—the “sweet assurance of a look?”¹—

In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then are we as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death. All things allied to the insubstantial, wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances,—that cold ghost of the sun, or Phœbus’ sickly sister, like that in- 20
30

1 ROYDON'S ELEGY ON SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

nutritious one denounced in the Canticles:—I am none of her minions—I hold with the Persian.

Whatsoever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humors, run into that capital plague-sore.—I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge: and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive!*

Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall “lie down with kings and emperors in death,” who in his lifetime never greatly coveted the society of such bedfellows?—or, forsooth, that “so shall the fairest face appear?”¹—why, to comfort me, must Alice W—n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that “such as he now is, I must shortly be.” Not so shortly, friend, perhaps as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Years’ Days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup

1 WILLIAM AND MARGARET, by David Mallet (Lucas).

of wine—and while that turn-coat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of 1820 departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton.

THE NEW YEAR.

Hark! the cock crows, and yon bright star
 Tells us the day himself's not far;
 And see where, breaking from the night,
 He gilds the western hills with light.
 With him old Janus doth appear,
 Peeping into the future year,
 With such a look as seems to say,
 The prospect is not good that way.
 Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
 And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
 When the prophetic fear of things
 A more tormenting mischief brings,
 More full of soul-tormenting gall,
 Than direct mischiefs can befall.
 But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
 Better inform'd by clearer sight,
 Discerns sereneness in that brow,
 That all contracted seem'd but now.
 His revers'd face may show distaste,
 And frown upon the ills are past;
 But that which this way looks is clear,
 And smiles upon the New-born Year.
 He looks too from a place so high,
 The Year lies open to his eye;
 And all the moments open are
 To the exact discoverer.
 Yet more and more he smiles upon
 The happy revolution.
 Why should we then suspect or fear
 The influences of a year,

So smiles upon us the first morn,
 And speaks us good so soon as born?
 Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
 This cannot but make better proof;
 Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through
 The last, why so we may this too:
 And then the next in reason should
 Be superexcellently good:
 For the worst ills (we daily see)
 Have no more perpetuity,
 Than the best fortunes that do fall;
 Which also bring us wherewithal
 Longer their being to support,
 Than those do of the other sort:
 And who has one good year in three,
 And yet repines at destiny,
 Appears ungrateful in the case,
 And merits not the good he has.
 Then let us welcome the New Guest
 With lusty brimmers of the best;
 Mirth always should Good Fortune meet,
 And render e'en Disaster sweet:
 And though the Princess turn her back,
 Let us but line ourselves with sack,
 We better shall by far hold out,
 Till the next Year she face about.

How say you, reader—do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial; enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits, in the concoction? Where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affected?—Passed like a cloud—absorbed in the purging sunlight of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon, your only Spa for these hypochondries—And now another cup of the generous! and a merry New Year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.

"A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth,¹ and the rigor of the game." This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game at whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half and half players, who have no objection to 'take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another;² that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said, that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing with them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul; and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave no concessions. She hated favors. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer."³ She sat bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favorite suit.

1 [This was before the introduction of rugs, reader. You must remember the intolerable crash of the unswept cinder, betwixt your foot and the marble.] (L.)

2 [As if a sportsman should tell you he liked to kill a fox one day, and lose him the next.] (L.)

3 See p. 73.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candor, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

Pope was her favorite author; his Rape of the Lock her favorite work. She once did me the favor to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, tradrille. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles; but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners—a thing which the constancy of whist abhors;—the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille—absurd, as she

justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the Aces;—the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone;—above all; the overpowering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*,—to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingencies of whist;—all these, she would say, made quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solider* game: that was her word. It was a long meal; not, like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-extend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel; perpetually changing postures and connections; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath;—but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favorite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flushes*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up:—that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and color, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the

colors of things.—Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them: but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets that never were to be marshaled—never to take the field?—She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably, allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps?—Why two colors, when the mark of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?—

“But the eye, my dear madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason—he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your quaker spirit of unsensualising would have kept out.—You, yourself, have a pretty collection of paintings—but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the ante-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court cards?—the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring scarlets—the contrasting deadly-killing sables—the ‘hoary majesty of spades’¹—Pam in all his glory!—

“All these might be dispensed with; and, with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go

1 Pope's RAPE OF THE LOCK, iii., 56.

on very well, pictureless. But the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished for ever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling.—Imagine a dull deal-board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature's), fittest arena 5 for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and turneys in!—Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers—(work of Chinese artist, unconscious of their symbol,—or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those 10 little shrines for the goddess)¹—exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors' money) or chalk and a slate!"—

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favorite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself 15 indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage-board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from Florence:—this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death. 20

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say,—disputing 25 with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce "*go*"—or "*that's a go.*" She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five dollar stake), because she would not take advantage of the turned-up knave, which would have given it her, but which 30 she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declar-

1 ACTS, xix., 24.

ing "*two for his heels.*" There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two
 5 persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms—such as pique—repique—the capot—they savored (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus:—Cards are warfare: the
 10 ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war in disguise of a sport: when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere
 15 affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play.—Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much
 20 more hearty infractions of them, as in tradrille.—But in square games (*she meant whist*) all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honor, common to every species—though the *latter* can be but **very** imperfectly enjoyed in
 25 those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theatre to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests
 30 beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold—or even an interested—bystander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathises

in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glory. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. 5
The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game.—By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favorite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for* 10
nothing. Chance, she would argue—and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion!—chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times to- 15
gether by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending;—Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number—and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, 20
without a prize?—Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, 25
they were a mere system of over-reaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit—his memory, or combination-faculty rather—against another's; like a mock-engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless.—She could not conceive a *game* wanting the sprightly 30
infusion of chance,—the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst

whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly), were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard head-contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and colour. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other:—that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards; that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such.—

With great deference to the old lady's judgment on these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life, when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget—Bridget Elia.

I grant there is something sneaking in it; but with a toothache, or a sprained ankle,—when you are subdued and humble,—you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist*.—

I grant it is not the highest style of man—I deprecate the manes of Sarah Battle—she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologise.—

At such times, those *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible.—I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted her)—(dare I tell thee, how foolish I am?)—I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play: I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over: and as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

HAIL to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a *name*, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is

no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril; nor the consigner of undipped infants to eternal torments, Austin, whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen; nor Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift. Thou comest attended with thousands and tens of thousands of little Loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.¹

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crozier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little missives, ycleped Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all fore-spent twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so common as the *heart*,—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the headquarters and metropolis of God Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for anything which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his

1 PARADISE LOST, I., 768.

mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, "Madam, my *liver* and fortune are entirely at your disposal;" or putting a delicate question, "Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?" But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbors wait at animal and anatomical distance. 5

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sound, exceed in interest a *knock at the door*. It "gives a very echo to the throne where hope is seated."¹ But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is 10 so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan,² so the knock of the postman 15 on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, "that is not the post, I am sure." Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymen!—delightful eternal commonplaces, "having been will always be;"³ which no 20 school-boy nor school-man can write away; having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections—what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful fingers, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some 25 type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—

Lovers all,
A madrigal,

or some such device, not over-abundant in sense—young Love disclaims it,—and not quite silly—something between 30

1 TWELFTH NIGHT, II., IV., 21.

2 MACBETH, I., V., 39.

3 WORDSWORTH, INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Arcadia.

All Valentines are not foolish; and I shall not easily
5 forget thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to call
you so) E. B.—E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom
he had often seen, unseen, from his parlor window, in
C——e Street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and
just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a
10 temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with
good humor. E. B. is an artist of no common powers;
in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none;
his name is known at the bottom of many a well-executed
vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for
15 E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way.
E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for
many a favor which she has done him unknown; for
when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and
never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an
20 obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself at
work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's
day three years since. He wrought, unseen, and unsus-
pected, a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the
finest gilt paper, with borders—full, not of common hearts
25 and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love
from Ovid and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a
scholar). There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and be sure
Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans
more than sang in Cayster, with mottoes and fanciful
30 devices, such as besemed—a work in short of magic.
Iris dipt the woof.¹ This on Valentine's eve he commended

¹ PARADISE LOST, xi., 244.

to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice—(O ignoble trust!)—of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand, the next morning, he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by-and-by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love or foolish expectations, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

“Good-morrow to my Valentine,”¹ sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine, and his true church.

A CHAPTER ON EARS.

I HAVE no ear.—

Mistake me not, reader,—nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital. Better my mother had never borne me.—I am, I think, rather delicately than copiously pro-

¹ HAMLET, IV., v., 48 (misquoted).

vided with those conduits; and I feel no disposition to envy the mule for his plenty, or the mole for her exactness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets—those indispensable side-intelligencers.

5 Neither have I incurred or done anything to incur, with Defoe, that hideous disfigurement, which constrained him to draw upon assurance—to feel “quite unabashed,”¹ and at ease upon that article. I was never, I thank my stars, in the pillory; nor, if I read them aright, is it within the
10 compass of my destiny that I ever should be.

When therefore I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean—*for music*.—To say that this heart never melted at the concourse of sweet sounds, would be a foul self-libel.—“*Water parted from the sea*” never fails to move
15 it strangely. So does “*In infancy*.” But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old-fashioned instrument in vogue in those days) by a gentlewoman—the gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellation—the sweetest—why should I hesitate to name Mrs. S——, once the blooming
20 Fanny Weatherall of the Temple—who had power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long coats; and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion, that not faintly indicated the day-spring of that absorbing sentiment, which was afterwards destined to overwhelm and
25 subdue his nature quite, for Alice W—n.

I even think that *sentimentally* I am disposed to harmony. But *organically* I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising “*God save the King*” all my life; whistling and humming it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not
30 yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

1 “Earless on high stood, unabashed, Defoe.”—DUNCIAD. (L.)

I am not without suspicion that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me. For, thrumming, in my wild way, on my friend A.'s piano, the other morning, while he was engaged in an adjoining parlor,—on his return he was pleased to say, "*he thought it could not be the maid!*" On his first surprise at hearing the keys touched in somewhat an airy and masterful way, not dreaming of me, his suspicions had lighted on *Jenny*. But a grace snatched from a superior refinement, soon convinced him that some being,—technically perhaps deficient, but higher informed from a principle common to all the fine arts,—had swayed the keys to a mood which *Jenny*, with all her (less-cultivated) enthusiasm, could never have elicited from them. I mention this as a proof of my friend's penetration, and not with any view of disparaging *Jenny*.

Scientifically I could never be made to understand (yet have I taken some pains) what a note in music is; or how one note should differ from another. Much less in voices can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough bass I contrive to guess at, from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable. I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of *that* which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I scarce know what to *say* I am ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. *Sostenuto* and *adagio* stand in the like relation of obscurity to me; and *Sol, Fa, Mi, Re*, is as conjuring as *Baralipton*.

It is hard to stand alone—in an age like this,—(constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut)¹—to remain as it

¹ GENESIS, IV., 21.

were singly unimpressible to the magic influences of an art which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating, and refining the passions.—Yet rather than break the candid current of my confessions, I must avow to you, that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so cried-up faculty.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more than midsummer madness.¹ But those unconnected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes; willingly enduring stripes, while it hath no task to con. To music it cannot be passive. It will strive—mine at least will—spite of its inaptitude, to thrid the maze; like an unskilled eye painfully poring upon hieroglyphics. I have sat through an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain, and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the crowded streets, to solace myself with sounds, which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refuge in the unpretending assemblage of honest common-life sounds;—and the purgatory of the Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.

I have sat at an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience!) immovable, or affecting some faint emotion,—till (as some have said, that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold Theatre in Hades, where some of the *forms* of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the *enjoyment*; or like that—

1 TWELFTH NIGHT, III., iv., 61.

————Party in a parlor,
All silent, and all DAMNED! ¹

Above all, those insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension.—Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a-dying, to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book *all stops*, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music*.

I deny not, that in the opening of a concert, I have experienced something vastly lulling and agreeable:—afterwards followeth the languor, and the oppression. Like that disappointing book in Patmos;² or, like the comings on of melancholy, described by Burton, doth music make her first insinuating approaches:—“Most pleasant it is to such as are melancholy given, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by some brook side, and to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect him most, *amabilis insania*, and *mentis gratissimus error*. A most incomparable delight to build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly

1 WORDSWORTH, PETER BELL.

2 REVELATION, X., 10.

imagine, they act, or that they see done.—So delightful these toys at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, which are like so many dreams, and will hardly be drawn from them—winding and unwinding themselves as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humors, until at last the SCENE TURNS UPON A SUDDEN, and they being now habitated to such meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can think of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they can think of nothing else: continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth upon them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds; which now, by no means, no labor, no persuasions, they can avoid, they cannot be rid of, they cannot resist.”

Something like this “SCENE-TURNING” I have experienced at the evening parties, at the house of my good Catholic friend *Nov*—; who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week-days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.¹

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side aisles of the dim Abbey, some five-and-thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension—(whether it be *that*,² in which the psalmist, weary of the persecutions of

1 I have been there, and still would go;

'Tis like a little heaven below.—DR. WATTS. (L.)

2 PSALM 55:6.

bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings, or *that other*,¹ which with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young man shall best cleanse his mind—
—a holy calm pervadeth me.—I am for the time

— — — rapt above earth,
And possess joys not promised at my birth.²

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive,—impatient to overcome her “earthly” with his “heavenly,”³—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted *German* ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant triton *Bach*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,—stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wit's end;—clouds, as of frankincense, oppress me—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me—the genius of *her* religion hath me in her toils—a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is Pope,—and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too,—tri-coroneted like himself!—I am converted and yet a Protestant;—at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand heresiarch: or three heresies centre in my person: I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cerinthus—Gog and Magog⁴—what not?—till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true

1 PSALM 119:9.

2 WALTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER, I., Ch. 4, adapted.

3 I. CORINTHIANS, XV., 48.

4 REVELATION, XX., 8.

Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasant-countenanced host and hostess.

[P.S.—A writer, whose real name it seems is *Boldero*, but who has been entertaining the town for the last twelve months with some very pleasant lucubrations under the assumed signature of *Leigh Hunt*,¹ in his “Indicator” of the 31st January last has thought fit to insinuate that I, *Elia*, do not write the little sketches which bear my signature in this magazine, but that the true author of them is a Mr. L—b. Observe the critical period at which he has chosen to impute the calumny,—on the very eve of the publication of our last number,—affording no scope for explanation for a full month; during which time I must lie writhing and tossing under the cruel imputation of nonentity. Good heavens! that a plain man must not be allowed to be——

They call this an age of personality; but surely this spirit of anti-personality (if I may so express it) is something worse.

Take away my moral reputation,—I may live to discredit that calumny; injure my literary fame—I may write that up again; but, when a gentleman is robbed of his identity, where is he?

Other murderers stab but at our existence, a frail and perishing trifle at the best; but here is an assassin who aims at our very essence; who not only forbids us *to be* any longer, but *to have been* at all. Let our ancestors look to it

Clearly a fictitious appellation; for, if we admit the latter of these names to be in a manner English, what is *Leigh*? Christian nomenclature knows no such. (L.)

Is the parish register nothing? Is the house in Princes Street, Cavendish Square; where we saw the light six-and-forty years ago, nothing? Were our progenitors from stately Genoa, where we flourished four centuries back, before the barbarous name of Boldero¹ was known to a European mouth, nothing? Was the goodly scion of our name, transplanted into England in the reign of the seventh Henry, nothing? Are the archives of the steelyard, in succeeding reigns (if haply they survive the fury of our envious enemies), showing that we flourished in prime repute, as merchants, down to the period of the Commonwealth, nothing?

Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing.²

I am ashamed that this trifling writer should have power to move me so.]

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

THE compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all!

Many happy returns of this day to you—and you—and you, sir,—nay, never frown, man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do not we know one another? what need of ceremony among friends? we have all a touch of *that same*—you understand me—a speck of the motley. Beshrew the man who on such a day as this, the *general festival*, should affect to stand aloof. I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day,³ shall meet with no

1 It is clearly of transatlantic origin. (L.)

2 WINTER'S TALE, I., ii., 293.

3 AS YOU LIKE IT, II., vii., 22, and V., iv., 42.

wiseacre, I can tell him. *Stultus sum*. Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains. What, man, we have four quarters of the globe on our side, at the least computation.

5 Fill us a cup of that sparkling gooseberry—we will drink no wise, melancholy, politic port on this day—and let us troll the catch of Amiens—*duc ad me—duc ad me*—how goes it?

Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he.¹

10 Now would I give a trifle to know historically and authentically, who was the greatest fool that ever lived. I would certainly give him a bumper. Marry, of the present breed, I think I could without much difficulty name you the party.

15 Remove your cap a little farther if you please; it hides my bauble. And now each man bestride his hobby, and dust away his bells to what tune he pleases. I will give you, for my part,

— the crazy old church clock,
And the bewilder'd chimes.²

20 Good master Empedocles,³ you are welcome. It is long since you went a salamander-gathering down Ætna. Worse than samphire-picking⁴ by some odds. 'Tis a mercy your worship did not singe your mustachios.

25 Ha! Cleombrotus!⁵ and what salads in faith did you light upon at the bottom of the Mediterranean? You

1 AS YOU LIKE IT, II., v., 56, 57.

2 WORDSWORTH, THE FOUNTAIN.

3 —He who, to be deem'd

A god, leap'd fondly into Etna flames—[PAR. LOST, III, 470]. (L.)

4 KING LEAR, IV., vi., 15.

5 —He who, to enjoy

Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea—[PAR. LOST, III, 471-2].
(L.)

were founder, I take it, of the disinterested sect of the Calenturists.

Gebir, my old freemason, and prince of plaisterers at Babel,¹ bring in your trowel, most Ancient Grand! You have claim to a seat here at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers. You left your work, if I remember Herodotus correctly, at eight hundred million toises, or thereabout, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what a long bell you must have pulled to call your top workmen to their nuncheon on the low grounds of Senaar. Or did you send up your garlic and onions by a rocket? I am a rogue if I am not ashamed to show you our Monument on Fish Street Hill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

What, the magnanimous Alexander in tears?—cry, baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as an orange, pretty moppet!

Mister Adams——'odso, I honor your coat—pray do us the favor to read to us that sermon, which you lent to Mistress Slipslop—the twenty and second in your portman-teau there—on Female Incontinence—the same—it will come in most irrelevantly and impertinently seasonable to the time of the day.

Good Master Raymund Lully, you look wise. Pray correct that error.—

Duns, spare your definitions. I must fine you a bumper, or a paradox. We will have nothing said or done syllogistically this day. Remove those logical forms, waiter, that no gentleman break the tender shins of his apprehension stumbling across them.

¹ The builders next of Babel on the plain of Senaar.—[PAR. LOST, III., 466]. (L.)

Master Stephen, you are late.—Ha! Cokes, is it you?—
 Aguecheek, my dear knight, let me pay my devoir to you.—
 Master Shallow, your worship's poor servant to command.
 —Master Silence, I will use few words with you.—Slender,
 5 it shall go hard if I edge not you in somewhere.—You six
 will engross all the poor wit of the company to-day.—I
 know it, I know it.

Hal honest R——, my fine old Librarian of Ludgate,
 time out of mind, art thou here again? Bless thy doublet,
 10 it is not over-new, threadbare as thy stories:—what dost
 thou flitting about the world at this rate?—Thy customers
 are extinct, defunct, bed-rid, have ceased to read long ago.
 —Thou goest still among them, seeing if, peradventure,
 thou canst hawk a volume or two.—Good Granville S——,
 15 thy last patron, is flown.

King Pandion, he is dead,
 All thy friends are lapt in lead.¹—

Nevertheless, noble R——, come in, and take your seat
 here, between Armado and Quisada; for in true courtesy,
 20 in gravity, in fantastic smiling to thyself, in courteous
 smiling upon others, in the goodly ornature of well-appar-
 elled speech, and the commendation of wise sentences, thou
 art nothing inferior to those accomplished Dons of Spain.
 The spirit of chivalry forsake me for ever, when I forget
 25 thy singing the song of Macheath, which declares that he
 might be *happy with either*,² situated between those two
 ancient spinsters—when I forget the inimitable formal love
 which thou didst make, turning now to the one, and now to
 the other, with that Malvolian smile³ as if Cervantes, not

1 R. Barnfield, *AS IT FELL UPON A DAY*.

2 Gay, *BEGGAR'S OPERA*.

3 *TWELFTH NIGHT*, II., v., and III., iv.

Gay, had written it for his hero; and as if thousands of periods must revolve, before the mirror of courtesy could have given his invidious preference between a pair of so goodly-proprieted and meritorious-equal damsels. . . .

To descend from these altitudes, and not to protract our Fool's Banquet beyond its appropriate day,—for I fear the second of April is not many hours distant—in sober verity I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a *Fool*—as naturally, as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with childlike apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables*¹—not guessing at their involved wisdom—I had more yearnings towards that simple architect, that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbor; I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and—prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness, of their competitors—I felt a kindliness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins,—I have never made an acquaintance since, that lasted, or a friendship, that answered, with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you, that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety, which a palpable hallucination warrants; the security, which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed, that “the

1 MATTHEW, vii., 24; xxv., 1-30.

foolisher the fowl or fish—woodcocks,—dotterels,—cod's-heads, etc., the finer the flesh thereof,"¹ and what are commonly the world's received fools, but such whereof the world is not worthy? and what have been some of the kindliest patterns of our species, but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess, and her white boys?—Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the *April Fool*.

A QUAKERS' MEETING.

Still-born Silence! thou that art
 Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
 Offspring of a heavenly kind!
 Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind!
 Secrecy's confidant, and he
 Who makes religion mystery!
 Admiration's speaking'st tongue!
 Leave, thy desert shades among,
 Reverend hermits' hallow'd cells,
 Where retired devotion dwells!
 With thy enthusiasms come,
 Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb!²

READER, wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite:—come with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

¹ Sir Thomas Browne (Craig).

² From POEMS OF ALL SORTS, by Richard Fleckno, 1653. (L.)

Dost thou love silence as deep as that “before the winds were made?” go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faithed self-mistrusting Ulysses,—Retire with me into a Quakers’ Meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude, it is great mastery.

What is the stillness of the desert, compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes?—here the goddess reigns and revels.—“Boreas, and Cesiæ, and Argestes loud,”¹ do not with their inter-confounding uproars more augment the brawl—nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds—than their opposite (Silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps, that call unto deeps.² Negation itself hath a positive more and less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

There are wounds, which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quakers’ Meeting.—Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle, when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another’s want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. In secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through

¹ PARADISE LOST, X., 699.

² PSALMS, xlii., 7.

a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say, a wife—he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption, or oral communication?—can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words?—away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-haunting solitari-

ness. Give me, Master Zimmerman, a sympathetic solitude. To pace alone in the cloisters, or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken:

Or under hanging mountains,
Or by the fall of fountains;¹

is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy, who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness “to be felt.”—The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quakers' Meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions

————— sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings—²

but here is something, which throws Antiquity herself into the foreground—SILENCE—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive Discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

How reverend is the view of these hush'd heads
Looking tranquillity!³

Nothing-plotting, nought-caballing, unmischievous synod, convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to council, and to consistory!

1 Pope, ST. CECELIA'S DAY.

2 Beaumont, TO THE TOMBS IN THE ABBEY.

3 Congreve, THE MOURNING BRIDE, adapted.

—if my pen treat of you lightly—as haply it will wander—yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deepest peace, which some outwelling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewesbury.—I have witnessed that, which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity, inflexible to the rude jests and serious violences of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you—for ye sate betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the out-cast and off-scouring of church and presbytery,—I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle, with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. And I remembered Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the bail-dock, where he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and “the Judge and the Jury became as dead men under his feet.”

Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend to you, above all church-narratives, to read Sewel’s History of the Quakers. It is in folio, and is the abstract of the journals of Fox, and the Primitive Friends. It is far more edifying and affecting than anything you will read of Wesley and his colleagues. Here is nothing to stagger you, nothing to make you mistrust, no suspicion of alloy, no drop or dreg of the worldly or ambitious spirit. You will here read the true story of that much-injured, ridiculed man (who perhaps hath been a by-word in your mouth),—James Naylor: what dreadful sufferings, with what patience he endured, even to the boring through of his tongue with red-hot irons without a murmur; and with what strength of

mind, when the delusion he had fallen into, which they stigmatised for blasphemy, had given way to clearer thoughts, he could renounce his error, in a strain of the beautifullest humility, yet keep his first grounds, and be a Quaker still!—so different from the practice of your common converts from enthusiasm, who, when they apostatise, *apostatise all*, and think they can never get far enough from the society of their former errors, even to the renunciation of some saving truths, with which they had been mingled, not implicated.

Get the writings of John Woolman by heart; and love the early Quakers.

How far the followers of these good men in our days have kept to the primitive spirit, or in what proportion they have substituted formality for it, the Judge of Spirits can alone determine. I have seen faces in their assemblies, upon which the dove sate visibly brooding. Others again I have watched, when my thoughts should have been better engaged, in which I could possibly detect nothing but a blank inanity. But quiet was in all, and the disposition to unanimity, and the absence of the fierce controversial workings.—If the spiritual pretensions of the Quakers have abated, at least they make few pretences. Hypocrites they certainly are not, in their preaching. It is seldom indeed that you shall see one get up amongst them to hold forth. Only now and then a trembling female, generally *ancient*, voice is heard—you cannot guess from what part of the meeting it proceeds—with a low, buzzing, musical sound, laying out a few words which “she thought might suit the condition of some present,” with a quaking diffidence which leaves no possibility of supposing that anything of female vanity was mixed up, where the tones were so full of ten-

darkness, and a restraining modesty.—The men, from what I have observed, speak seldomer.

Once only, and it was some years ago, I witnessed a sample of the old Foxian orgasm. It was a man of giant stature, who, as Wordsworth phrases it, might have danced “from head to foot equipt in iron mail.”¹ His frame was of iron too. But *he* was malleable. I saw him shake all over with the spirit—I dare not say, of delusion. The strivings of the outer man were unutterable—he seemed not to speak, but to be spoken from. I saw the strong man bowed down, and his knees to fail—his joints all seemed loosening—it was a figure to set off against Paul preaching—the words he uttered were few, and sound—he was evidently resisting his will—keeping down his own word-wisdom with more mighty effort, than the world’s orators strain for theirs. “He had been a WIT in his youth,” he told us, with expressions of a sober remorse. And it was not till long after the impression had begun to wear away, that I was enabled, with something like a smile, to recall the striking incongruity of the confession—understanding the term in its worldly acceptation—with the frame and physiognomy of the person before me. His brow would have scared away the Levities—the Jocos Risus-que—faster than the Loves fled the face of Dis at Enna.—By *wit*, even in his youth, I will be sworn he understood something far within the limits of an allowable liberty.

More frequently the Meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon, not made with hands.² You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some

¹ Wordsworth, 'TIS SAID THAT SOME HAVE DIED FOR LOVE..

² II. CORINTHIANS, V., 1.

den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the TONGUE, that unruly member,¹ has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness.—O when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings, and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is, to go and seat yourself, for a quiet half-hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers!

Their garb and stillness conjoined, present an uniformity, tranquil and herdlike—as in the pasture—“forty feeding like one.”—²

The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun-conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.³

THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

My reading has been lamentably desultory and immethodical. Odd, out-of-the-way, old English plays and treatises, have supplied me with most of my notions and ways of feeling. In everything that relates to *science*, I am a whole Encyclopædia behind the rest of the world. I should have scarcely cut a figure among the franklins, or country gentlemen, in King John's days. I know less geography than a schoolboy of six weeks' standing. To me a map of old Ortelius is as authentic as Arrowsmith. I do not know

1 JAMES, iii, 5.

2 Wordsworth, LINES WRITTEN IN MARCH.

3 THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Pt. I., xx.

whereabout Africa merges into Asia; whether Ethiopia lie in one or other of those great divisions; nor can form the remotest conjecture of the position of New South Wales, or Van Diemen's Land. Yet do I hold a correspondence with a very dear friend in the first-named of these two Terræ Incognitæ. I have no astronomy. I do not know where to look for the Bear, or Charles's Wain; the place of any star; or the name of any of them at sight. I guess at Venus only by her brightness—and if the sun on some portentous morn were to make his first appearance in the West, I verily believe that, while all the world were gasping in apprehension about me, I alone should stand unterrified, from sheer incuriosity and want of observation. Of history and chronology I possess some vague points, such as one cannot help picking up in the course of miscellaneous study; but I never deliberately sat down to a chronicle, even of my own country. I have most dim apprehensions of the four great monarchies; and sometimes the Assyrian, sometimes the Persian, floats as *first* in my fancy. I make the widest conjectures concerning Egypt and her shepherd kings. My friend *M.*, with great painstaking, got me to think I understood the first proposition in Euclid, but gave me over in despair at the second. I am entirely unacquainted with the modern languages: and, like a better man than myself, have "small Latin and less Greek."¹ I am a stranger to the shapes and texture of the commonest trees, herbs, flowers—not from the circumstance of my being town-born—for I should have brought the same inobservant spirit into the world with me, had I first seen it "on Devon's leafy shores,"²—and am no less at

1 Ben Jonson, SHAKESPEARE.

2 Wordsworth, EXCURSION, III.

a loss among purely town-objects, tools, engines, mechanic processes.—Not that I affect ignorance—but my head has not many mansions, nor spacious; and I have been obliged to fill it with such cabinet curiosities as it can hold without aching. I sometimes wonder, how I have passed my probation with so little discredit in the world, as I have done, upon so meagre a stock. But the fact is, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out, in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own, than to call for a display of your acquisitions. But in a *tête-à-tête* there is no shuffling. The truth will out. There is nothing which I dread so much, as the being left alone for a quarter of an hour with a sensible, well-informed man, that does not know me. I lately got into a dilemma of this sort.—

In one of my daily jaunts between Bishopsgate and Shacklewell, the coach stopped to take up a staid-looking gentleman, about the wrong side of thirty, who was giving his parting directions (while the steps were adjusting), in a tone of mild authority, to a tall youth, who seemed to be neither his clerk, his son, nor his servant, but something partaking of all three. The youth was dismissed, and we drove on. As we were the sole passengers, he naturally enough addressed his conversation to me; and we discussed the merits of the fare, the civility and punctuality of the driver; the circumstance of an opposition coach having been lately set up, with the probabilities of its success—to all which I was enabled to return pretty satisfactory answers, having been drilled into this kind of etiquette by some years' daily practice of riding to and fro in the stage aforesaid—when he suddenly alarmed me by a startling question, whether I had seen the show of prize cattle that morning in

Smithfield? Now as I had not seen it, and do not greatly care for such sort of exhibitions, I was obliged to return a cold negative. He seemed a little mortified, as well as astonished, at my declaration, as (it appeared) he was just come fresh from the sight, and doubtless had hoped to compare notes on the subject. However he assured me that I had lost a fine treat, as it far exceeded the show of last year. We were now approaching Norton Folgate, when the sight of some shop-goods *ticketed* freshened him up into a dissertation upon the cheapness of cottons this spring. I was now a little in heart, as the nature of my morning avocations had brought me into some sort of familiarity with the raw material; and I was surprised to find how eloquent I was becoming on the state of the India market—when, presently, he dashed my incipient vanity to the earth at once, by inquiring whether I had ever made any calculation as to the value of the rental of all the retail shops in London. Had he asked of me, what song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, I might, with Sir Thomas Browne, have hazarded a “wide solution.”¹ My companion saw my embarrassment, and, the alms-houses beyond Shoreditch just coming in view, with great good-nature and dexterity shifted his conversation to the subject of public charities, which led to the comparative merits of provision for the poor in past and present times, with observations on the old monastic institutions, and charitable orders;—but, finding me rather dimly impressed with some glimmering notions from old poetical associations, than strongly fortified with any speculations reducible to calculation on the subject, he gave the matter up; and, the country beginning to open

1 URN-BURIAL [Chap. V.] (L.)

more and more upon us, as we approached the turnpike at Kingsland (the destined termination of his journey), he put a home-thrust upon me, in the most unfortunate position he could have chosen, by advancing some queries relative to the North Pole Expedition. While I was muttering out something about the Panorama of those strange regions (which I had actually seen), by way of parrying the question, the coach stopping relieved me from any further apprehensions. My companion getting out, left me in the comfortable possession of my ignorance; and I heard him, as he went off, putting questions to an outside passenger, who had alighted with him, regarding an epidemic disorder that had been rife about Dalston, and which, my friend assured him, had gone through five or six schools in that neighborhood. The truth now flashed upon me, that my companion was a schoolmaster; and that the youth, whom he had parted from at our first acquaintance, must have been one of the bigger boys, or the usher.—He was evidently a kind-hearted man, who did not seem so much desirous of provoking discussion by the questions which he put, as of obtaining information at any rate. It did not appear that he took any interest, either, in such kind of inquiries, for their own sake; but that he was in some way bound to seek for knowledge. A greenish-colored coat, which he had on, forbade me to surmise that he was a clergyman. The adventure gave birth to some reflections on the difference between persons of his profession in past and present times.

Rest to the souls of those fine old Pedagogues; the breed, long since extinct, of the Lilys, and the Linacres: who believing that all learning was contained in the languages which they taught, and despising every other acquirement

as superficial and useless, came to their task as to a sport. Passing from infancy to age, they dreamed away all their days as in a grammar-school. Revolving in a perpetual cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes, and prosodies; renewing constantly the occupations which had charmed their studious childhood; rehearsing continually the part of the past; life must have slipped from them at the last like one day. They were always in their first garden, reaping harvests of their golden time, among their *Flori* and their *Spici-legia*; in Arcadia still, but kings; the ferule of their sway not much harsher, but of like dignity with that mild sceptre attributed to King Basileus; the Greek and Latin, their stately Pamela and their Philoclea: with the occasional duncery of some untoward Tyro, serving for a refreshing interlude of a Mopsa, or a clown Damætas!

With what a savor doth the Preface to Colet's, or (as it is sometimes called) Paul's Accidence, set forth! "To exhort every man to the learning of grammar, that intendeth to attain the understanding of the tongues, wherein it contained a great treasury of wisdom and knowledge, it would seem but vain and lost labor; for so much as it is known, that nothing can surely be ended, whose beginning is either feeble or faulty; and no building be perfect, whereas the foundation and ground-work is ready to fall, and unable to uphold the burden of the frame." How well doth this stately preamble (comparable to those which Milton commendeth as "having been the usage to prefix to some solemn law, then first promulgated by Solon, or Lycurgus") correspond with and illustrate that pious zeal for conformity, expressed in a succeeding clause, which would fence about grammar-rules with the severity of faith-articles!—"as for the diversity of grammars, it is well profitably taken

away by the king majesties wisdom, who foreseeing the inconvenience, and favorably providing the remedie, caused one kind of grammar by sundry learned men to be diligently drawn, and so to be set out, only everywhere to be taught for the use of learners, and for the hurt in changing of schoolmaisters." What a *gusto* in that which follows: "wherein it is profitable that he can orderly decline his noun, and his verb." *His* noun!

The fine dream is fading away fast; and the least concern of a teacher in the present day is to inculcate grammar-rules.

The modern schoolmaster is expected to know a little of everything, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of anything. He must be superficially, if I may so say, omniscient. He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious, or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the quality of soils, etc.; botany; the constitution of his country, *cum multis aliis*. You may get a notion of some part of his expected duties by consulting the famous Tractate on Education addressed to Mr. Hartlib.

All these things—these, or the desire of them—he is expected to instil, not by set lessons from professors, which he may charge in the bill, but at school-intervals, as he walks the streets, or saunters through green fields (those natural instructors) with his pupils. The least part of what is expected from him is to be done in school-hours. He must insinuate knowledge at the *mollia tempora fandi*. He must seize every occasion—the season of the year—the time of the day—a passing cloud—a rainbow—a waggon of hay—a regiment of soldiers going by—to inculcate something useful. He can receive no pleasure from a

casual glimpse of nature, but must catch at it as an object of instruction. He must interpret beauty into the picturesque. He cannot relish a beggar-man, or a gipsy, for thinking of the suitable improvement. Nothing comes to him, not spoiled by the sophisticating medium of moral uses. 5
The Universe—that Great Book, as it has been called—is to him indeed, to all intents and purposes, a book, out of which he is doomed to read tedious homilies to distasting schoolboys.—Vacations themselves are none to him, he is only rather worse off than before; for commonly he has 10
some intrusive upper-boy fastened upon him at such times; some cadet of a great family; some neglected lump of nobility, or gentry; that he must drag after him to the play, to the panorama, to Mr. Bartley's Orrery, to the Panopticon, or into the country, to a friend's house, or his favorite 15
watering-place. Wherever he goes, this uneasy shadow attends him. A boy is at his board, and in his path, and in all his movements. He is boy-rid, sick of perpetual boy.

Boys are capital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown 20
people. The restraint is felt no less on the one side, than on the other.—Even a child, that “plaything for an hour,”¹ tires *always*. The noises of children, playing their own fancies—as I now hearken to them by fits, sporting on the green before my window, while I am engaged in these 25
grave speculations at my neat suburban retreat at Shackwell—by distance made more sweet—inexpressibly take from the labor of my task. It is like writing to music. They seem to modulate my periods. They ought at least to do so—for in the voice of that tender age there is a kind 30
of poetry, far unlike the harsh prose-accent of man's con-

1 Charles and Mary Lamb, POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

versation.—I should but spoil their sport, and diminish my own sympathy for them, by mingling in their pastime.

I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capacity to my own—not, if I know myself
 5 at all, from any considerations of jealousy, or self-comparison, for the occasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felicity of my life—but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you, keeps you down. Too frequent
 10 doses of original thinking from others, restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides out-pace yours to lassitude. The
 15 constant operation of such potent agency would reduce me, I am convinced, to imbecility. You may derive thoughts from others; your way of thinking, the mould in which your thoughts are cast, must be your own. Intellect may be imparted, but not each man's intellectual frame.

20 As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upwards, as little (or rather still less) is it desirable to be stunted downwards by your associates. The trumpet does not more stun you by its loudness, than a whisper teases you by its provoking inaudibility.

25 Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster?—because we are conscious that he is not quite at his ease in ours. He is awkward, and out of place, in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his
 30 understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching *you*.

One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were anything but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes.— 5
The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not *tell* out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal and didactive hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society, than the other can his inclinations.—He 10
is forlorn among his coevals; his juniors cannot be his friends.

“I take blame to myself,” said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly, “that your nephew was not 15
more attached to me. But persons in my situation are more to be pitied, than can well be imagined. We are surrounded by young, and, consequently, ardently affectionate hearts, but *we* can never hope to share an atom of their affections. The relation of master and scholar forbids 20
this. *How pleasing this must be to you, how I envy your feelings*, my friends will sometimes say to me, when they see young men, whom I have educated, return after some years’ absence from school, their eyes shining with pleasure, while they shake hands with their old master, bringing a present 25
of game to me, or a toy to my wife, and thanking me in the warmest terms for my care of their education. A holiday is begged for the boys; the house is a scene of happiness; I, only, am sad at heart.—This fine-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with grati- 30
tude for the care of his boyish years—this young man—in the eight long years I watched over him with a parent’s

anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling. He was proud, when I praised; he was submissive, when I reprovèd him; but he did never *love* me—and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but a pleasant sensation, which all persons feel at revisiting the scene of their boyish hopes and fears; and the seeing on equal terms the man they were accustomed to look up to with reverence. My wife, too,” this interesting correspondent goes on to say, “my once darling Anna, is the wife of a schoolmaster.—When I married her—knowing that the wife of a schoolmaster ought to be a busy notable creature, and fearing that my gentle Anna would ill supply the loss of my dear bustling mother, just then dead, who never sat still, was in every part of the house in a moment, and whom I was obliged sometimes to threaten to fasten down in a chair, to save her from fatiguing herself to death—I expressed my fears, that I was bringing her into a way of life unsuitable to her; and she, who loved me tenderly, promised for my sake to exert herself to perform the duties of her new situation. She promised, and she has kept her word. What wonders will not a woman’s love perform?—My house is managed with a propriety and decorum, unknown in other schools; my boys are well-fed, look healthy, and have every proper accommodation; and all this performed with a careful economy, that never descends to meanness. But I have lost my gentle, *helpless* Anna!—When we sit down to enjoy an hour of repose after the fatigue of the day, I am compelled to listen to what have been her useful (and they are really useful) employments through the day, and what she proposes for her to-morrow’s task. Her heart and her features are changed by the duties of her situation. To the boys, she never appears other

than the *master's wife*, and she looks up to me as the *boys' master*; to whom all show of love and affection would be highly improper, and unbecoming the dignity of her situation and mine. Yet *this* my gratitude forbids me to hint to her. For my sake she submitted to be this altered creature, and can I reproach her for it?"—For the communication of this letter, I am indebted to my cousin Bridget. 5

MY RELATIONS.

I AM arrived at that point of life, at which a man may account it a blessing, as it is a singularity, if he have either of his parents surviving. I have not that felicity—and sometimes think feelingly of a passage in Browne's Christian 10
Moral, where he speaks of a man that hath lived sixty or seventy years in the world. "In such a compass of time," he says, "a man may have a close apprehension what it is to be forgotten, when he hath lived to find none 15
who could remember his father, or scarcely the friends of his youth, and may sensibly see with what a face in no long time OBLIVION will look upon himself."

I had an aunt, a dear and good one. She was one whom single blessedness had soured to the world. She often 20
used to say, that I was the only thing in it which she loved; and, when she thought I was quitting it, she grieved over me with mother's tears. A partiality quite so exclusive my reason cannot altogether approve. She was from morning till night poring over good books, and devotional exercises. 25
Her favorite volumes were Thomas à Kempis, in Stanhope's Translation; and a Roman Catholic Prayer-Book, with the *matins* and *complines* regularly set down,—terms which I was at that time too young to understand. She

persisted in reading them, although admonished daily concerning their Papistical tendency; and went to church every Sabbath, as a good Protestant should do. These were the only books she studied; though, I think, at one period of her life, she told me she had read with great satisfaction the "Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman." Finding the door of the chapel in Essex Street open one day—it was in the infancy of that heresy—she went in, liked the sermon, and the manner of worship, and frequented it at intervals for some time after. She came not for doctrinal points, and never missed them. With some little asperities in her constitution, which I have above hinted at, she was a steadfast friendly being, and a fine *old Christian*. She was a woman of strong sense, and a shrewd mind—extraordinary at a *repartee*; one of the few occasions of her breaking silence—else she did not much value wit. The only secular employment I remember to have seen her engaged in, was, the splitting of French beans, and dropping them into a China basin of fair water. The odor of those tender vegetables to this day comes back upon my sense, redolent of soothing recollections. Certainly it is the most delicate of culinary operations.

Male aunts, as somebody calls them, I had none—to remember. By the uncle's side I may be said to have been born an orphan. Brother, or sister, I never had any—to know them. A sister, I think, that should have been Elizabeth, died in both our infancies. What a comfort, or what a care, may I not have missed in her!—But I have cousins, sprinkled about in Hertfordshire—besides *two*, with whom I have been all my life in habits of the closest intimacy, and whom I may term cousins *par excellence*. These are James and Bridget Elia. They are older than

myself by twelve, and ten, years; and neither of them seems disposed, in matters of advice and guidance, to waive any of the prerogatives which primogeniture confers. May they continue still in the same mind; and when they shall be seventy-five, and seventy-three, years old (I cannot spare them sooner), persist in treating me in my grand climacteric precisely as a stripling, or younger brother!

James is an inexplicable cousin. Nature hath her unities, which not every critic can penetrate; or, if we feel, we cannot explain them. The pen of Yorick, and none since his, could have drawn J. E. entire—those fine Shandean lights and shades, which make up his story. I must limp after in my poor antithetical manner, as the fates have given me grace and talent. J. E. then—to the eye of a common observer at least—seemeth made up of contradictory principles.—The genuine child of impulse, the frigid philosopher of prudence—the phlegm of my cousin's doctrine is invariably at war with his temperament, which is high sanguine. With always some fire-new project in his brain, J. E. is the systematic opponent of innovation, and crier-down of everything that has not stood the test of age and experiment. With a hundred fine notions chasing one another hourly in his fancy, he is startled at the least approach to the romantic in others; and, determined by his own sense in everything, commends *you* to the guidance of common-sense on all occasions.—With a touch of the eccentric in all which he does, or says, he is only anxious that *you* should not commit yourself by doing anything absurd or singular. On my once letting slip at table, that I was not fond of a certain popular dish, he begged me at any rate not to *say* so—for the world would think me mad. He disguises a passionate fondness for works of high art

(whereof he hath amassed a choice collection), under the pretext of buying only to sell again—that his enthusiasm may give no encouragement to yours. Yet, if it were so, why does that piece of tender pastoral Dominichino hang still by his wall?—is the ball of his sight much more dear to him?—or what picture-dealer can talk like him?

Whereas mankind in general are observed to warp their speculative conclusions to the bent of their individual humors, *his* theories are sure to be in diametrical opposition to his constitution. He is courageous as Charles of Sweden, upon instinct; chary of his person, upon principle, as a travelling Quaker.—He has been preaching up to me, all my life, the doctrine of bowing to the great—the necessity of forms, and manner, to a man's getting on in the world. He himself never aims at either, that I can discover,—and has a spirit, that would stand upright in the presence of the Cham of Tartary. It is pleasant to hear him discourse of patience—extolling it as the truest wisdom—and to see him during the last seven minutes that his dinner is getting ready. Nature never ran up in her haste a more restless piece of workmanship than when she moulded this impetuous cousin—and Art never turned out a more elaborate orator than he can display himself to be, upon his favorite topic of the advantages of quiet, and contentedness in the state, whatever it be, that we are placed in. He is triumphant on this theme, when he has you safe in one of those short stages that ply for the western road, in a very obstructing manner, at the foot of John Murray's Street—where you get in when it is empty, and are expected to wait till the vehicle hath completed her just freight—a trying three-quarters of an hour to some people. He wonders at your fidgetiness—“where could we be better

than we are, *thus sitting, thus consulting?*”—“prefers, for his part, a state of rest to locomotion,”—with an eye all the while upon the coachman—till at length, waxing out of all patience, at *your want of it*, he breaks out into a pathetic remonstrance at the fellow for detaining us so long over the time which he had professed, and declares peremptorily, that “the gentleman in the coach is determined to get out if he does not drive on that instant.”

Very quick at inventing an argument, or detecting a sophistry, he is incapable of attending *you* in any chain of arguing. Indeed he makes wild work with logic; and seems to jump at most admirable conclusions by some process, not at all akin to it. Consonantly enough to this, he hath been heard to deny, upon certain occasions, that there exists such a faculty at all in man as *reason*; and wondereth how man came first to have a conceit of it—enforcing his negation with all the might of *reasoning* he is master of. He has some speculative notions against laughter, and will maintain that laughing is not natural to *him*—when peradventure the next moment his lungs shall crow like Chanticleer.¹ He says some of the best things in the world—and declareth that wit is his aversion. It was he who said, upon seeing the Eton boys at play in their grounds—*What a pity to think, that these fine ingenuous lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous Members of Parliament!*

His youth was fiery, glowing, tempestuous—and in age he discovered no symptom of cooling. This is that which I admire in him. I hate people who meet Time half-way. I am for no compromise with that inevitable spoiler. While he lives, J. E. will take his swing.—It does me good,

1 AS YOU LIKE IT, II., vii., 30.

as I walk towards the street of my daily avocation, on some fine May morning, to meet him marching in a quite opposite direction, with a jolly handsome presence, and shining sanguine face, that indicates some purchase in his eye—a Claude—or a Hobbima—for much of his enviable leisure is consumed at Christie's, and Phillips's—or where not, to pick up pictures, and such gauds. On these occasions he mostly stoppeth me, to read a short lecture on the advantage a person like me possesses above himself, in having his time occupied with business which he *must do*—assureth me that he often feels it hang heavy on his hands—wishes he had fewer holidays—and goes off—Westward Ho!—chanting a tune to Pall Mall—perfectly convinced that he has convinced me—while I proceed in my opposite direction tuneless.

It is pleasant again to see this Professor of Indifference doing the honors of his new purchase, when he has fairly housed it. You must view it in every light, till *he* has found the best—placing it at this distance, and at that, but always suiting the focus of your sight to his own. You must spy at it through your fingers; to catch the aërial perspective—though you assure him that to you the landscape shows much more agreeable without that artifice. Woe be to the luckless wight, who does not only not respond to his rapture, but who should drop an unseasonable intimation of preferring one of his anterior bargains to the present!—The last is always his best hit—his “Cynthia of the minute.”¹—Alas! how many a mild Madonna have I known to *come in*—a Raphael!—keep its ascendancy for a few brief moons—then, after certain intermedial degradations, from the front drawing-room to the back gallery, thence to the dark parlor,

1 POPE, MORAL ESSAYS, III., 20.

—adopted in turn by each of the Carracci, under successive lowering ascriptions of filiation, mildly breaking its fall—consigned to the oblivious lumber-room, *go out* at last a Lucca Giordano, or plain Carlo Maratti!—which things when I beheld—musing upon the chances and mutabilities of fate below—hath made me to reflect upon the altered condition of great personages, or that woful queen of Richard the Second—

— set forth in pomp,
 She came adornèd hither like sweet May,
 Sent back like Hallcwmass or shortest day.¹

With great love for *you*, J. E. hath but a limited sympathy with what you feel or do. He lives in a world of his own, and makes slender guesses at what passes in your mind. He never pierces the marrow of your habits.* He will tell an old-established playgoer, that Mr. Such-a-one, of So-and-so (naming one of the theatres), is a very lively comedian—as a piece of news! He advertised me but the other day of some pleasant green lanes which he had found out for me, *knowing me to be a great walker*, in my own immediate vicinity—who have haunted the identical spot any time these twenty years!—He has not much respect for that class of feelings which goes by the name of sentimental. He applies the definition of real evil to bodily suffering exclusively—and rejecteth all others as imaginary. He is affected by the sight or the bare supposition of a creature in pain, to a degree which I have never witnessed out of womankind. A constitutional acuteness to this class of sufferings, may in part account for this. The animal tribe in particular he taketh under his especial protection. A

1 RICHARD II., V., i., 79ff.

broken-winded or spur-galled horse is sure to find an advocate in him. An over-loaded ass is his client for ever. He is the apostle to the brute kind—the never-failing friend of those who have none to care for them. The contemplation of a lobster boiled, or eels skinned *alive*, will wring him so, that “all for pity he could die.”¹ It will take the savor from his palate, and the rest from his pillow, for days and nights. With the intense feeling of Thomas Clarkson, he wanted only the steadiness of pursuit, and unity of purpose, of that “true yoke-fellow with Time,”² to have effected as much for the *Animal*, as *he* hath done for the *Negro Creation*. But my uncontrollable cousin is but imperfectly formed for purposes which demand co-operation. He cannot wait. His amelioration-plans must be ripened in a day. For this reason he has cut but an equivocal figure in benevolent societies, and combinations for the alleviation of human sufferings. His zeal constantly makes him to outrun, and put out, his coadjutors. He thinks of relieving,—while they think of debating. He was black-balled out of a society for the Relief of . . . because the fervor of his humanity toiled beyond the formal apprehension, and creeping processes, of his associates. I shall always consider this distinction as a patent of nobility of the Elia family!

Do I mention these seeming inconsistencies to smile at, or upbraid, my unique cousin? Marry, heaven, and all good manners, and the understanding that should be between kinsfolk, forbid!—With all the strangeness of this *strangest of the Elias*—I would not have him in one jot or tittle other than he is; neither would I barter or exchange

1 Spenser, FAERIE QUEENE, I., iii., 1.

2 Wordsworth, SONNET TO CLARKSON.

my wild kinsman for the most exact, regular, and every-way consistent kinsman breathing.

In my next, reader, I may perhaps give you some account of my cousin Bridget—if you are not already surfeited with cousins—and take you by the hand, if you are willing to go with us, on an excursion which we made a summer or two since, in search of *more cousins*—

Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire.¹

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

BRIDGET ELIA has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find myself in no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as “with a difference.”² We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood, than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I

¹ Charles Lamb, SONNET, 1795.

² HAMLET, IV., v., 183.

have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story,—well, ill or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—
5 have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humors and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her
10 that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She “holds Nature more clever.”¹ I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the *Religio Medici*; but she must apologise to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to
15 throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favorite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous,—but again somewhat fantastical and original-brained, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I
20 could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when she was a child, retains its authority over her
25 mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circum-
30 stances, it turns out, that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral

1 Gay, EPITAPH OF BYEWORDS.

points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition, or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question, without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience,¹ she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter; but in the teasing accidents, and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh

1 OTHELLO, I., ii., 2.

matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at play with, or upon a visit; but best,
5 when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End; or
10 Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farm-house,—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child under the care of Bridget; who, as
15 I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my
20 grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years have elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the
25 greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

30 By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from Saint Alban's, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old

farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though *I* had forgotten it, *we* had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present, O how unlike it was to *that*, which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was in the "heart of June,"¹ and I could say with the poet,

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation!²

Bridget's was more a waking bliss³ than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon reconfirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable: for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love,

1 Ben Jonson, EPITHALAMION.

2 Wordsworth. [YARROW VISITED]. (L.)

3 COMUS, 263.

stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just
10 recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred, and of cousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty,
15 homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget, and her—it was like the meeting of
20 the two scriptural cousins!¹ There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was
25 with us.—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far-distant shores where the Kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what
30 honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to

1 LUKE, I., 40.

Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own—and to the astoundment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES.

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in anything. Those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard or Dutch.—*Religio Medici*.

THAT the author of the *Religio Medici*, mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction, conversant about notional and conjectural essences; in whose categories of Being the possible took the upper hand of the actual; should have overlooked the impertinent individualities of such poor concretions as mankind, is not much to be admired. It is rather to be wondered at, that in the genus of animals he should have condescended to distinguish that species at all.

For myself—earth-bound and fettered to the scene of my activities,—

Standing on earth, not rapt above the sky,¹

I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national or individual, to an unhealthy excess. I can look with no indifferent eye upon things or persons. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste; or when once it becomes indifferent, it begins to be disrelishing. I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies. In a certain sense, I hope it may be said of me that I am a lover of my species. I can feel for all indifferently, but I cannot feel towards all equally. The more purely-English word that expresses sympathy will better explain my meaning. I can be a friend to a worthy man, who upon another account cannot be my mate or *fellow*. I cannot *like* all people alike.²

1 PARADISE LOST, VII., 23.

2 I would be understood as confining myself to the subject of *imperfect sympathies*. To nations or classes of men there can be no direct *antipathy*. There may be individuals born and constellated so opposite to another individual nature that the same sphere cannot hold them. I have met with my moral antipodes, and can believe the story of two persons meeting (who never saw one another before in their lives) and instantly fighting.

———We by proof find there should be
 'Twixt man and man such an antipathy,
 That though he can show no just reason why
 For any former wrong or injury,
 Can neither find a blemish in his fame,
 Nor aught in face or feature justly blame,
 Can challenge or accuse him of no evil,
 Yet notwithstanding hates him as a devil.

The lines are from old Heywood's "Hierarchie of Angels," and he subjoins a curious story in confirmation of a Spaniard who attempted to assassinate a King Ferdinand of Spain, and being put to the rack could give no other reason for the deed but an inveterate antipathy which he had taken to the first sight of the King.

———The cause to which that act compell'd him
 Was, he ne'er loved him since he first beheld him. (L.)

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure—and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting: waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries, as they arise, without waiting for their full development. They are no systematisers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted

upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in pamply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch
5 his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your
10 presence, to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *halves* to anything that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian—you never see the first
15 dawn, the early streaks.—He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousness, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain, or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—
20 he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no borderland with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him—for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the
25 square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. "A healthy book!"—said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give

that appellation to John Bunce,—“did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book.” Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr. ——. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked MY BEAUTY (a foolish name it goes by among my friends)—when he very gravely assured me, that “he had considerable respect for my character and talents” (so he was pleased to say), “but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions.” The misconception staggered me, but did not seem much to disconcert him.—Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth—which nobody doubts. They do not so properly affirm, as annunciate it. They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth (as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself) that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation. I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected; and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way), that I wished it were the father instead of the son—when four of them started up at once to inform me, that “that was impossible, because he was dead.” An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive. Swift has hit off this part of their character, namely, their love of truth, in his biting way, but with an illiberality

that necessarily confines the passage to the margin.¹ The tediousness of these people is certainly provoking. I wonder if they ever tire one another!—In my early life I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen by expressing it. But I have always found that a true Scot resents your admiration of his compatriot, even more than he would your contempt of him. The latter he imputes to your “imperfect acquaintance with many of the words which he uses;” and the same objection makes it a presumption in you to suppose that you can admire him.—Thomson they seem to have forgotten. Smollett they have neither forgotten nor forgiven for his delineation of Rory and his companion, upon their first introduction to our metropolis.—Speak of Smollett as a great genius, and they will retort upon you Hume’s History compared with *his* Continuation of it. What if the historian had continued Humphrey Clinker?

I have, in the abstract, no disrespect for Jews. They are a piece of stubborn antiquity, compared with which Stonehenge is in its nonage. They date beyond the pyramids. But I should not care to be in habits of familiar intercourse with any of that nation. I confess that I have not the nerves to enter their synagogues. Old prejudices cling about me. I cannot shake off the story of Hugh of Lincoln. Centuries of injury, contempt, and hate, on the one side,—of cloaked revenge, dissimulation, and hate, on

1 “There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of no consequence, not at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen everyday; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable.”—*Hints toward an Essay on Conversation.* (L.)

the other, between our and their fathers, must, and ought, to affect the blood of the children. I cannot believe it can run clearly and kindly yet; or that a few fine words, such as candor, liberality, the light of a nineteenth century, can close up the breaches of so deadly a disunion. A Hebrew is nowhere congenial to me. He is least distasteful on 'Change—for the mercantile spirit levels all distinctions, as are all beauties in the dark. I boldly confess I do not relish the approximation of Jew and Christian, which has become so fashionable. The reciprocal endearments have, to me, something hypocritical and unnatural in them. I do not like to see the Church and Synagogue kissing and congeeing in awkward postures of an affected civility. If *they* are converted, why do they not come over to us altogether? Why keep up a form of separation, when the life of it has fled? If they can sit with us at table, why do they keck at our cookery? I do not understand these half convertites. Jews christianizing—Christians judaizing—puzzle me. I like fish or flesh. A moderate Jew is a more confounding piece of anomaly than a wet Quaker. The spirit of the synagogue is essentially *separative*. B—— would have been more in keeping if he had abided by the faith of his forefathers. There is a fine scorn in his face, which nature meant to be of—Christians. The Hebrew spirit is strong in him, in spite of his proselytism. He cannot conquer the Shibboleth.¹ How it breaks out, when he sings, "The Children of Israel passed through the Red Sea!"² The auditors, for the moment, are as Egyptians to him, and he rides over our necks in triumph. There is no mistaking him. B—— has a strong expression of sense in his coun-

1 JUDGES, xii., 4-6.

2 Handel's Oratorio ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

tenance, and it is confirmed by his singing. The foundation of his vocal excellence is sense. He sings with understanding, as Kemble delivered dialogue. He would sing the Commandments, and give an appropriate character to each prohibition. His nation, in general, have not over-sensible countenances. How should they?—but you seldom see a silly expression among them. Gain, and the pursuit of gain, sharpen a man's visage. I never heard of an idiot being born among them.—Some admire the Jewish female physiognomy. I admire it—but with trembling. Jael¹ had those full dark inscrutable eyes.

In the Negro countenance you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces—or rather masks—that have looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and highways. I love what Fuller beautifully calls—these “images of God cut in ebony.”² But I should not like to associate with them, to share my meals and my good-nights with them—because they are black.

I love Quaker ways, and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day when I meet any of their people in my path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrence, the sight, or quiet voice of a Quaker, acts upon me as a ventilator, lightening the air, and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona would say) “to live with them.”³ I am all over sophisticated—with humors, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambigui-

1 JUDGES, iv.

2 Fuller, HOLY STATE, II., xx.

3 OTHELLO, I., iii., 249.

ties, and a thousand whim-whams, which their simpler taste can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet. My appetites are too high for the salads which (according to Evelyn) Eve dressed for the angel, my gusto too excited

To sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse.¹

The indirect answers which Quakers are often found to return to a question put to them may be explained, I think, without the vulgar assumption, that they are more given to evasion and equivocating than other people. They naturally look to their words more carefully, and are more cautious of committing themselves. They have a peculiar character to keep up on this head. They stand in a manner upon their veracity. A Quaker is by law exempted from taking an oath. The custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases, sanctified as it is by all religious antiquity, is apt (it must be confessed) to introduce into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth—the one applicable to the solemn affairs of justice, and the other to the common proceedings of daily intercourse. As truth bound upon the conscience by an oath can be but truth, so in the common affirmations of the shop and the market-place a latitude is expected and conceded upon questions wanting this solemn covenant. Something less than truth satisfies. It is common to hear a person say, “You do not expect me to speak as if I were upon my oath.” Hence a great deal of incorrectness and inadvertency, short of falsehood, creeps into ordinary conversation; and a kind of secondary or laic-truth is tolerated, where clergy-truth—oath-truth, by the nature of the circumstances, is not required. A Quaker

¹ PARADISE REGAINED, II., 278.

knows none of this distinction. His simple affirmation being received, upon the most sacred occasions, without any further test, stamps a value upon the words which he is to use upon the most indifferent topics of life. He looks
5 to them, naturally, with more severity. You can have of him no more than his word. He knows, if he is caught tripping in a casual expression, he forfeits, for himself, at least, his claim to the invidious exemption. He knows that his syllables are weighed—and how far a consciousness
10 of this particular watchfulness, exerted against a person, has a tendency to produce indirect answers, and a diverting of the question by honest means, might be illustrated, and the practice justified, by a more sacred example¹ than is proper to be adduced upon this occasion. The admirable
15 presence of mind, which is notorious in Quakers upon all contingencies, might be traced to this imposed self-watchfulness—if it did not seem rather an humble and secular scion of that old stock of religious constancy, which never bent or faltered, in the Primitive Friends, or gave way to
20 the winds of persecution, to the violence of judge or accuser, under trials and racking examinations. “You will never be the wiser, if I sit here answering your questions till midnight,” said one of those upright Justicers to Penn, who had been putting law-cases with a puzzling
25 subtlety. “Thereafter as the answers may be,”² retorted the Quaker. The astonishing composure of this people is sometimes ludicrously displayed in lighter instances.—I was traveling in a stage-coach with three male Quakers. buttoned up in the straightest non-conformity of their sect.
30 We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea

¹ MARK, XII., 13-17; LUKE, XX., 1-8.

² Cf. II. HENRY IV., iii., 2 56.

apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea-table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money, and formally tendered it—so much for tea,—I in humble imitation, tendering mine—for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible—and now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a while suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious people for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sate as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by inquiring of his next neighbor, “Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?” and the question operated as a soporific on my moral feeling as far as Exeter,

THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

I WAS born, and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places? these are of my oldest recollections. I repeat, to this day, no verses to myself more frequently, or with kindlier emotion, than those of Spenser, where he speaks of this spot.

There when they came, whereas those bricky towers,
 10 The which on Themmes brode aged back doth ride,
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
 There whylome wont the Templer knights to bide,
 Till they decayed through pride.¹

Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis.
 15 What a transition for a countryman visiting London for the first time—the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent ample squares, its classic green recesses! What a cheerful, liberal look hath that portion of it, which, from three sides, over-
 20 looks the greater garden: that goodly pile

Of building strong, albeit of Paper hight,²

confronting, with massy contrast, the lighter, older, more fantastically shrouded one, named of Harcourt, with the cheerful Crown-office Row (place of my kindly engendure),
 25 right opposite the stately stream, which washes the garden-foot with her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters, and seems but just weaned from her Twickenham Naiades! a man would give something to have been born in such places.

1 PROTHALAMION, St. 8.

2 See note.

What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I have made to rise and fall, how many times! to the astoundment of the young urchins, my contemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic! What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never caught, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!

Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived!¹

What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure, and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished? If its business-use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labors, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance, and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by. The shepherd

¹ Shakespeare, SONNET, 104.

“carved it out quaintly in the sun;”¹ and, turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottoes more touching than tombstones. It was a pretty device of the gardener, recorded by Marvell, who, in the days of
 5 artificial gardening, made a dial out of herbs and flowers. I must quote his verses a little higher up, for they are full, as all his serious poetry was, of a witty delicacy. They will not come in awkwardly, I hope, in a talk of fountains and sun-dials. He is speaking of sweet garden scenes:

10 What wondrous life in this I lead!
 Ripe apples drop about my head.
 The luscious clusters of the vine
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
 The nectarine, and curious peach,
 15 Into my hands themselves do reach.
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
 Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass,
 Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
 Withdraws into its happiness.
 20 The mind, that ocean, where each kind
 Does straight its own resemblance find;
 Yet it creates, transcending these,
 Far other worlds and other seas;
 Annihilating all that's made
 25 To a green thought in a green shade.
 Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
 Casting the body's vest aside,
 My soul into the boughs does glide:
 30 There like a bird it sits and sings,
 Then whets and claps its silver wings;
 And, till prepared for longer flight,
 Waves in its plumes the various light.
 How well the skilful gardner drew,

Of flowers and herbs, this dial new!
 Where, from above the milder sun
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
 And, as it works, the industrious bee
 Computes its time as well as we. 5
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours
 Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers?¹

The artificial fountains of the metropolis are, in like manner, fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up, or bricked over. Yet, where one is left, as in that little green 10
 nook behind the South-Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile! Four little winged marble boys used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever fresh streams from their innocent wanton lips, in the square of Lincoln's Inn, when I was no bigger than they were figured. They 15
 are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not then gratify children, by letting them stand? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them at least. Why must everything smack of 20
 man, and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments? The figures were grotesque. Are the stiff-wigged living figures, that still flutter and chatter about 25
 that area, less Gothic in appearance? or is the splutter of their hot rhetoric one half so refreshing and innocent as the little cool playful streams those exploded cherubs uttered?

They have lately gothicised the entrance to the Inner 30
 Temple-hall, and the library front, to assimilate them, I suppose, to the body of the hall, which they do not at all

¹ From a copy of verses entitled THE GARDEN. (L.)

resemble. What is become of the winged horse that stood over the former? a stately arms! and who has removed those frescoes of the Virtues, which Italianised the end of the Paper-buildings?—my first hint of allegory! They
5 must account to me for these things, which I miss so greatly.

The terrace is, indeed, left, which we used to call the parade; but the traces are passed away of the footsteps which made its pavement awful! It is become common
10 and profane. The old benchers had it almost sacred to themselves, in the fore part of the day at least. They might not be sided or jostled. Their air and dress asserted the parade. You left wide spaces betwixt you, when you passed them. We walk on even terms with their successors.
15 The roguish eye of J——ll, ever ready to be delivered of a jest, almost invites a stranger to vie a repartee with it. But what insolent familiar durst have mated Thomas Coventry?—whose person was a quadrate, his step massy and elephantine, his face square as the lion's, his gait peremptory and
20 path-keeping, indivertible from his way as a moving column, the scarecrow of his inferiors, the brow-beater of equals and superiors, who made a solitude of children wherever he came, for they fled his insufferable presence, as they would have shunned an Elisha bear.¹ His growl was as thunder in
25 their ears, whether he spake to them in mirth or in rebuke, his invitatory notes being, indeed, of all, the most repulsive and horrid. Clouds of snuff, aggravating the natural terrors of his speech, broke from each majestic nostril, darkening the air. He took it, not by pinches, but a palm-
30 ful at once, diving for it under the mighty flaps of his old-fashioned waistcoat pocket; his waistcoat red and

1 II. KINGS, ii., 24.

angry, his coat dark rappee, tintured by dye original, and by adjuncts, with buttons of obsolete gold. And so he paced the terrace.

By his side a milder form was sometimes to be seen; the pensive gentility of Samuel Salt. They were coevals, and had nothing but that and their benchership in common. In politics Salt was a Whig, and Coventry a staunch Tory. Many a sarcastic growl did the latter cast out—for Coventry had a rough spinous humor—at the political confederates of his associate, which rebounded from the gentle bosom of the latter like cannon-balls from wool. You could not ruffle Samuel Salt.

S. had the reputation of being a very clever man, and of excellent discernment in the chamber practice of the law. I suspect his knowledge did not amount to much. When a case of difficult disposition of money, testamentary or otherwise, came before him, he ordinarily handed it over with a few instructions to his man Lovel, who was a quick little fellow, and would despatch it out of hand by the light of natural understanding, of which he had an uncommon share. It was incredible what repute for talents S. enjoyed by the mere trick of gravity. He was a shy man; a child might pose him in a minute—indolent and procrastinating to the last degree. Yet men would give him credit for vast application in spite of himself. He was not to be trusted with himself with impunity. He never dressed for a dinner-party but he forgot his sword—they wore swords then—or some other necessary part of his equipage. Lovel had his eye upon him on all these occasions, and ordinarily gave him his cue. If there was anything which he could speak unseasonably, he was sure to do it.—He was to dine at a relative's of the unfortunate Miss Blandy on the day of her

execution; and L., who had a wary foresight of his probable hallucinations, before he set out, schooled him with great anxiety not in any possible manner to allude to her story that day. S. promised faithfully to observe the injunction.

5 He had not been seated in the parlor, where the company was expecting the dinner summons, four minutes, when, a pause in the conversation ensuing, he got up, looked out of the window, and pulling down his ruffles—an ordinary motion with him—observed, “it was a gloomy day,” and

10 added, “Miss Blandy must be hanged by this time, I suppose.” Instances of this sort were perpetual. Yet S. was thought by some of the greatest men of his time a fit person to be consulted, not alone in matters pertaining to the law, but in the ordinary niceties and embarrassments of

15 conduct—from force of manner entirely. He never laughed. He had the same good fortune among the female world,—was a known toast with the ladies, and one or two are said to have died for love of him—I suppose, because he never trifled or talked gallantry with them, or paid them, indeed,

20 hardly common attentions. He had a fine face and person, but wanted, methought, the spirit that should have shown them off with advantage to the women. His eye lacked lustre.—Not so, thought Susan P——; who, at the advanced age of sixty, was seen, in the cold evening time, un-

25 accompanied, wetting the pavement of B——d Row, with tears that fell in drops which might be heard, because her friend had died that day—he, whom she had pursued with a hopeless passion for the last forty years—a passion, which years could not extinguish or abate; nor the long resolved,

30 yet gently enforced, puttings off of unrelenting bachelorhood dissuade from its cherished purpose. Mild Susan P——, thou hast now thy friend in heaven!

Thomas Coventry was a cadet of the noble family of that name. He passed his youth in contracted circumstances, which gave him early those parsimonious habits which in after-life never forsook him; so that, with one windfall or another, about the time I knew him he was master of four or five hundred thousand pounds; nor did he look, or walk, worth a moidore less. He lived in a gloomy house opposite the pump in Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street. J., the counsel, is doing self-imposed penance in it, for what reason I divine not, at this day. C. had an agreeable seat at North Cray, where he seldom spent above a day or two at a time in the summer; but preferred, during the hot months, standing at his window in this damp, close, well-like mansion, to watch, as he said, "the maids drawing water all day long." I suspect he had his within-door reasons for the preference. *Hic currus et arma fuêre.*¹ He might think his treasures more safe. His house had the aspect of a strong box. C. was a close hunk—a hoarder rather than a miser—or, if a miser, none of the mad Elwes breed, who have brought discredit upon a character, which cannot exist without certain admirable points of steadiness and unity of purpose. One may hate a true miser, but cannot, I suspect, so easily despise him. By taking care of the pence, he is often enabled to part with the pounds, upon a scale that leaves us careless generous fellows halting at an immeasurable distance behind. C. gave away thirty thousand pounds at once in his lifetime to a blind charity. His housekeeping was severely looked after, but he kept the table of a gentleman. He would know who came in and who went out of his house, but his kitchen chimney was never suffered to freeze.

¹ Virgil, AENEID, I., 17. (Misquoted)

Salt was his opposite in this, as in all—never knew what he was worth in the world; and having but a competency for his rank, which his indolent habits were little calculated to improve, might have suffered severely if he had not had
5 honest people about him. Lovel took care of everything. He was at once his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his “flapper,” his guide, stop watch, auditor, treasurer. He did nothing without consulting Lovel, or failed in anything without expecting and fearing his admonish-
10 ing. He put himself almost too much in his hands, had they not been the purest in the world. He resigned his title almost to respect as a master, if L. could ever have forgotten for a moment that he was a servant.

I knew this Lovel. He was a man of an incorrigible and
15 losing honesty. A good fellow withal, and “would strike.”¹ In the cause of the oppressed he never considered inequalities, or calculated the number of his opponents. He once wrested a sword out of the hand of a man of quality that had drawn upon him; and pommelled him severely with
20 the hilt of it. The swordsman had offered insult to a female—an occasion upon which no odds against him could have prevented the interference of Lovel. He would stand next day bare-headed to the same person, modestly to excuse his interference—for L. never forgot rank, where
25 something better was not concerned. L. was the liveliest little fellow breathing, had a face as gay as Garrick’s, whom he was said greatly to resemble (I have a portrait of him which confirms it), possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry—next to Swift and Prior—moulded heads in clay or
30 plaster of Paris to admiration, by the dint of natural genius merely; turned cribbage-boards, and such small cabinet

1 KING LEAR, V., iii., 283.

toys, to perfection; took a hand at quadrille or bowls with equal facility; made punch better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and conceits, and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desire. He was a brother of the angle, moreover, and just such a free, hearty, honest companion as Mr. Izaak Walton would have chosen to go a-fishing with. I saw him in his old age and the decay of his faculties, palsy-smitten, in the last sad stage of human weakness—"a remnant most forlorn of what he was,"—yet even then his eye would light up upon the mention of his favorite Garrick. He was greatest, he would say, in Bayes—"was upon the stage nearly throughout the whole performance, and as busy as a bee." At intervals, too, he would speak of his former life, and how he came up a little boy from Lincoln to go to service, and how his mother cried at parting with him, and how he returned, after some few years' absence, in his smart new livery to see her, and she blessed herself at the change, and could hardly be brought to believe that it was "her own bairn." And then, the excitement subsiding, he would weep, till I have wished that sad second-childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the common mother of us all in no long time after received him gently into hers.

With Coventry, and with Salt, in their walks upon the terrace, most commonly Peter Pierson would join, to make up a third. They did not walk linked arm in arm in those days—"as now our stout triumvirs sweep the streets,"—but generally with both hands folded behind them for state, or with one at least behind, the other carrying a cane. P. was a benevolent, but not a prepossessing man. He had that in his face which you could not term unhappiness; it rather

implied an incapacity of being happy. His cheeks were colorless, even to whiteness. His look was uninviting, resembling (but without his sourness) that of our great philanthropist. I know that he *did* good acts, but I could never make out what he *was*. Contemporary with these, but subordinate, was Daines Barrington—another oddity—he walked burly and square—in imitation, I think, of Coventry—howbeit he attained not to the dignity of his prototype. Nevertheless, he did pretty well, upon the strength of being a tolerable antiquarian, and having a brother a bishop. When the account of his year's treasurer-ship came to be audited, the following singular charge was unanimously disallowed by the bench: "Item, disbursed Mr. Allen, the gardener, twenty shillings, for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders." Next to him was old Barton—a jolly negation, who took upon him the ordering of the bills of fare for the parliament chamber, where the benchers dine—answering to the combination rooms at college—much to the easement of his less epicurean brethren. I know nothing more of him.—Then Read, and Twopenny—Read, good-humored and personable—Twopenny, good-humored, but thin, and felicitous in jests upon his own figure. If T. was thin, Wharry was attenuated and fleeting. Many must remember him (for he was rather of later date) and his singular gait, which was performed by three steps and a jump regularly succeeding. The steps were little efforts, like that of a child beginning to walk; the jump comparatively vigorous, as a foot to an inch. Where he learned this figure, or what occasioned it, I could never discover. It was neither graceful in itself, nor seemed to answer the purpose any better than common walking. The extreme tenuity of his frame, I suspect, set him upon it. It was a

trial of poisoning. Twopenny would often rally him upon his leanness, and hail him as Brother Lusty; but W. had no relish of a joke. His features were spiteful. I have heard that he would pinch his cat's ears extremely, when anything had offended him. Jackson—the omniscient Jackson he was called—was of this period. He had the reputation of possessing more multifarious knowledge than any man of his time. He was the Friar Bacon of the less literate portion of the Temple. I remember a pleasant passage, of the cook applying to him, with much formality of apology, for instructions how to write down *edge* bone of beef in his bill of commons. He was supposed to know, if any man in the world did. He decided the orthography to be—as I have given it—fortifying his authority with such anatomical reasons as dismissed the manciple (for the time) learned and happy. Some do spell it yet perversely, *aitch* bone, from a fanciful resemblance between its shape, and that of the aspirate so denominated. I had almost forgotten Mingay with the iron hand—but he was somewhat later. He had lost his right hand by some accident, and supplied it with a grappling hook, which he wielded with a tolerable adroitness. I detected the substitute, before I was old enough to reason whether it were artificial or not. I remember the astonishment it raised in me. He was a blustering, loud-talking person; and I reconciled the phenomenon to my ideas as an emblem of power—somewhat like the horns in the forehead of Michael Angelo's Moses. Baron Maseres, who walks (or did till very lately) in the costume of the reign of George the Second, closes my imperfect recollections of the old benchers of the Inner Temple.

Fantastic forms, whither are ye fled? Or, if the like of you exist, why exist they no more for me? Ye inexplicable,

half-understood appearances, why comes in reason to tear away the preternatural mist, bright or gloomy, that enshrouded you? Why make ye so sorry a figure in my relation, who made up to me—to my childish eyes—the mythology of the Temple? In those days I saw Gods, as
5 “old men covered with a mantle,” walking upon the earth.¹ Let the dreams of classic idolatry perish,—extinct be the fairies and fairy trumpery of legendary fabling,—in the heart of childhood, there will, for ever, spring up a well
10 of innocent or wholesome superstition—the seeds of exaggeration will be busy there, and vital—from everyday forms educing the unknown and the uncommon. In that little Goshen there will be light, when the grown world flounders about in the darkness of sense and materiality.
15 While childhood, and while dreams, reducing childhood, shall be left, imagination shall not have spread her holy wings totally to fly the earth.

P.S.—I have done injustice to the soft shade of Samuel Salt. See what it is to trust to imperfect memory, and the
20 erring notices of childhood! Yet I protest I always thought that he had been a bachelor! This gentleman, R. N. informs me, married young, and losing his lady in child-bed, within the first year of their union, fell into a deep melancholy, from the effects of which, probably, he never
25 thoroughly recovered. In what a new light does this place his rejection (O call it by a gentler name!) of mild Susan P——, unravelling into beauty certain peculiarities of this very shy and retiring character!—Henceforth let no one receive the narratives of Elia for true records! They
30 are, in truth, but shadows of fact—verisimilitudes, not

1 I. SAMUEL, xxviii., 13-14.

verities—or sitting but upon the remote edges and outskirts
 of history. He is no such honest chronicler as R. N., and
 would have done better perhaps to have consulted that
 gentleman, before he sent these incondite reminiscences to
 press. But the worthy sub-treasurer—who respects his old
 and his new masters—would but have been puzzled at the
 indecorous liberties of Elia. The good man wots not,
 peradventure, of the licence which *Magazines* have arrived
 at in this plain-speaking age, or hardly dreams of their
 existence beyond the *Gentleman's*—his furthest monthly
 excursions in this nature having been long confined to
 the holy ground of honest *Urban's* obituary. May it be
 long before his own name shall help to swell those columns
 of unenvied flattery!—Meantime, O ye New Benchers of
 the Inner Temple, cherish him kindly, for he is himself the
 kindest of human creatures. Should infirmities overtake
 him—he is yet in green and vigorous senility—make allow-
 ances for them, remembering that “ye yourselves are old.”
 So may the Winged Horse, your ancient badge and cog-
 nizance, still flourish! so may future Hookers and Seldens
 illustrate your church and chambers! so may the sparrows,
 in default of more melodious quiristers, unpoisoned hop
 about your walks! so may the fresh-colored and cleanly
 nursery-maid, who, by leave, airs her playful charge in your
 stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsey as ye
 pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! so may the
 youngers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately
 terrace, with the same superstitious veneration, with which
 the child Elia gazed on the Old Worthies that solemnised
 the parade before ye!

WITCHES AND OTHER NIGHT-FEARS.

WE are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their creed of witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly, as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportion—of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd—could they have to guide them in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony?—That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged,¹ and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds uptore in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring—were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the prince of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth, should lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent eld—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood *à priori* to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the devil's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolized by a goat, was it to be wondered at so much, that *he* should come sometimes in that body, and assert his metaphor.—That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake—but that once assumed, I see no reason for disbelieving one attested story of this

1 MACBETH, IV., i., 53.

nature more than another on the score of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticised.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretches were in league with the author of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headborough serving, a warrant upon them—as if they should subpœna Satan!—Prospero in his boat,¹ with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be conveyed away at the mercy of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think, on the passage. His acquiescence is an exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted powers.—What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces²—or who had made it a condition of his prey, that Guyon must take assay of the glorious bait—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch-stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of the ark, in particular, and another of Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the

¹ THE TEMPEST, I., ii., 144.

² FAERIE QUEENE, II., vii., 64.

artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture, too, of the Witch raising up Samuel,¹ which I wish that I had never seen. We shall come to that hereafter. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes—
5 and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this, but I remember it consisted of Old Testament
10 stories, orderly set down, with the *objection* appended to each story, and the *solution* of the objection regularly tacked to that. The *objection* was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history, by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn
15 up with an almost complimentary excess of candor. The *solution* was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an end for ever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on.
20 But—like as was rather feared than realised from that slain monster in Spenser²—from the womb of those crushed errors young dragonets would creep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a Saint George as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage, set me upon
25 starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed, a sceptic in long-coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many
30 historic or chronologic theses to be defended against what-

1 I. SAMUEL, xxviii., 7-20.

2 FAERIE QUEENE, I., xii.

ever impugners. I was not to disbelieve them, but—the next thing to that—I was to be quite sure that some one or other would or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength. O, how ugly sound scriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling!¹—I should have lost myself in these mazes, and have pined away, I think, with such unfit sustenance as these husks afforded, but for a fortunate piece of ill-fortune, which about this time befell me. Turning over the picture of the ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric—driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds—the elephant and the camel—that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. With the book, the *objections* and *solutions* gradually cleared out of my head, and have seldom returned since in any force to trouble me.—But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse, which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously.—That detestable picture!

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realised its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful

1 PSALMS, viii., 2.

spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say, that to his picture of the Witch raising up Samuel—(O that old man covered with a mantle!) I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy—but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a sure bedfellow, when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the daylight, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was.—Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice—when they wake screaming—and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution.—That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other—

Headless bear, black man, or ape,¹

but, as it was, my imaginations took that form.—It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give

1 BURTON, ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

them a direction. Dear little T. H., who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own “thick-coming fancies;”¹ and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire²—stories of Celæno and the Harpies³—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, which we know in a waking sense to be false, come to affect us at all?—or

—Names, whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not?⁴

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such subjects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury?—O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or, without the body, they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, choking, stifling, scorching demons—are they one-half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,

1 MACBETH, V., iii., 38.

2 PARADISE LOST, II., 628.

3 VIRGIL, AENEID, III.

4 SPENSER, EPITHALAMIUM.

And having once turn'd round, walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.¹

5 That the kind of fear here treated is of purely spiritual—
that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth
—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are
difficulties, the solution of which might afford some prob-
able insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep
10 at least into the shadow-land of pre-existence.

My night fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I
confess an occasional nightmare; but I do not, as in early
youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the
extinguished taper, will come and look at me; but I know
15 them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their pres-
ence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of
my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and
prosaic my dreams are grown. They are never romantic,
seldom even rural. They are of architecture and of build-
20 ings—cities abroad, which I have never seen, and hardly
have hope to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length
of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbon—their
churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs,
ruins, with an inexpressible sense of delight—a map-like
25 distinctness of trace—and a daylight vividness of vision,
that was all but being awake.—I have formerly travelled
among the Westmoreland fells—my highest Alps,—but
they are objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming
recognition; and I have again and again awoke with in-
30 effectual struggles of the inner eye, to make out a shape,
in any way whatever, of Helvellyn. Methought I was in

1 Mr. Coleridge's ANCIENT MARINER. (L.)

that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortifies me. There is Coleridge, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and pleasure-houses for Kubla Khan, and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,¹

to solace his night solitudes—when I cannot muster a fiddle. Barry Cornwall has his tritons and his nereids gambolling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune—when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise up the ghost of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light—it was after reading the noble Dream of this poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra; and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work, to humor my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Methought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea nuptials, riding and mounted high, with the customary train sounding their conchs before me (I myself, you may be sure, the *leading god*), and jollily we went careering over the main, till just where Ino Leucothea should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white embrace, the billows gradually subsiding, fell from a sea-roughness to a sea-calm, and thence to a river-motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarisation of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me, in the wafture of a placid wave or two, alone, safe and inglorious, somewhere at the foot of Lambeth Palace.

The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical

¹ Coleridge, KUBLA KHAN.

faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humorist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be,—“Young man, what sort of dreams have you?” I have so much faith in my old friend’s theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inauspicious inland landing.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

10 THE custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing; when a bellyful was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. 15 In the shouts and triumphal songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer’s or goat’s flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of food—the act of eating 20 —should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other 25 occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shak-

speare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Faëry Queene?—but, the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend Homo Humanus, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelæsi-
 ans Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form then of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repast of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food—the animal sustenance—is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and having leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating; when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sate (*a rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with

the savory soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it
5 seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own. The very
10 excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks—for what?—for having too much, while so many starve. It is to praise the Gods amiss.¹

15 I have observed this awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others—a sort of shame—a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds,
20 how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice, helping himself or his neighbor, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of the duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the in-
25 compatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim,—Would you have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver?—no—I would have them sit down as
30 Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper

1 COMUS, 177.

themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice¹ can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns—with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked.² Virgil knew the harpy-nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celæno anything but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude; but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcass. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great Hall feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word—and that in all probability, the sacred name which he preaches—is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the *Paradise Regained*, provides for a temptation in the wilderness:

A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savor; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,

1 I. KINGS, xix., 12.

2 DEUTERONOMY, xxxii., 15.

In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
 Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,
 Freshet or purling brook, for which was drain'd
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.¹

5 The Tempter, I warrant you, thought these cates would
 go down without the recommendatory preface of a benedic-
 tion. They are like to be short graces where the devil plays
 the host.—I am afraid the poet wants his usual decorum in
 this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of
 10 a gaudy day at Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter
 for a Heliogabalus. The whole banquet is too civic and
 culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profana-
 tion of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty
 artillery of sauces, which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out
 15 of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the
 guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams, from his
 dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate
 fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts
 presented themselves?—He dreamed indeed,

20 ————— As appetite is wont to dream,
 Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.

But what meats?

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
 25 Food to Elijah bringing even and morn;
 Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought;
 He saw the prophet also how he fled
 Into the desert, and how there he slept
 Under a juniper; then how awaked
 30 He found his supper on the coals prepared,
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat;

And ate the second time after repose,
 The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
 Sometimes, that with Elijah he partook,
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.¹

Nothing in Milton is finelier fancied than these temperate 5
 dreams of the divine Hungerer. To which of these two
 visionary banquets, think you, would the introduction of
 what is called the grace have been most fitting and per-
 tinent?

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically 10
 I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve
 something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of
 one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason,
 which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends
 of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit 15
 blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming
 gratitude; but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader
 will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that
 exercise. The Quakers who go about their business, of
 every description, with more calmness than we, have more 20
 title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always
 admired their silent grace, and the more because I have
 observed their applications to the meat and drink following
 to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are
 neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat, 25
 as a horse bolts his chopped hay, with indifference, calm-
 ness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor
 slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and
 tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indif- 30
 ferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's

1 PARADISE REGAINED, II., 264ff.

flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C—— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner-hour, for instance, expecting some savory mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted—that commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenour.—The author of the Rambler used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favorite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things, in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions elsewhere, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish—his Dagon—with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse; to the slender, but not sienderly

acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never-settled question arise, as to *who shall say it*; while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burthen of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders?

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to *say anything*. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer, that it was not a custom known in his church: in which courteous evasion the other acqui-

escing for good manners' sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea-grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice, —the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to want reverence: a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic conciseness with which that equivocal wag (but my pleasant school-fellow) C. V. L., when importuned for a grace, used to inquire, first slyly leering down the table, "Is there no clergyman here?"—significantly adding, "Thank God—." Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, where we were used to preface our bald bread and cheese suppers with a preamble connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus*.¹ I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase "good creatures," upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense,—till some one recalled a legend, which told how in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitallers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us—*horresco referens*—trousers instead of mutton.

1 HORACE, *ARS POETICA*, 19.

MY FIRST PLAY.

AT the north end of Cross Court there yet stands a portal, of some architectural pretensions though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entrance to a printing-office. This old door-way, if you are young, reader, you may not know was the identical pit entrance to Old Drury—Garrick's Drury—all of it that is left. I never pass it without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see *my first play*. The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was, that the rain should cease. With what a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it.

We went with orders, which my godfather F. had sent us. He kept the oil shop (now Davies's) at the corner of Featherstone Buildings, in Holborn. F. was a tall grave person, lofty in speech, and had pretensions above his rank. He associated in those days with John Palmer, the comedian, whose gait and bearing he seemed to copy; if John (which is quite as likely) did not rather borrow somewhat of his manner, from my godfather. He was also known to, and visited, by Sheridan. It was to his house in Holborn that young Brinsley brought his first wife on her elopement with him from a boarding-school at Bath—the beautiful Maria Linley. My parents were present (over a quadrille table) when he arrived in the evening with his harmonious charge.—From either of these connections it may be inferred that my godfather could command an order for the then Drury-lane theatre at pleasure—and, indeed, a pretty liberal issue

of those cheap billets, in Brinsley's easy autograph, I have heard him say was the sole remuneration which he had received for many years' nightly illumination of the orchestra and various avenues of that theatre—and he was content it should be so. The honor of Sheridan's familiarity—or supposed familiarity—was better to my godfather than money.

F. was the most gentlemanly of oilmen; grandiloquent, yet courteous. His delivery of the commonest matters of fact was Ciceronian. He had two Latin words almost constantly in his mouth (how odd sounds Latin from an oilman's lips!), which my better knowledge since has enabled me to correct. In strict pronunciation they should have been sounded *vice versa*—but in those young years they impressed me with more awe than they would now do, read aright from Seneca or Varro—in his own peculiar pronunciation, monosyllabically elaborated, or Anglicised, into something like *verse verse*. By an imposing manner, and the help of these distorted syllables, he climbed (but that was little) to the highest parochial honors which St. Andrew's has to bestow.

He is dead—and thus much I thought due to his memory, both for my first orders (little wondrous talismans!—slight keys, and insignificant to outward sight, but opening to me more than Arabian paradises!) and moreover, that by his testamentary beneficence I came into possession of the only landed property which I could ever call my own—situate near the roadway village of pleasant Puckeridge, in Hertfordshire. When I journeyed down to take possession, and planted foot on my own ground, the stately habits of the donor descended upon me, and I strode (shall I confess the vanity?) with larger paces over my allotment of three-

quarters of an acre, with its commodious mansion in the midst, with the feeling of an English freeholder that all betwixt sky and centre was my own. The estate has passed into more prudent hands, and nothing but an agrarian can restore it.

In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them!—with one of these we went. I remember the waiting at the door—not that which is left—but between that and an inner door in shelter—O when shall I be such an expectant again!—with the cry of nonpareils, an indispensable play-house accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresses then was, “Chase some oranges, chase some numparels, chase a bill of the play;”—chase *pro* chuse. But when we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to Troilus and Cressida, in Rowe’s Shakspeare—the tent scene with Diomede—and a sight of that plate can always bring back in a measure the feeling of that evening.—The boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistening substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling—a homely fancy—but I judged it to be sugar-candy—yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy!—The orchestra lights at length arose, those “fair Auroras!” Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again—and, incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the

second time. The curtain drew up—I was not past six years old—and the play was Artaxerxes!

I had dabbled a little in the Universal History—the ancient part of it—and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of the past. I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import—but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princesses, passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time; and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awestruck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams.—Harlequin's Invasion followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend beldams seemed to me a piece of grave historic justice, and the tailor carrying his own head to be as sober a verity as the legend of St. Denys.

The next play to which I was taken was the Lady of the Manor, of which, with the exception of some scenery, very faint traces are left in my memory. It was followed by a pantomime, called Lun's Ghost—a satiric touch, I apprehend, upon Rich, not long since dead—but to my apprehension (too sincere for satire), Lun was as remote a piece of antiquity as Lud—the father of a line of Harlequins—transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden sceptre) through countless ages. I saw the primeval Motley come from his silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patchwork, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So Harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead.

My third play followed in quick succession. It was the *Way of the World*. I think I must have sat at it as grave as a judge: for, I remember, the hysteric affectations of good Lady Wishfort affected me like some solemn tragic passion. *Robinson Crusoe* followed; in which *Crusoe*, *man Friday*, and the parrot, were as good and authentic as in the story.—The clownery and pantaloony of these pantomimes have clean passed out of my head. I believe, I no more laughed at them, than at the same age I should have been disposed to laugh at the grotesque Gothic heads (seeming to me then replete with devout meaning) that gape, and grin, in stone around the inside of the old Round Church (my church) of the Templars.

I saw these plays in the season 1781–2, when I was from six to seven years old. After the intervention of six or seven other years (for at school all playgoing was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theatre. That old *Artaxerxes* evening had never done ringing in my fancy. I expected the same feelings to come again with the same occasion. But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen, than the latter does from six. In that interval what had I not lost! At the first period I knew nothing; understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all—

Was nourished, I could not tell how—¹

I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a rationalist. The same things were there materially; but the emblem, the reference, was gone!—The green curtain was no longer a veil, drawn between two worlds, the unfolding of which was to bring back past ages, to present “a royal

¹ Walton, COMPLETE ANGLER.

ghost,"—but a certain quantity of green baize, which was to separate the audience for a given time from certain of their fellow-men who were to come forward and pretend those parts. The lights—the orchestra lights—came up a clumsy machinery. The first ring, and the second ring, was now but a trick of the prompter's bell—which had been like the note of the cuckoo, a phantom of a voice,¹ no hand seen or guessed at which ministered to its warning. The actors were men and women painted. I thought the fault was in them; but it was in myself, and the alteration which those many centuries—of six short twelvemonths—had wrought in me.—Perhaps it was unfortunate for me that the play of the evening was but an indifferent comedy, as it gave me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which might have interfered with the genuine emotions with which I was soon after enabled to enter upon the first appearance to me of Mrs. Siddons in *Isabella*. Comparison and retrospection soon yielded to the present attraction of the scene; and the theatre became to me, upon a new stock, the most delightful of recreations.

DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE.

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children: to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally

1 Wordsworth, *TO THE CUCKOO*.

believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by its owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish, indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the

Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was: and how in her youth she was
5 esteemed the best dancer—here little Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good
10 spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the
15 great staircase near where she slept, but she said “those innocents would do her no harm;” and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John ex-
20 panded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been
25 Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I could never be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gild-
30 ing almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross

me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their

uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after-life, he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowance enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at

her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages, before we have existence, and a name"—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS.

THE casual sight of an old Play Bill, which I picked up the other day—I know not by what chance it was preserved so long—tempts me to call to mind a few of the Players, who make the principal figure in it. It presents the cast of parts in the Twelfth Night at the old Drury Lane Theatre two-and-thirty years ago. There is something very touching in these old remembrances. They make us think how we *once* used to read a Play Bill—not, as now peradventure, singling out a favorite performer, and casting a negligent eye over the rest; but spelling out every name, down to the very mutes and servants of the scene:—when it was a matter of no small moment to us whether Whitfield, or Packer, took the part of Fabian; when Benson and Burton

and Phillimore—names of small account—had an importance beyond what we can be content to attribute now to the time's best actors.—“Orsino, by Mr. Barrymore.”—What a full Shakspearean sound it carries! how fresh to memory arise the image, and the manner, of the gentle actor!

Those who have only seen Mrs. Jordan within the last ten or fifteen years, can have no adequate notion of her performance of such parts as Ophelia; Helena, in *All's Well that Ends Well*; and Viola in this play. Her voice had latterly acquired a coarseness, which suited well enough with her Nells and Hoydens, but in those days it sank, with her steady melting eye, into the heart. Her joyous parts—in which her memory now chiefly lives—in her youth were outdone by her plaintive ones. There is no giving an account how she delivered the disguised story of her love¹ for Orsino. It was no set speech, that she had foreseen, so as to weave it into an harmonious period, line necessarily following line, to make up the music—yet I have heard it so spoken, or rather *read*, not without its grace and beauty—but, when she had declared her sister's history to be a “blank,” and that she “never told her love,” there was a pause, as if the story had ended—and then the image of the “worm in the bud” came up as a new suggestion—and the heightened image of “Patience” still followed after that, as by some growing (and not mechanical) process, thought springing up after thought, I would almost say, as they were watered by her tears. So in those fine lines—

Write loyal cantos of contemnèd love—

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills—²

1 TWELFTH NIGHT, II., iv., end.

2 TWELFTH NIGHT, I., v., 289.

there was no preparation made in the foregoing image for that which was to follow. She used no rhetoric in her passion; or it was nature's own rhetoric, most legitimate then, when it seemed altogether without rule or law.

Mrs. Powel (now Mrs. Renard), then in the pride of her beauty, made an admirable Olivia. She was particularly excellent in her unbending scenes in conversation with the Clown. I have seen some Olivias—and those very sensible actresses too—who in these interlocutions have seemed to set their wits at the jester, and to vie conceits with him in downright emulation. But she used him for her sport, like what he was, to trifle a leisure sentence or two with, and then to be dismissed, and she to be the Great Lady still. She touched the imperious fantastic humor of the character with nicety. Her fine spacious person filled the scene.

The part of Malvolio has in my judgment been so often misunderstood, and the *general merits* of the actor, who then played it, so unduly appreciated, that I shall hope for pardon, if I am a little prolix upon these points.

Of all the actors who flourished in my time—a melancholy phrase if taken aright, reader—Bensley had most of the swell of soul, was greatest in the delivery of heroic conceptions, the emotions consequent upon the presentment of a great idea to the fancy. He had the true poetical enthusiasm—the rarest faculty among players. None that I remember possessed even a portion of that fine madness which he threw out in Hotspur's famous rant about glory,¹ or the transports of the Venetian incendiary at the vision of the fired city. His voice had the dissonance, and at times the inspiring effect of the trumpet. His gait was uncouth and stiff, but no way embarrassed by affectation;

1 I. HENRY IV., I., iii., 201.

and the thorough-bred gentleman was uppermost in every movement. He seized the moment of passion with the greatest truth; like a faithful clock, never striking before the time; never anticipating or leading you to anticipate. He was totally destitute of trick and artifice. He seemed come upon the stage to do the poet's message simply, and he did it with as genuine fidelity as the nuncios in Homer deliver the errands of the gods. He let the passion or the sentiment do its own work without prop or bolstering. He would have scorned to mountebank it; and betrayed none of that *cleverness* which is the bane of serious acting. For this reason, his Iago was the only endurable one which I remember to have seen. No spectator from his action could divine more of his artifice than Othello was supposed to do. His confessions in soliloquy alone put you in possession of the mystery. There were no by-intimations to make the audience fancy their own discernment so much greater than that of the Moor—who commonly stands like a great helpless mark set up for mine Ancient, and a quantity of barren spectators,¹ to shoot their bolts at. The Iago of Bensley did not go to work so grossly. There was a triumphant tone about the character, natural to a general consciousness of power; but none of that petty vanity which chuckles and cannot contain itself upon any little successful stroke of its knavery—as is common with your small villains, and green probationers in mischief. It did not clap or crow before its time. It was not a man setting his wits at a child, and winking all the while at other children who are mightily pleased at being let into the secret; but a consummate villain entrapping a noble nature into toils, against which no discernment was available,

1 HAMLET, III., li., 45

where the manner was as fathomless as the purpose seemed dark, and without motive. The part of Malvolio, in the Twelfth Night, was performed by Bensley with a richness and a dignity of which (to judge from some recent castings of that character) the very tradition must be worn out from the stage. No manager in those days would have dreamed of giving it to Mr. Baddeley, or Mr. Parsons: when Bensley was occasionally absent from the theatre, John Kemble thought it no derogation to succeed to the part. Malvolio is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent, and, for what appears, rather of an over-stretched morality. Maria describes him as a sort of Puritan; and he might have worn his gold chain with honor in one of our old round-head families, in the service of a Lambert, or a Lady Fairfax. But his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria. He is opposed to the proper levities of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest. Still his pride, or his gravity (call it which you will), is inherent, and native to the man, not mock or affected, which latter only are the fit objects to excite laughter. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible. His bearing is lofty, a little above his station, but probably not much above his deserts. We see no reason why he should not have been brave, honorable, accomplished. His careless committal of the ring to the ground (which he was commissioned to restore to Cesario), bespeaks a generosity of birth and feeling. His dialect on all occasions is that of a gentleman and a man of education. We must not confound him with the eternal old, low steward of comedy. He is master of the household to a great Princess; a dignity probably conferred upon him for other respects than age

or length of service. Olivia, at the first indication of his supposed madness, declares that she "would not have him miscarry for half of her dowry." Does this look as if the character was meant to appear little or insignificant? Once, indeed, she accuses him to his face—of what?—of being "sick of self-love,"—but with a gentleness and considerateness which could not have been, if she had not thought that this particular infirmity shaded some virtues. His rebuke to the knight, and his sottish revellers, is sensible and spirited; and when we take into consideration the unprotected condition of his mistress, and the strict regard with which her state of real or dissembled mourning would draw the eyes of the world upon her house-affairs, Malvolio might feel the honor of the family in some sort in his keeping; as it appears not that Olivia had any more brothers, or kinsmen, to look to it—for Sir Toby had dropped all such nice respects at the buttery hatch. That Malvolio was meant to be represented as possessing estimable qualities, the expression of the Duke in his anxiety to have him reconciled, almost infers: "Pursue him, and entreat him to *?* peace." Even in his abused state of chains and darkness, a sort of greatness seems never to desert him. He argues highly and well with the supposed Sir Topas,¹ and philosophises gallantly upon his straw. There must have been some shadow of worth about the man; he must have been something more than a mere vapor—a thing of straw, or Jack in office—before Fabian and Maria could have ventured sending him upon a courting-errand to Olivia.

1 *Clown*. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

There was some consonancy¹ (as he would say) in the undertaking, or the jest would have been too bold even for that house of misrule.

Bensley, accordingly, threw over the part an air of Spanish loftiness. He looked, spake, and moved like an old Castilian. He was starch, spruce, opinionated; but his superstructure of pride seemed bottomed upon a sense of worth. There was something in it beyond the coxcomb. It was big and swelling, but you could not be sure that it was hollow. You might wish to see it taken down, but you felt that it was upon an elevation. He was magnificent from the outset; but when the decent sobrieties of the character began to give way, and the poison of self-love, in his conceit of the Countess's affection, gradually to work, you would have thought that the hero of La Mancha in person stood before you. How he went smiling to himself! with what ineffable carelessness would he twirl his gold chain! what a dream it was! you were infected with the illusion, and did not wish that it should be removed! you had no room for laughter! if an unseasonable reflection of morality obtruded itself, it was a deep sense of the pitiable infirmity of man's nature, that can lay him open to such frenzies—but in truth you rather admired than pitied the lunacy while it lasted—you felt that an hour of such mistake was worth an age with the eyes open. Who would not wish to live but for a day in the conceit of such a lady's love as Olivia? Why, the Duke would have given his principality but for a quarter of a minute, sleeping or waking, to have been so deluded. The man seemed to tread upon air, to taste manna, to walk with his head in the clouds, to mate Hyperion. O! shake not the castles of his pride—endure

1 TWELFTH NIGHT, II., v., 141.

yet for a season, bright moments of confidence—"stand still, ye watches of the element,"¹ that Malvolio may be still in fancy fair Olivia's lord—but fate and retribution say no—I hear the mischievous titter of Maria—the witty taunts of Sir Toby—the still more insupportable triumph of the foolish knight—the counterfeit Sir Topas is unmasked—and "thus the whirligig of time," as the true clown hath it, "brings in his revenges."² I confess that I never saw the catastrophe of this character, while Bensley played it, without a kind of tragic interest. There was good foolery too. Few now remember Dodd. What an Aguecheek the stage lost in him! Lovegrove, who came nearest to the old actors, revived the character some few seasons ago, and made it sufficiently grotesque; but Dodd was *it*, as it came out of nature's hands. It might be said to remain *in puris naturalibus*. In expressing slowness of apprehension this actor surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling, than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder.

I am ill at dates, but I think it is now better than five-

1 Marlowe, EDWARD II., V., i., 66.

2 TWELFTH NIGHT, V., i., 385.

and-twenty years ago, that walking in the gardens of Gray's Inn—they were then far finer than they are now—the accursed Verulam Buildings had not encroached upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green crinkles, and shouldering away one or two of the stately alcoves of the terrace—the survivor stands gaping and relationless as if it remembered its brother—they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing—Bacon has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks—taking my afternoon solace on a summer day upon the aforesaid terrace, a comely sad personage came towards me, whom, from his grave air and deportment, I judged to be one of the old Benchers of the Inn. He had a serious thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old Benchers, I was passing him with that sort of subindicative token of respect which one is apt to demonstrate towards a venerable stranger, and which rather denotes an inclination to greet him, than any positive motion of the body to that effect—a species of humility and will-worship which I observe, nine times out of ten, rather puzzles than pleases the person it is offered to—when the face turning full upon me strangely identified itself with that of Dodd. Upon close inspection I was not mistaken. But could this sad thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of folly which I had hailed so often under circumstances of gaiety; which I had never seen without a smile, or recognized but as the usher of mirth; that looked out so formally flat in Foppington, so frothily pert in Tattle, so impotently busy in Backbite; so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in

Acres, in Fribble, and a thousand agreeable impertinences? Was this the face—full of thought and carefulness—that had so often divested itself at will of every trace of either to give me diversion, to clear my cloudy face for two or three hours at least of its furrows? Was this the face—manly, sober, intelligent—which I had so often despised, made mocks at, made merry with? The remembrance of the freedoms which I had taken with it came upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked it pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury. There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors—your pleasant fellows particularly—subjected to and suffering the common lot—their fortunes, their casualties, the deaths, seem to belong to the scene, their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities. The death of this fine actor took place shortly after this meeting. He had quitted the stage some months; and as I learned afterwards, had been in the habit of resorting daily to these gardens almost to the day of his decease. In these serious walks probably he was divesting himself of many scenic and some real vanities—weaning himself from the frivolities of the lesser and the greater theatre—doing gentle penance for a life of no very reprehensible fooleries,—taking off by degrees the buffoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long—and rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part. Dying, he “put on the weeds of Dominic.”¹

If few can remember Dodd,² many yet living will not

1 PARADISE LOST, III., 479.

2 Dodd was a man of reading, and left at his death a choice collection of old English literature. I should judge him to have been a man of wit. I know one instance of an impromptu which no length of study could have bettered. My merry friend, Jem White, had seen him one evening in Aguecheek, and, recognising Dodd the next day in Fleet

easily forget the pleasant creature, who in those days enacted the part of the Clown to Dodd's Sir Andrew.—Richard, or rather Dicky Suett—for so in his lifetime he delighted to be called, and time hath ratified the appellation—lieth buried on the north side of the cemetery of Holy Paul, to whose service his nonage and tender years were dedicated. There are who do yet remember him at that period—his pipe clear and harmonious. He would often speak of his chorister days, when he was “cherub Dicky.”

What clipped his wings, or made it expedient that he should exchange the holy for the profane state; whether he had lost his good voice (his best recommendation to that office), like Sir John, “with halloing and singing of anthems;”¹ or whether he was adjudged to lack something, even in those early years, of the gravity indispensable to an occupation which professeth to “commerce with the skies”²—I could never rightly learn; but we find him, after the probation of a twelvemonth or so, reverting to a secular condition, and become one of us.

I think he was not altogether of that timber out of which cathedral seats and sounding-boards are hewed. But if a glad heart—kind and therefore glad—be any part of sanctity, then might the robe of Motley, with which he invested himself with so much humility after his deprivation, and which he wore so long with so much blameless satisfaction to himself and to the public, be accepted for a surplice—his white stole, and *albe*.

Street, was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat and salute him as the identical Knight of the preceding evening with a “Save you, Sir Andrew.” Dodd, not at all disconcerted at this unusual address from a stranger, with a courteous half-rebuking wave of the hand, put him off with an “Away, Fool.” (L.)

1 II. HENRY IV., I., ii., 213.

2 IL PENSEROSO, I. 39.

The first fruits of his secularization was an engagement upon the boards of Old Drury, at which theatre he commenced, as I have been told, with adopting the manner of Parsons in old men's characters. At the period in which
 5 most of us knew him, he was no more an imitator than he was in any true sense himself inimitable.

He was the Robin Good-Fellow of the stage. He came in to trouble all things with a welcome perplexity, himself no whit troubled for the matter. He was known, like Puck,
 10 by his note—*Ha! Ha! Ha!*—sometimes deepening to *Ho! Ho! Ho!* with an irresistible accession derived perhaps remotely from his ecclesiastical education, foreign to his prototype, of—*O La!* Thousands of hearts yet respond to the chuckling *O La!* of Dicky Suett, brought back to
 15 their remembrance by the faithful transcript of his friend Mathews's mimicry. The "force of nature could no farther go."¹ He drolled upon the stock of these two syllables richer than the cuckoo.

Care, that troubles all the world, was forgotten in his
 20 composition. Had he had but two grains (nay, half a grain) of it, he could never have supported himself upon those two spider's strings, which served him (in the latter part of his unmixed existence) as legs. A doubt or a scruple must have made him totter, a sigh have puffed him
 25 down; the weight of a frown had staggered him, a wrinkle made him lose his balance. But on he went, scrambling upon those airy stilts of his, with Robin Good-Fellow, "thorough brake, thorough briar,"² reckless of a scratched face or a torn doublet.

30 Shakspeare foresaw him, when he framed his fools and

1 Dryden, UNDER MR. MILTON'S PICTURE.

2 MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, II., i., 3.

jesters. They have all the true Suett stamp, a loose and shambling gait, a slippery tongue, this last the ready midwife to a without-pain-delivered jest; in words, light as air, venting truths deep as the centre; with idlest rhymes tagging conceit when busiest, singing with Lear in the tempest, or Sir Toby at the buttery-hatch. 5

Jack Bannister and he had the fortune to be more of personal favorites with the town than any actors before or after. The difference, I take it, was this:—Jack was more *beloved* for his sweet, good-natured, moral pretensions. 10 Dicky was more *liked* for his sweet, good-natured, no pretensions at all. Your whole conscience stirred with Bannister's performance of Walter in the Children in the Wood—but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakspeare says of Love, too young to know what conscience is. He put 15 us into Vesta's days. Evil fled before him—not as from Jack, as from an antagonist,—but because it could not touch him, any more than a cannon-ball a fly. He was delivered from the burthen of that death;¹ and when Death came himself, not in metaphor, to fetch Dicky, it is recorded 20 of him by Robert Palmer, who kindly watched his exit, that he received the last stroke, neither varying his accustomed tranquillity, nor tune, with the simple exclamation, worthy to have been recorded in his epitaph—*O La! O La! Bobby!* 25

The elder Palmer (of stage-treading celebrity) commonly played Sir Toby in those days; but there is a solidity of wit in the jests of that half-Falstaff which he did not quite fill out. He was as much too showy, as Moody (who sometimes took the part) was dry and sottish. In sock or buskin 30 there was an air of swaggering gentility about Jack Palmer.

1 ROMANS, vii., 24.

He was a *gentleman* with a slight infusion of *the footman*. His brother Bob (of recenter memory), who was his shadow in everything while he lived, and dwindled into less than a shadow afterwards—was a *gentleman* with a little stronger
5 infusion of the *latter ingredient*; that was all. It is amazing how a little of the more or less makes a difference in these things. When you saw Bobby in the Duke's Servant,¹ you said, what a pity such a pretty fellow was only a servant. When you saw Jack figuring in Captain
10 Absolute, you thought you could trace his promotion to some lady of quality who fancied the handsome fellow in his top-knot, and had bought him a commission. Therefore Jack in Dick Amlet was insuperable.

Jack had two voices,—both plausible, hypocritical, and
15 insinuating; but his secondary or supplemental voice still more decisively histrionic than his common one. It was reserved for the spectator; and the *dramatis personæ* were supposed to know nothing at all about it. The *lies* of young Wilding, and the *sentiments* in Joseph Surface, were
20 thus marked out in a sort of italics to the audience. This secret correspondence with the company before the curtain (which is the bane and death of tragedy) has an extremely happy effect in some kinds of comedy, in the more highly artificial comedy of Congreve or of Sheridan especially,
25 where the absolute sense of reality (so indispensable to scenes of interest) is not required, or would rather interfere to diminish your pleasure. The fact is, you do not believe in such characters as Surface—the villain of artificial comedy—even while you read or see them. If you did,
30 they would shock and not divert you. When Ben, in Love for Love, returns from sea, the following exquisite

1 HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS, Garrick. (L.)

dialogue occurs at his first meeting with his father:—

Sir Sampson. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been! Been far enough, an that be all.—Well, father, and how do all at home? how does brother Dick, and brother Val?

Sir Sampson. Dick! body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years. I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess, that's true; Marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say—Well, and how?—I have a many questions to ask you—

Here is an instance of insensibility which in real life would be revolting, or rather in real life could not have co-existed with the warm-hearted temperament of the character. But when you read it in the spirit with which such playful selections and specious combinations rather than strict *metaphrases* of nature should be taken, or when you saw Bannister play it, it neither did, nor does, wound the moral sense at all. For what is Ben—the pleasant sailor which Bannister gives us—but a piece of satire—a creation of Congreve's fancy—a dreamy combination of all the accidents of a sailor's character—his contempt of money—his credulity to women—with that necessary estrangement from home which it is just within the verge of credibility to suppose *might* produce such an hallucination as is here described. We never think the worse of Ben for it, or feel it as a stain upon his character. But when an actor comes, and instead of the delightful phantom—the creature dear to half-belief—which Bannister exhibited—displays before our eyes a downright concretion of a Wapping sailor—a jolly warm-hearted Jack Tar—and nothing else—when instead of investing it with a delicious confusedness of the head, and a veering undirected goodness of purpose—he

gives to it a downright daylight understanding, and a full consciousness of its actions; thrusting forward the sensibilities of the character with a pretense as if it stood upon nothing else, and was to be judged by them alone—we feel the discord of the thing; the scene is disturbed; a real man has got in among the dramatis personæ, and puts them out. We want the sailor turned out. We feel that his true place is not behind the curtain but in the first or second gallery.

DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS.

IN A LETTER TO B. F. ESQ., AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

MY DEAR F.—When I think how welcome the sight of a letter from the world where you were born must be to you in that strange one to which you have been transplanted, I feel some compunctious visitings at my long silence. But, indeed, it is no easy effort to set about a correspondence at our distance. The weary world of waters between us oppresses the imagination. It is difficult to conceive how a scrawl of mine should ever stretch across it. It is a sort of presumption to expect that one's thoughts should live so far. It is like writing for posterity; and reminds me of one of Mrs. Rowe's superscriptions, "Alcander to Strephon, in the Shades." Cowley's Post-Angel is no more than would be expedient in such an intercourse. One drops a packet at Lombard Street, and in twenty-four hours a friend in Cumberland gets it as fresh as if it came in ice. It is only like whispering through a long trumpet. But suppose a tube let down from the moon, with yourself at one end, and *the man* at the other; it would be some balk to the spirit of conversation, if you knew that the dialogue exchanged with that interesting theosophist would take two

or three revolutions of a higher luminary in its passage. Yet for aught I know, you may be some parasangs nigher that primitive idea—Plato's man—than we in England here have the honor to reckon ourselves.

Epistolary matter usually compriseth three topics; news, sentiment, and puns. In the latter, I include all non-serious subjects; or subjects serious in themselves, but treated after my fashion, non-seriously.—And first, for news. In them the most desirable circumstance, I suppose, is that they shall be true. But what security can I have that what I now send you for truth shall not before you get it unaccountably turn into a lie? For instance, our mutual friend P. is at this present writing—*my Now*—in good health, and enjoys a fair share of worldly reputation. You are glad to hear it. This is natural and friendly. But at this present reading—*your Now*—he may possibly be in the Bench, or going to be hanged, which in reason ought to abate something of your transport (*i. e.*, at hearing he was well, etc.), or at least considerably to modify it. I am going to the play this evening, to have a laugh with Munden. You have no theatre, I think you told me, in your land of d——d realities. You naturally lick your lips, and envy me my felicity. Think but a moment, and you will correct the hateful emotion. Why, it is Sunday morning with you, and 1823. This confusion of tenses, this grand solecism of *two presents*, is in a degree common to all postage. But if I sent you word to Bath or the Devizes, that I was expecting the aforesaid treat this evening, though at the moment you received the intelligence my full feast of fun would be over, yet there would be for a day or two after, as you would well know, a smack, a relish left upon my mental palate, which would

give rational encouragement for you to foster a portion at least of the disagreeable passion, which it was in part my intention to produce. But ten months hence, your envy or your sympathy would be as useless as a passion spent upon the dead. Not only does truth, in these long intervals, unessence herself, but (what is harder) one cannot venture a crude fiction for the fear that it may ripen into a truth upon the voyage. What a wild improbable banter I put upon you some three years since——of Will Weatherall having married a servant-maid! I remember gravely consulting you how we were to receive her—for Will's wife was in no case to be rejected; and your no less serious replication in the matter: how tenderly you advised an abstemious introduction of literary topics before the lady, with a caution not to be too forward in bringing on the carpet matters more within the sphere of her intelligence; your deliberate judgment, or rather wise suspension of sentence, how far jacks, and spits, and mops could with propriety be introduced as subjects; whether the conscious avoiding of all such matters in discourse would not have a worse look than the taking of them casually in our way; in what manner we should carry ourselves to our maid Becky, Mrs. William Weatherall being by; whether we should show more delicacy, and a truer sense of respect for Will's wife, by treating Becky with our customary chiding before her, or by an unusual deferential civility paid to Becky as to a person of great worth, but thrown by the caprice of fate into a humble station. There were difficulties, I remember, on both sides, which you did me the favor to state with the precision of a lawyer, united to the tenderness of a friend. I laughed in my sleeve at your solemn pleadings, when lo! while I was valuing myself upon this flam put

upon you in New South Wales, the devil in England, jealous possibly of any lie-children not his own, or working after my copy, has actually instigated our friend (not three days since) to the commission of a matrimony, which I had only conjured up for your diversion. William Weatherall has married Mrs. Cotterel's maid. But to take it in its truest sense, you will see, my dear F., that news from me must become history to you; which I neither profess to write, nor indeed care much for reading. No person, under a diviner, can with any prospect of veracity, conduct a correspondence at such an arm's length. Two prophets, indeed, might thus interchange intelligence with effect; the epoch of the writer (Habakkuk) falling in with the true present time of the deceiver (Daniel); but then we are no prophets.

Then as to sentiment. It fares little better with that. This kind of dish, above all, requires to be served up hot: or sent off in water-plates, that your friend may have it almost as warm as yourself. If it have time to cool, it is the most tasteless of all cold meats. I have often smiled at a conceit of the late Lord C. It seems that travelling somewhere about Geneva, he came to some pretty green spot, or nook, where a willow, or something, hung so fantastically and invitingly over a stream—was it?—or a rock?—no matter—but the stillness and the repose, after a weary journey 'tis likely, in a languid moment of his lordship's hot restless life, so took his fancy, that he could imagine no place so proper, in the event of his death, to lay his bones in. This was all very natural and excusable as a sentiment, and shows his character in a very pleasing light. But when from a passing sentiment it came to be an act; and when, by a positive testamentary disposal, his remains

were actually carried all that way from England; who was there, some desperate sentimentalists excepted, that did not ask the question, Why could not his lordship have found a spot as solitary, a nook as romantic, a tree as green and pendant, with a stream as emblematic to his purpose, in Surrey, in Dorset, or in Devon? Conceive the sentiment boarded up, freighted, entered at the Custom House (startling the tide-waiters with the novelty), hoisted into a ship. Conceive it pawed about and handled between the rude jests of tarpaulin ruffians—a thing of its delicate texture—the salt bilge wetting it till it became as vapid as a damaged lustring. Suppose it in material danger (mariners have some superstition about sentiments) of being tossed over in a fresh gale to some propitiatory shark (spirit of St. Gothard, save us from a quietus so foreign to the deviser's purpose!) but it has happily evaded a fishy consummation. Trace it then to its lucky landing—at Lyons shall we say?—I have not the map before me—jostled upon four men's shoulders—baiting at this town—stopping to refresh at t'other village—waiting a passport here, a license there; the sanction of the magistracy in this district, the concurrence of the ecclesiastics in that canton; till at length it arrives at its destination, tired out and jaded, from a brisk sentiment, into a feature of silly pride or tawdry, senseless affectation. How few sentiments, my dear F., I am afraid we can set down, in the sailor's phrase, as quite seaworthy.

Lastly, as to the agreeable levities, which, though contemptible in bulk, are the twinkling corpuscula which should irradiate a right friendly epistle—your puns and small jests are, I apprehend, extremely circumscribed in their sphere of action. They are so far from a capacity of being packed up and sent beyond sea, they will scarce

endure to be transported by hand from this room to the next. Their vigor is as the instant of their birth. Their nutriment for their brief existence is the intellectual atmosphere of the bystanders: or this last, is the fine slime of Nilus—the *melior lutus*,—whose maternal recipiency is as necessary as the *sol pater* to their equivocal generation.¹ A pun hath a hearty kind of present ear-kissing smack with it; you can no more transmit it in its pristine flavor, than you can send a kiss.—Have you not tried in some instances to palm off a yesterday's pun upon a gentleman, and has it answered? Not but it was new to his hearing, but it did not seem to come new from you. It did not hitch in. It was like picking up at a village ale-house a two days old newspaper. You have not seen it before, but you resent the stale thing as an affront. This sort of merchandise above all requires a quick return. A pun, and its recognitory laugh, must be co-instantaneous. The one is the brisk lightning, the other the fierce thunder. A moment's interval, and the link is snapped. A pun is reflected from a friend's face as from a mirror. Who would consult his sweet visnomy, if the polished surface were two or three minutes (not to speak of twelve months, my dear F.) in giving back its copy?

I cannot imagine to myself whereabouts you are. When I try to fix it, Peter Wilkins's island comes across me. Sometimes you seem to be in the *Hades* of *Thieves*. I see Diogenes prying among you with his perpetual fruitless lantern. What must you be willing by this time to give for the sight of an honest man! You must almost have forgotten how *we* look. And tell me, what your Sydneyites do? are they th**v*ng all day long? Merciful heaven!

1 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, I., iii., 69; II., vii., 29.

what property can stand against such a depredation! The kangaroos—your Aborigines—do they keep their primitive simplicity un-Europe-tainted, with those little short fore-puds, looking like a lesson framed by nature to the pick-pocket! Marry, for diving into fobs they are rather lamely provided *a priori*; but if the hue and cry were once up, they would show as fair a pair of hind-shifters as the expertest loco-motor in the colony.—We hear the most improbable tales at this distance. Pray, is it true that the young Spartans among you are born with six fingers, which spoils their scanning?—It must look very odd; but use reconciles. For their scansion, it is less to be regretted, for if they take it into their heads to be poets, it is odds but they turn out, the greater part of them, vile plagiarists.—Is there much difference to see to between the son of a th**f, and the grandson? or where does the taint stop? Do you bleach in three or in four generations?—I have many questions to put, but ten Delphic voyages can be made in a shorter time than it will take to satisfy my scruples.—Do you grow your own hemp!—What is your staple trade, exclusive of the national profession, I mean? Your locksmiths, I take it, are some of your great capitalists.

I am insensibly chattering to you as familiarly as when we used to exchange good-morrrows out of our old contiguous windows, in pump-famed Hare-court in the Temple. Why did you ever leave that quiet corner?—Why did I?—with its complement of four poor elms, from whose smoke-dried barks, the theme of jesting ruralists, I picked my first lady-birds! My heart is as dry as that spring sometimes proves in a thirsty August, when I revert to the space that is between us; a length of passage enough to render obsolete the phrases of our English letters before they can reach you.

But while I talk, I think you hear me,—thoughts dallying with vain surmise—

Aye me! while thee the seas and sounding shores
Hold far away.¹

Come back, before I am grown into a very old man, so as you shall hardly know me. Come, before Bridget walks on crutches. Girls whom you left children have become sage matrons, while you are tarrying there. The blooming Miss W——r (you remember Sally W——r) called upon us yesterday, an aged crone. Folks, whom you knew, die off every year. Formerly, I thought that death was wearing out,—I stood ramparted about with so many healthy friends. The departure of J. W., two springs back, corrected my delusion. Since then the old divorcer has been busy. If you do not make haste to return, there will be little left to greet you, of me, or mine.

ON THE ARTIFICIAL COMEDY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE artificial Comedy, or Comedy of manners, is quite extinct on our stage. Congreve and Farquhar show their heads once in seven years only, to be exploded and put down instantly. The times cannot bear them. Is it for a few wild speeches, an occasional license of dialogue? I think not altogether. The business of their dramatic characters will not stand the moral test. We screw everything up to that. Idle gallantry in a fiction, a dream, the passing pageant of an evening, startles us in the same way as the alarming indications of profligacy in a son or ward in real life should startle a parent or guardian. We have

¹ LYCIDAS, 153-155.

no such middle emotions as dramatic interests left. We see a stage libertine playing his loose pranks of two hours' duration, and of no after consequence, with the severe eyes which inspect real vices with their bearings upon two worlds. We are spectators to a plot or intrigue (not reducible in life to the point of strict morality) and take it all for truth. We substitute a real for a dramatic person, and judge him accordingly. We try him in our courts, from which there is no appeal to the *dramatis personæ*, his peers. We have been spoiled with—not sentimental comedy—but a tyrant far more pernicious to our pleasures which has succeeded to it, the exclusive and all-devouring drama of common life; where the moral point is everything; where, instead of the fictitious half-believed personages of the stage (the phantoms of old comedy) we recognise ourselves, our brothers, aunts, kinsfolks, allies, patrons, enemies,—the same as in life,—with an interest in what is going on so hearty and substantial, that we cannot afford our moral judgment, in its deepest and most vital results, to compromise or slumber for a moment. What is *there* transacting, by no modification is made to affect us in any other manner than the same events or characters would do in our relationships of life. We carry our fireside concerns to the theatre with us. We do not go thither, like our ancestors, to escape from the pressure of reality, so much as to confirm our experience of it; to make assurance double, and take a bond of fate.¹ We must live our toilsome lives twice over, as it was the mournful privilege of Ulysses to descend twice to the shades. All that neutral ground of character, which stood between vice and virtue; or which in fact was indifferent to neither, where neither properly was called in

1 MACBETH, IV., l., 83.

question; that happy breathing-place from the brethren of a perpetual moral questioning—the sanctuary and quiet Alsatia of hunted casuistry—is broken up and disfranchised as injurious to the interests of society. The privileges of the place are taken away by law. We dare not dally with images, or names, of wrong. We bark like foolish dogs at shadows. We dread infection from the scenic representation of disorder; and fear a painted pustule. In our anxiety that our morality should not take cold, we wrap it up in a great blanket surtout of precaution against the breeze and sunshine.

I confess for myself that (with no great delinquencies to answer for) I am glad for a season to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience,—not to live always in the precincts of the law courts,—but now and then, for a dream-while or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictions—to get into recesses, whither the hunter cannot follow me—

—————Secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove—¹

I come back to my cage and my restraint the fresher and more healthy for it. I wear my shackles more contentedly for having respired the breath of an imaginary freedom. I do not know how it is with others, but I feel the better always for the perusal of one of Congreve's—nay, why should I not add even of Wycherley's—comedies. I am the gayer at least for it; and I could never connect those sports of a witty fancy in any shape with any result to be drawn from them to imitation in real life. They are a world of themselves almost as much as fairyland. Take

¹ IL PENSEROSO, 28ff.

one of their characters, male or female (with few exceptions they are alike), and place it in a modern play, and my virtuous indignation shall rise against the profligate wretch as warmly as the Catos of the pit could desire; because in a modern play I am to judge of the right and the wrong. The standard of *police* is the measure of *political justice*. The atmosphere will blight it, it cannot live here. It has got into a moral world, where it has no business, from which it must needs fall headlong; as dizzy and incapable of making a stand, as a Swedenborgian bad spirit that has wandered unawares into the sphere of one of his Good Men, or Angels. But in its own world do we feel the creature is so very bad?—The Fainalls and the Mirabels, the Dorimants and the Lady Touchwoods, in their own sphere, do not offend my moral sense; in fact, they do not appeal to it at all. They seem engaged in their proper element. They break through no laws, or conscientious restraints. They know of none. They have got out of Christendom into the land—what shall I call it?—of cuckoldry—the Utopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty, and the manners perfect freedom. It is altogether a speculative scene of things, which has no reference whatever to the world that is. No good person can be justly offended as a spectator, because no good person suffers on the stage. Judged morally, every character in these plays—the few exceptions only are *mistakes*—is alike essentially vain and worthless. The great art of Congreve is especially shown in this, that he has entirely excluded from the scenes,—some little generousities in the part of Angelica perhaps excepted,—not only anything like a faultless character, but any pretensions to goodness or good feelings whatsoever. Whether he did this designedly, or instinctively, the effect

is as happy, as the design (if design) was bold. I used to wonder at the strange power which his Way of the World in particular possesses of interesting you all along in the pursuits of characters, for whom you absolutely care nothing—for you neither hate nor love his personages—and I think it is owing to this very indifference for any, that you endure the whole. He has spread a privation of moral light, I will call it, rather than by the ugly name of palpable darkness, over his creations; and his shadows flit before you without distinction or preference. Had he introduced a good character, a single gush of moral feeling, a revulsion of the judgment to actual life and actual duties, the impertinent Goshen would have only lighted to the discovery of deformities, which now are none, because we think them none.

Translated into real life, the characters of his, and his friend Wycherley's dramas, are profligates and strumpets,—the business of their brief existence, the undivided pursuit of lawless gallantry. No other spring of action, or possible motive of conduct, is recognised; principles which, universally acted upon, must reduce this frame of things to a chaos. But we do them wrong in so translating them. No such effects are produced in *their* world. When we are among them, we are amongst a chaotic people. We are not to judge them by our usages. No reverend institutions are insulted by their proceedings,—for they have none among them. No peace of families is violated,—for no family ties exist among them. No purity of the marriage bed is stained,—for none is supposed to have a being. No deep affections are disquieted,—no holy wedlock bands are snapped asunder,—for affection's depth and wedded faith are not of the growth of that soil. There is neither right nor wrong,—gratitude or its opposite,—claim or duty,—

paternity or sonship. Of what consequence is it to virtue, or how is she at all concerned about it, whether Sir Simon, or Dapperwit, steal away Miss Martha; or who is the father of Lord Froth's, or Sir Paul Pliant's children?

The whole is a passing pageant, where we should sit as unconcerned at the issues, for life or death, as at a battle of the frogs and mice. But like Don Quixote, we take part against the puppets, and quite as impertinently. We dare not contemplate an Atlantis, a scheme, out of which our
 10 coxcombical moral sense is for a little transitory ease excluded. We have not the courage to imagine a state of things for which there is neither reward nor punishment. We cling to the painful necessities of shame and blame. We would indict our very dreams.

15 Amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old, it is something to have seen the School for Scandal in its glory. This comedy grew out of Congreve and Wycherley, but gathered some allays of the sentimental comedy which followed theirs. It is impossible that it
 20 should be now *acted*, though it continues, at long intervals, to be announced in the bills. Its hero, when Palmer played it at least, was Joseph Surface. When I remember the gay boldness, the graceful solemn plausibility, the measured step, the insinuating voice—to express it in a
 25 word—the downright *acted* villainy of the part, so different from the pressure of conscious actual wickedness,—the hypocritical assumption of hypocrisy,—which made Jack so deservedly a favorite in that character, I must needs con-
 30 clude the present generation of playgoers more virtuous than myself, or more dense. I freely confess that he divided the palm with me with his better brother; that, in fact, I liked him quite as well. Not but there are passages,

—like that, for instance, where Joseph is made to refuse a pittance to a poor relation,—incongruities which Sheridan was forced upon by the attempt to join the artificial with the sentimental comedy, either of which must destroy the other—but over these obstructions Jack's manner floated him so lightly, that a refusal from him no more shocked you, than the easy compliance of Charles gave you in reality any pleasure; you got over the paltry question as quickly as you could, to get back into the regions of pure comedy, where no cold moral reigns. The highly artificial manner of Palmer in this character counteracted every disagreeable impression which you might have received from the contrast, supposing them real, between the two brothers. You did not believe in Joseph with the same faith with which you believed in Charles. The latter was a pleasant reality, the former a no less pleasant poetical foil to it. The comedy, I have said, is incongruous; a mixture of Congreve with sentimental incompatibilities: the gaiety upon the whole is buoyant; but it required the consummate art of Palmer to reconcile the discordant elements.

A player with Jack's talents, if we had one now, would not dare to do the part in the same manner. He would instinctively avoid every turn which might tend to unrealise, and so to make the character fascinating. He must take his cue from his spectators, who would expect a bad man and a good man as rigidly opposed to each other as the death-beds of those geniuses are contrasted in the prints, which I am sorry to say have disappeared from the windows of my old friend Carrington Bowles, of St. Paul's Churchyard memory—(an exhibition as venerable as the adjacent cathedral, and almost coeval) of the bad and good man at the hour of death; where the ghastly apprehensions

of the former,—and truly the grim phantom with his reality of a toasting-fork is not to be despised,—so finely contrast with the meek complacent kissing of the rod,—taking it in like honey and butter,—with which the latter submits to the scythe of the gentle bleeder, Time, who wields his lancet with the apprehensive finger of a popular young ladies' surgeon. What flesh, like loving grass,¹ would not covet to meet half-way the stroke of such a delicate mower? —John Palmer was twice an actor in this exquisite part. He was playing to you all the while that he was playing upon Sir Peter and his lady. You had the first intimation of a sentiment before it was on his lips. His altered voice was meant to you, and you were to suppose that his fictitious co-flutterers on the stage perceived nothing at all of it. What was it to you if that half-reality, the husband, was over-reached by the puppetry—or the thin thing (Lady Teazle's reputation) was persuaded it was dying of a plethory? The fortunes of Othello and Desdemona was not concerned in it. Poor Jack has passed from the stage in good time, that he did not live to this our age of seriousness. The pleasant old Teazle *King*, too, is gone in good time. His manner would scarce have past current in our day. We must love or hate—acquit or condemn—censure or pity—exert our detestable coxcombrty of moral judgment upon everything. Joseph Surface, to go down now, must be a downright revolting villain—no compromise—his first appearance must shock and give horror—his specious plausibilities, which the pleasurable faculties of our fathers welcomed with such hearty greetings, knowing that no harm (dramatic harm even) could come, or was meant to come of them, must inspire a cold and killing aversion.

1 ISAIAH, xl., 6-8.

Charles (the real canting person of the scene—for the hypocrisy of Joseph has its ulterior legitimate ends, but his brother's professions of a good heart centre in downright self-satisfaction) must be *loved*, and Joseph *hated*. To balance one disagreeable reality with another, Sir Peter Teazle must be no longer the comic idea of a fretful old bachelor bridegroom, whose teasings (while King acted it) were evidently as much played off at you, as they were meant to concern anybody on the stage,—he must be a real person, capable in law of sustaining an injury—a person towards whom duties are to be acknowledged—the genuine crim-con. antagonist of the villanous seducer Joseph. To realise him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate match must have the downright pungency of life—must (or should) make you not mirthful but uncomfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbor or old friend. The delicious scenes which give the play its name and zest, must affect you in the same serious manner as if you heard the reputation of a dear female friend attacked in your real presence. Crabtree, and Sir Benjamin—those poor snakes that live but in the sunshine of your mirth—must be ripened by this hot-bed process of realisation into asps or amphisbænas;¹ and Mrs. Candour—O! frightful! become a hooded serpent. Oh, who that remembers Parsons and Dodd—the wasp and butterfly of the School for Scandal—in those two characters; and charming natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy, in this latter part—would forego the true scenic delight—the escape from life—the oblivion of consequences—the holiday barring out of the pedant Reflection—those Saturnalia of two or three

1 PARADISE LOST, X., 524.

brief hours, well won from the world—to sit instead at one of our modern plays—to have his coward conscience (that forsooth must not be left for a moment) stimulated with perpetual appeals—dulled rather, and blunted, as a faculty without repose must be—and his moral vanity pampered with images of notional justice, notional beneficence, lives saved without the spectators' risk, and fortunes given away that cost the author nothing?

No piece was, perhaps, ever so completely cast in all its parts as this *manager's comedy*. Miss Farren had succeeded to Mrs. Abingdon in *Lady Teazle*; and Smith, the original Charles, had retired, when I first saw it. The rest of the characters, with very slight exceptions, remained. I remember it was then the fashion to cry down John Kemble who took the part of Charles after Smith; but, I thought, very unjustly. Smith, I fancy, was more airy, and took the eye with a certain gaiety of person. He brought with him no sombre recollections of tragedy. He had not to expiate the fault of having pleased beforehand in lofty declamation. He had no sins of Hamlet or of Richard to atone for. His failure in these parts was a passport to success in one of so opposite a tendency. But, as far as I could judge, the weighty sense of Kemble made up for more personal incapacity than he had to answer for. His harshest tones in this part came steeped and dulcified in good humor. He made his defects a grace. His exact declamatory manner, as he managed it, only served to convey the points of his dialogue with more precision. It seemed to head the shafts to carry them deeper. Not one of his sparkling sentences was lost. I remember minutely how he delivered each in succession, and cannot by any effort imagine how any of them could be altered for the better. No man could

deliver brilliant dialogue—the dialogue of Congreve or of Wycherley—because none understood it—half so well as John Kemble. His Valentine, in *Love for Love*, was to my recollection, faultless. He flagged sometimes in the intervals of tragic passion. He would slumber over the level parts of an heroic character. His *Macbeth* has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialogue. The relaxing levities of tragedy have not been touched by any since him—the playful court-bred spirit in which he condescended to the players in *Hamlet*—the sportive relief which he threw into the darker shades of Richard—disappeared with him. John had his sluggish moods, his torpors—but they were the halting-stones and resting-place of his tragedy—politic savings, and fetches of the breath—husbandry of the lungs, where nature pointed him to be an economist—rather, I think, than errors of the judgment. They were, at worst, less painful than the eternal tormenting unappeasable vigilance,—the “lidless dragon eyes,”¹ of present fashionable tragedy.*

[The story of his swallowing opium pills to keep him lively on the first night of a certain tragedy, we may presume to be a piece of retaliatory pleasantry on the part of the suffering author; but, indeed, John had the art of diffusing a complacent equable dulness (which you knew not where to quarrel with), over a piece which he did not like, beyond any of his contemporaries. John Kemble had made up his mind early, that all the good tragedies which could be written, had been written; and he resented any new attempt. His shelves were full. The old standards were scope

¹ Coleridge, ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.

*What follows was omitted from the essay in the collected edition.

enough for his ambition. He ranged in them absolutely—and fair “in Otway, full in Shakspeare shone.”¹ He succeeded to the old lawful thrones, and did not care to adventure bottomry with a Sir Edward Mortimer or any casual speculator that offered. I remember, too actually for my peace, the deadly extinguisher which he put upon my friend G.’s “Antonio.” G., satiate with visions of political justice (possibly not to be realised in our time), or willing to let the sceptical worldlings see that his anticipations of the future did not preclude a warm sympathy for men as they are and have been—wrote a tragedy. He chose a story, affecting, romantic, Spanish—the plot simple, without being naked—the incidents uncommon, without being overstrained. Antonio, who gives the name to the piece, is a sensitive young Castilian, who, in a fit of his country honor, immolates his sister—

But I must not anticipate the catastrophe—the play, reader, is extant in choice English—and you will employ a spare half-crown not injudiciously in the quest of it.

The conception was bold, and the *dénouement*—the time and place in which the hero of it existed, considered—not much out of keeping; yet it must be confessed, that it required a delicacy of handling both from the author and the performer, so as not much to shock the prejudices of a modern English audience. G., in my opinion, had done his part.

John, who was in familiar habits with the philosopher, had undertaken to play Antonio. Great expectations were formed. A philosopher’s first play was a new era. The night arrived. I was favored with a seat in an advantageous box, between the author and his friend M——.

G. sat cheerful and confident. In his friend M.'s looks, who had perused the manuscript, I read some terror. Antonio, in the person of John Philip Kemble, at length appeared, starched out in a ruff which no one could dispute, and in most irreproachable mustachios. John always dressed most provokingly correct on these occasions. The first act swept by, solemn and silent. It went off, as G. assured M., exactly as the opening act of a piece—the protasis—should do. The cue of the spectators was, to be mute. The characters were but in their introduction. The passions and the incidents would be developed hereafter. Applause hitherto would be impertinent. Silent attention was the effect all-desirable. Poor M. acquiesced—but in his honest, friendly face I could discern a working which told how much more acceptable the plaudit of a single hand (however misplaced) would have been than all this reasoning. The second act (as in duty bound) rose a little in interest, but still John kept his forces under—in policy, as G. would have it—and the audience were most complacently attentive. The protasis, in fact, was scarcely unfolded. The interest would warm in the next act, against which a special incident was provided. M. wiped his cheek, flushed with a friendly perspiration—'tis M.'s way of showing his zeal—"from every pore of him a perfume falls."¹—I honor it above Alexander's.² He had once or twice during this act joined his palms, in a feeble, endeavor to elicit a sound—they emitted a solitary noise, without an echo—there was no deep to answer to his deep.³ G. repeatedly begged him to be quiet. The third act at length brought him on the scene which was to warm the

1 *LEO, THE RIVAL QUEENS.*

2 See note.

3 *PSALMS, xlii., 7.*

piece, progressively, to the final flaming forth of the catastrophe. A philosophic calm settled upon the clear brow of G., as it approached. The lips of M. quivered. A challenge was held forth upon the stage, and there was a promise of a fight. The pit roused themselves on this extraordinary occasion, and, as their manner is, seemed disposed to make a ring,—when suddenly, Antonio, who was the challenged, turning the tables upon the hot challenger, Don Gusman (who, by the way, should have had his sister) baulks his humor, and the pit's reasonable expectation at the same time, with some speeches out of the new philosophy against duelling. The audience were here fairly caught—their courage was up, and on the alert—a few blows, *ding-dong*, as R——s, the dramatist, afterwards expressed it to me, might have done the business, when their most exquisite moral sense was suddenly called in to assist in the mortifying negation of their own pleasure. They could not applaud for disappointment; they would not condemn for morality's sake. The interest stood stone still; and John's manner was not calculated to unpetrify it. It was Christmas time, and the atmosphere furnished some pretext for asthmatic affections. One began to cough—his neighbor sympathised with him—till a cough became epidemical. But when, from being half artificial in the pit, the cough got frightfully naturalised among the fictitious persons of the drama, and Antonio himself (albeit it was not set down in the stage directions) seemed more intent upon relieving his own lungs than the distresses of the author and his friends, then G. “first knew fear;”¹ and, mildly turning to M., intimated that he had not been aware that Mr. K. labored under a cold; and that the performance

1 PARADISE LOST, VI., 327.

might possibly have been postponed with advantage for some nights farther—still keeping the same serene countenance, while M. sweat like a bull. It would be invidious to pursue the fates of this ill-starred evening. In vain did the plot thicken in the scenes that followed; in vain did the dialogue wax more passionate and stirring, and the progress of the sentiment point more and more clearly to the arduous development which impended. In vain the action was accelerated, while the acting stood still. From the beginning John had taken his stand; had wound himself up to an even tenor of stately declamation, from which no exigence of dialogue, or person could make him swerve for an instant. To dream of his rising with the scene (the common trick of tragedians) was preposterous; for, from the onset, he had planted himself, as upon a terrace, on an eminence vastly above the audience, and he kept that sublime level to the end. He looked from his throne of elevated sentiment upon the under-world of spectators with a most sovereign and becoming contempt. There was excellent pathos delivered out to them: an they would receive it, so; an they would not receive it, so; there was no offence against decorum in all this; nothing to condemn, to damn. Not an irreverent symptom of a sound was to be heard. The procession of verbiage stalked on through four and five acts, no one venturing to predict what would come of it, when towards the winding up of the latter, Antonio, with an irrelevancy that seemed to stagger Elvira herself—for she had been coolly arguing the point of honor with him—suddenly whips out a poniard, and stabs his sister to the heart. The effect was as if a murder had been committed in cold blood. The whole house rose up in clamorous indignation, demanding justice. The feel-

ing rose far above hisses. I believe at that instant, if they could have got him, they would have torn the unfortunate author to pieces. Not that the act itself was so exorbitant, or of a complexion different from what they themselves would have applauded upon another occasion, in a Brutus or an Appius, but for want of attending to Antonio's *words*, which palpably led to the expectation of no less dire an event, instead of being seduced by his *manner*, which seemed to promise a sleep of less alarming nature than it was his cue to inflict upon Elvira; they found themselves betrayed into an accompliceship of murder, a perfect misprision of parricide, while they dreamed of nothing less. M., I believe, was the only person who suffered acutely from the failure; for G. thenceforward, with a serenity unattainable but by the true philosophy, abandoning a precarious popularity, retired into his fasthold of speculation,—the drama in which the world was to be his tiring-room, and remote posterity his applauding spectators, at once, and actors.]

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

I LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sun-rise?

I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses—

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades!—to shudder with the idea that “now, surely, he must be lost for ever!”—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight—and then (O fulness of delight) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in *Macbeth*, where the “Apparition of child crowned with a tree in his hand rises.”¹

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him twopence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the groundwork of which I have understood to be the sweet wood yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an

1 *MACBETH*, IV., 1.

infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this "wholesome and pleasant beverage," on the south side of Fleet Street, as thou approachest Bridge Street—*the only Salopian house*,—I have never yet adventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients — cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegances, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular confirmation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive—but so it is, that no possible taste or odor to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense, if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader—if thou art one who keepest what is called good hours, thou art happily ignorant of the fact—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savory mess to humbler customers, at the dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labors of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honors of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen-fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odors. The rake who wisheth to dissipate his o'er night vapors in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume, as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *Saloop*—the precocious herb-woman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas—the delight, and, oh I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him, shouldst thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three halfpennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added halfpenny) so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'ercharged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingrediented soups—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the

rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularities of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth—but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pie-man—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honor of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket presumably holding

such jewels;¹ but, methinks, they should take leave to “air” them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

A sable cloud
Turns forth her silver lining on the night.²

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:—and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticesments of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children,³ even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless *defiliations*.

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late Duke was especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets

1 CYMBELINE, II., IV., 96.

2 COMUS, 221.

3 JEREMIAH, XXXI., 15.

inwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius¹—was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle.—But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*, and resting place. By no other theory, than by

1 Virgil, AENEID, I., 696.

this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend JEM WHITE was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked* at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quitted out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment;¹ but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlors three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savor. JAMES WHITE, as

1 MATTHEW, xxii., 11-14.

head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion BIGOD, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clamoring and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humors of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honor the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing, “the gentleman,” and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable youngkers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings—how he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it “must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman’s eating”—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—“The King,”—the “Cloth,”—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, “May the Brush supersede the Laurel.” All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than com-

prehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a "Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so," which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; and every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savoriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.¹

JAMES WHITE is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation—your only modern Alcides' club to rid the time of its abuses—is uplift with many-handed sway to extirpate the last fluttering tatters of the bugbear MENDICITY from the metropolis. Scrips, wallets, bags—staves, dogs, and crutches—the whole mendicant fraternity with all their baggage, are fast posting out of the purlieus of this eleventh persecution. From the crowded crossing, from the corners of streets and turnings of alleys, the parting Genius of Beggary is "with sighing sent."

¹ CYMBELINE IV., il., 262.

I do not approve of this wholesale going to work, this impertinent crusado, or *bellum ad exterminationem*, proclaimed against a species. Much good might be sucked from these Beggars.

5 They were the oldest and the honorablest form of pauperism. Their appeals were to our common nature; less revolting to an ingenuous mind than to be a suppliant to the particular humors or caprice of any fellow-creature, or set of fellow-creatures, parochial or societarian. Theirs
10 were the only rates uninvidious in the levy, ungrudged in the assessment.

There was a dignity springing from the very depth of their desolation; as to be naked is to be so much nearer to the being a man, than to go in livery.

15 The greatest spirits have felt this in their reverses; and when Dionysius from king turned schoolmaster, do we feel anything towards him but contempt? Could Vandyke have made a picture of him, swaying a ferula for a sceptre, which would have affected our minds with the same heroic
20 pity, the same compassionate admiration, with which we regard his Belisarius begging for an *obolus*? Would the moral have been more graceful, more pathetic?

The Blind Beggar in the legend—the father of pretty Bessy¹—whose story doggerel rhymes and ale-house signs
25 cannot so degrade or attenuate, but that some sparks of a lustrous spirit will shine through the disguisements—this noble earl of Cornwall (as indeed he was) and memorable sport of fortune, fleeing from the unjust sentence of his liege lord, stript of all, and seated on the flowering green
30 at Bethnal, with his more fresh and springing daughter by his side, illumining his rags and his beggary—would the

1 Ballad of THE BLIND BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL GREEN.

child and parent have cut a better figure, doing the honors of a counter or expiating their fallen condition upon the three-foot eminence of some sempstering shopboard?

In tale or history your Beggar is ever the just antipode to your King. The poets and romancical writers (as dear Margaret Newcastle would call them) when they would most sharply and feelingly paint a reverse of fortune, never stop till they have brought down their hero in good earnest to rags and the wallet. The depth of the descent illustrates the height he falls from. There is no medium which can be presented to the imagination without offence. There is no breaking the fall. Lear, thrown from his palace, must divest him of his garments, till he answer "mere nature"; and Cresseid, fallen from a prince's love, must extend her pale arms, pale with other whiteness than of beauty, supplicating lazar alms with bell and clap-dish.

The Lucian wits knew this very well; and, with a converse policy, when they would express scorn of greatness without the pity, they show us an Alexander in the shades cobbling shoes, or a Semiramis getting up foul linen.

How would it sound in song, that a great monarch had declined his affections upon the daughter of a baker! yet do we feel the imagination at all violated when we read the "true ballad,"¹ where King Cophetua woos the beggar-maid?

Pauperism, pauper, poor man, are expressions of pity, but pity alloyed with contempt. No one properly contemns a beggar. Poverty is a comparative thing, and each degree of it is mocked by its "neighbor grice."² Its poor rents and comings-in³ are soon summed up and told. Its pre-

1 Ballad of KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID.

2 Timon of Athens, [IV., iii., 16]. (L.)

3 HENRY V., IV., i., 260.

tences to property are almost ludicrous. Its pitiful attempts to save excite a smile. Every scornful companion can weigh his trifle-bigger purse against it. Poor man reproaches poor man in the streets with impolitic mention of his condition, his own being a shade better, while the rich pass by and jeer at both. No rascally comparative¹ insults a Beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedency. No wealthy neighbor seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and the greatness of my mind, to be a beggar.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the Beggar's robes, and graceful *insignia* of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colors, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quaker's. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay.² The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluc-

1 I. HENRY IV., III., ii., 67.

2 FAERIE QUEENE, VII., vii., 47.

tuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

The Mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights, her lions. I can no more spare them than I could the Cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the Ballad Singer; and in their picturesque attire as ornamental as the Signs of Old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementoes, dial-mottoes, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry—

—————Look

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there.¹

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall of Lincoln's Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful dog-guide at their feet,—whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sunwarmth? immured between four walls, in what withering poor-house do they endure the penalty of double darkness, where the chink of the dropt halfpenny no more consoles their forlorn bereavement, far from the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger? Where hang their useless staves? and who will farm their dogs?—Have the overseers of St. L— caused them to be shot? or were they tied up in sacks, and

¹ AS YOU LIKE IT, II., i., 56-7.

dropt into the Thames, at the suggestion of B——, the mild Rector of——?

Well fare the soul of unfastidious Vincent Bourne, most classical, and at the same time, most English, of the Latinists!—who has treated of this human and quadrupedal alliance, this dog and the man friendship, in the sweetest of his poems, the *Epitaphium in Canem*, or, *Dog's Epitaph*. Reader, peruse it; and say, if customary sights, which could call up such gentle poetry as this, were of a nature to do more harm or good to the moral sense of the passengers through the daily thoroughfares of a vast and busy metropolis.

Pauperis hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis,
 Dum vixi, tuæla vigîl columenque senectæ,
 Dux cæco fidus: nec, me ducente, solebat,
 Prætensio hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum
 Incertam explorare viam; sed fila secutus,
 Quæ dubios regerent passûs, vestigia tuta
 Fixit inoffenso gressu; gelidumque sedile
 In nudo nactus saxo, quâ prætereuntium
 Unda frequens confluit, ibi miserisque tenebras
 Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit abortam.
 Ploravit nec frustra; obolum dedit alter et alter,
 Queis corda et mentem indiderat natura benignam.
 Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herile,
 Vel mediis vigil in somnis; ad herilia jussa
 Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amicè
 Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei
 Tædia perpressus, reditum sub nocte parabat.

Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,
 Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte senectâ;
 Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum
 Orbavit dominum: prisci sed gratia facti
 Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,
 Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit,

Etsi inopis, non ingratae, munuscula dextrae;
 Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque
 Quod memoret, fidumque canem dominumque benignum.

Poor Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie,
 That went to tend my old blind master's steps,
 His guide and guard; nor, while my service lasted,
 Had he occasion for that staff, with which
 He now goes picking out his path in fear
 Over the highways and crossings, but would plant
 Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,
 A firm foot forward still, till he had reach'd
 His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide
 Of passers-by in thickest confluence flow'd:
 To whom with loud and passionate laments
 From morn to eve his dark estate he wail'd.
 Nor wail'd to all in vain: some here and there,
 The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.
 I meantime at his feet obsequious slept;
 Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear
 Prick'd up at his least motion, to receive
 At his kind hand my customary crums,
 And common portion in his feast of scraps;
 Or when night warn'd us homeward, tired and spent
 With our long day, and tedious beggary.

These were my manners, this my way of life,
 Till age and slow disease me overtook,
 And sever'd from my sightless master's side.
 But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
 Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
 This slender tomb of turf hath Irus rear'd,
 Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,
 And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,
 In long and lasting union to attest,
 The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months
 past a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man,
 who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements

of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood; a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid sailor-like complexion, and his head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness, and hearty heart, of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him; for the accident, which brought him low, took place during the riots of 1780, and he had been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigor from the soil which he neighbored. He was a grand fragment; as good as an Elgin marble. The nature which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs, was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake, and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a Centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in some dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on as if he could have made shift with yet half of the body-portion which was left him. The *os sublime* was not wanting; and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out-of-door trade, and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor-house, he is expiating his contumacy in

one of those houses (ironically christened) of Correction.

Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance, which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather a salutary and a touching object, to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her museums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity (and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights—is a great city; or for what else is it desirable?) was there not room for one *Lusus* (not *Naturæ*, indeed, but) *Accidentium*? What if in forty-and-two years' going about, the man had scraped together enough to give a portion to his child (as the rumor ran) of a few hundreds—whom had he injured?—whom had he imposed upon? The contributors had enjoyed their *sight* for their pennies. What if after being exposed all day to the heats, the rains, and the frosts of heaven—shuffling his ungainly trunk along in an elaborate and painful motion—he was enabled to retire at night to enjoy himself at a club of his fellow-cripples over a dish of hot meat and vegetables, as the charge was gravely brought against him by a clergyman deposing before a House of Commons' Committee—was *this*, or was his truly paternal consideration, which (if a fact) deserved a statue rather than a whipping-post, and is inconsistent at least with the exaggeration of nocturnal orgies which he has been slandered with—a reason that he should be deprived of his chosen, harmless, nay edifying, way of life, and be committed in hoary age for a sturdy vagabond?—

There was a Yorick once, whom it would not have shamed to have sate down at the cripples' feast, and to have thrown in his benediction, ay, and his mite too, for a companionable symbol. "Age, thou hast lost thy breed!"—¹

¹ JULIUS CAESAR, I., ii., 151.

Half of these stories about the prodigious fortunes made by begging are (I verily believe) misers' calumnies. One was much talked of in the public papers some time since, and the usual charitable inferences deduced. A clerk in the Bank was surprised with the announcement of a five hundred pound legacy left him by a person whose name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning walks from Peckham (or some village thereabouts) where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his halfpenny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus, that sate begging alms by the wayside in the Borough. The good old beggar recognised his daily benefactor by the voice only; and, when he died, left all the amassings of his alms (that had been half a century perhaps in the accumulating) to his old Bank friend. Was this a story to purse up people's hearts, and pennies, against giving an alms to the blind?—or not rather a beautiful moral of well-directed charity on the one part, and noble gratitude upon the other?

I sometimes wish I had been that Bank clerk.

I seem to remember a poor old grateful kind of creature, blinking, and looking up with his no eyes in the sun—

Is it possible I could have steeled my purse against him?

Perhaps I had no small change.

Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture—*give, and ask no questions*. Cast thy bread upon the waters.¹ Some have unawares (like this Bank clerk) entertained angels.²

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature

1 ECCLESIASTES, xi., 1.

2 HEBREWS, xiii., 2.

(outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children," in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth, to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleaseth) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.*

["Pray God, your honor, relieve me," said a poor beads-woman to my friend L—— one day: "I have seen better days." "So have I, my good woman," retorted he, looking up at the welkin, which was just then threatening a storm—and the jest (he will have) was as good to the beggar as a tester. It was, at all events, kinder than consigning her to the stocks, or the parish beadle.—

But L. has a way of viewing things in rather a paradoxical light on some occasions.

P. S.—My friend Hume (not M. P.) has a curious manuscript in his possession, the original draft of the celebrated "Beggar's Petition" (who cannot say by heart the "Beggar's Petition"?), as it was written by some school usher (as I remember), with corrections interlined from the pen of Oliver Goldsmith. As a specimen of the Doctor's improvement, I recollect one most judicious alteration—

A pamper'd menial drove me from the door.

It stood originally—

*What follows was omitted from the collected edition.

A livery servant drove me, etc.

Here is an instance of poetical or artificial language properly substituted for the phrase of common conversation; against Wordsworth. I think I must get H. to send it to the *London*, as a corollary to the foregoing.]

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost con-

sternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not

any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog’s tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?”

“O father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, “Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste,—O Lord,”—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son’s, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never

left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improv- 5
ing upon the good meat which God had sent them. Never-
theless, strange stories got about. It was observed that
Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than
ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some
would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. 10
As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was ne house of
Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the
more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to
grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were
watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and 15
son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an incon-
siderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious
food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pro-
nounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of
the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be 20
handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled
it, and burnt their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done
before them, and nature prompting to each of them the
same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clear-
est charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of 25
the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all
present—without leaving the box, or any manner of con-
sultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict
of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the mani- 30
fest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dis-
missed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could

be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all
5 over the districts. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my
10 manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the
15 string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.—

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above
20 given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in
ROAST PIG.

25 Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbledehoyes—but a young and tender
30 suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet

not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *præludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna,—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is “doing”—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation¹—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—¹

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Savors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes,

1 Coleridge, EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl")¹, capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good favors, to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in

1 SAMSON AGONISTES, 1695.

thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my
 5 recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place
 10 hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey imposter.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with
 15 something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the
 20 flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young
 25 students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any
 30 possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower. 5

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT OF THE BEHAVIOR OF MARRIED PEOPLE.

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am. 10

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions, which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description;—it is that they are too loving. 15

Not too loving neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world. 20

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint 25

or open avowal, that *you* are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not; I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me, may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's houses and pictures,—his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives; it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favored neighbors, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists

thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly: it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world; that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps: but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask, with a sneer, how such an old Bachelor as I could pretend to know anything about such matters.

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people com-

monly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, etc.—I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phoenixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common—

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let them look to that. But why *we*, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense,¹—our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

“Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children:” so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. “Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:” so say I; but then don’t let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless;—let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pre-

1 MATTHEW, ii., 11.

text or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. — does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family, perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately,—to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, “Love me, love my dog;” that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing,—any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and anything that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se*; I ¹¹ast love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child’s nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it

is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory;¹ but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.—I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity, at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage,—if you did not come in on the wife's side,—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage*. With some limitations they can endure that: but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,—before they that are now man and wife ever met,—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign Prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck

1 I. CORINTHIANS, XV., 41, adapted.

generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new mintings*.

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, *but an oddity*, is one of the ways;—they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose;—till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humorist, —a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony; that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never-qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candor, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem,—that “decent affection and complacent kindness”¹ towards you where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so

¹ Home, DOUGLAS, I., I.

desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, "I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr. —, as a great wit." If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, "This, my dear, is your good Mr. —." One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candor to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. — speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words); the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possibly approximate to mine; he standing five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have en-

countered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavor: I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty,—of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versâ*. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. *Testacea*, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr. — did not come home till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavors to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had *Testacea* kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behavior and decorum: therefore I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of *Cerasia*, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good-will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of —.

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations. Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to record the full-

length English of their names to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future.

ON THE ACTING OF MUNDEN.

NOT many nights ago I had come home from seeing this extraordinary performer in Cockletop; and when I retired to my pillow, his whimsical image still stuck by me, in a manner as to threaten sleep. In vain I tried to divest myself of it, by conjuring up the most opposite associations. I resolved to be serious. I raised up the gravest topics of life; private misery, public calamity. All would not do.

—————There the antic sate
Mocking our state—¹

his queer visnomy—his bewildering costume—all the strange things which he had raked together—his serpentine rod, swagging about in his pocket—Cleopatra's tear, and the rest of his relics—O'Keefe's wild farce, and *his* wilder commentary—till the passion of laughter, like grief in excess, relieved itself by its own weight, inviting the sleep which in the first instance it had driven away.

But I was not to escape so easily. No sooner did I fall into slumbers, than the same image, only more perplexing, assailed me in the shape of dreams. Not one Munden, but five hundred, were dancing before me, like the faces which, whether you will or no, come when you have been taking opium—all the strange combinations, which this strangest of all strange mortals ever shot his proper countenance into, from the day he came commissioned to dry up the tears of the town for the loss of the now almost forgotten Edwin. O for the power of the pencil to have fixed them when I awoke! A season or two since there was exhibited a

¹ RICHARD II., III., ii., 162.

Hogarth gallery. I do not see why there should not be a Munden gallery. In richness and variety the latter would not fall far short of the former.

There is one face of Farley, one face of Knight, one (but what a one it is!) of Liston; but Munden has none that you can properly pin down, and call *his*. When you think he has exhausted his battery of looks, in unaccountable warfare with your gravity, suddenly he sprouts out an entirely new set of features, like Hydra. He is not one, but legion. Not so much a comedian, as a company. If his name could be multiplied like his countenance, it might fill a play-bill. He, and he alone, literally *makes faces*; applied to any other person, the phrase is a mere figure, denoting certain modifications of the human countenance. Out of some invisible wardrobe he dips for faces, as his friend Suett used for wigs, and fetches them out as easily. I should not be surprised to see him some day put out the head of a river-horse; or come forth a pewitt, or lapwing, some feathered metamorphosis.

I have seen this gifted actor in Sir Christopher Curry—in Old Dornton—diffuse a glow of sentiment which has made the pulse of a crowded theatre beat like that of one man; when he has come in aid of the pulpit, doing good to the moral heart of the people. I have seen some faint approaches to this sort of excellence in other players. But in the grand grotesque of farce, Munden stands out as single and unaccompanied as Hogarth. Hogarth, strange to tell, had no followers. The school of Munden began, and must end with himself.

Can any man *wonder*, like him? can any man *see ghosts*, like him? or *fight with his own shadow*¹—"SESSA"—as

¹ KING LEAR, III., IV., 58.

he does in that strangely-neglected thing, the Cobbler of Preston—where his alterations from the Cobbler to the Magnifico, and from the Magnifico to the Cobbler, keep the brain of the spectator in as wild a ferment, as if some Arabian Night were being acted before him. Who like him can throw, or ever attempted to throw, a preternatural interest over the commonest daily-life objects? A table, or a joint stool, in his conception, rises into a dignity equivalent to Cassiopeia's chair. It is invested with constellatory importance. You could not speak of it with more deference, if it were mounted into the firmament. A beggar in the hands of Michael Angelo, says Fuseli, rose the Patriarch of Poverty. So the gusto of Munden antiquates and ennobles what it touches. His pots and his ladles are as grand and primal as the seething-pots¹ and hooks² seen in old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic idea. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the commonplace materials of life, like primeval man with the sun and stars about him.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

IN comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry; a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning

1 JEREMIAH, i., 13.

2 EZEKIEL, xi., 43.

to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares “she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger and handsomer.” Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer:—when the phrases “antiquated virginity,” and such a one has “overstood her market,” pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread Street Hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South-Sea Company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakspeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no dis-

tion. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed—smile if you please—to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of enforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptance of the word, after women: but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we could afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton—who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed him in the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common galantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He

could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humored, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that—a little before he had commenced his compliments—she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, “As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune,—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me—but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (*naming the milliner*),—and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then?—And my woman’s pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do *me* honor, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them.”

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke, which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain

of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behavior of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her handmaid, or dependent—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments—as many and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *reverence her sex*.

NOTES

THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE

Page 45 line 1. *Bank:* The Bank of England, occupying the block bounded by Threadneedle St., Prince's St., Lothbury, and Bartholomew Lane. It is an irregular and isolated building, covering about four acres, one story in height, without exterior windows. The Bank was long known popularly as "The Old Lady in Threadneedle Street"; but Hare (*Walks in London*) says that the name is now almost forgotten.

3. *Annuitant:* Lamb was not yet an "annuitant" when he wrote this, being still in the East India House. *The Flower Pot:* An inn in Bishopsgate Street, the starting-point and booking-office for coaches running to the northern suburbs of London. *Dalston* and *Shacklewell* were formerly suburbs of London, but are now outlying districts of the city itself. The Lambs took a lodging in Dalston in 1802.

7. *Bishopsgate:* A street in London, divided into "Bishopsgate within" and "Bishopsgate without" at the point where stood the old Bishopsgate, the principal entrance through the northern wall of old London. The gate was destroyed in the reign of George II. The corner (Threadneedle St. and Bishopsgate) where the South-Sea House stood is but two blocks from the site of the East India House in Leadenhall St.

12 and footnote. *Balclutha:* *i. e.*, the city of the Clyde. The quotation is from *Carthon*, one of the prose poems published in 1760-63 by James Macpherson under the title *Ossian*, falsely purporting to be translations from the ancient Gaelic bard Oisín. The true reading is, "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate."

46:3. *Queen Anne:* Reigned 1702-1714. *Two first monarchs:* George I. (1714-1727) and George II. (1727-1760).

10. *Dollars, etc.:* Dollar was the English name of various continental coins, among them the Spanish dollar, "also called pillar dollar (from its figure of the Pillar of Hercules) and piece of eight (as containing 8 reals)." (*Cent. Dict.*)

11. *Mammon:* The deity of avarice. See *Faerie Queene*, II. vii, 3-20; and *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I, l. 678ff.

14. *Bubble:* The South Sea Bubble, a tremendous financial scheme organized by the South Sea Company to borrow money and issue stock on the strength of a hoped-for monopoly of trade with South America. "The refusal of Spain to enter into commercial relations with England made the privileges of the company worthless; but by means of a series of

speculating operations and the infatuation of the people, its shares were inflated from £100 to £1050." (*Cent. Dict.*) Its collapse (in 1720) spread great distress throughout England. Its London office was the South-Sea House.

25. Superfétation: A figurative use of the word, which was apparently a favorite of Lamb's, meaning 'an excrescent growth.'

47:3. Vaux (Fawkes), Guy (1570-1606): One of the conspirators in the "Gunpowder Plot." He was arrested as he was entering the cellar under the Parliament House (which had been filled with barrels of powder) on the night of Nov. 4-5, 1605, and after trial executed. November 5, Guy Fawkes Day, is celebrated with fireworks and crackers, and Fawkes is often hanged and burned in effigy. Lamb printed an essay on Guy Vaux (*London Mag.* 1823).

5. Manes: The shades of the dead, considered by the Romans to be tutelary divinities.

9. 'Change: The Royal Exchange, opposite the Bank. The present Exchange was built in 1842-44, taking the place of the first building, erected 1564-70.

9. India House: The office of the English East India Company (Incorporated 1600 under the title "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London Trading with the East Indies"), at the corner of Leadenhall and Lime Streets; destroyed shortly after the dissolution of the Company about 1860.

19. Living accounts: Mr. Lucas points out that "here Elia begins his 'matter-of-lie' career." In the Accountant's office of the India House, he was living among figures all day.

23. Rubric interlacings: The flourish after a signature (in old documents often imitating grill-work) is called a rubric, from being done in red ink.

32. Penknives: The qualifying word in this compound had a real significance when Lamb wrote.

48:2. Herculeum: Destroyed in the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, by streams of mud and lava. Systematic explorations were carried on there under French authority, 1806-1815. **Pounce-boxes:** The predecessors of blotting-paper were receptacles with perforated tops for shaking pounce (a sort of powder) or black sand on wet writing to dry the ink.

13. Humorists: *i. e.*, eccentric persons.

24. Cambro-Briton: A Welshman.

25. Choleric complexion: *i. e.*, irritable nature.

30. Maccaronies: The use of the word in "Yankee Doodle" is based on its sense of 'dandy,' as here.

31. Gib-cat: A tom-cat.

49:5. Anderton's: A real coffee-house in London.

- 17. Pennant, Thomas:** A Welsh antiquary, author of an account of London (1790).
- 20. Rosamond's Pond:** "A sheet of water formerly lying in the north-west corner of St. James's Park in London . . . It was filled up in 1770." (*Cent. Dict.*)
- 21. Mulberry Gardens:** "A place of refreshment in London, much frequented by persons of quality in the 17th century." (*Cent. Dict.*)
- 49:21. Cheap:** Cheapside, the central east and west thoroughfare of the City of London; one of the busiest streets in the world; formerly a large open common where markets (whence the name) and assemblies were held. There were formerly two conduits, the Great at the east end and the Little at the north, water being brought thither from Paddington.
- 23. Hogarth, William (1697-1764):** A celebrated English painter, best known by his satirical pictures, such as "The Rake's Progress," "Marriage à la Mode," etc.
- 25. Heroic confessors:** Huguenot refugees. Some of them settled in the parish of St. Giles's, London, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. in 1685. A church, still standing in that part of Charing Cross Road which was formerly known as Hog Lane, was used by French Protestant refugees till 1822. *Seven Dials* is a locality east of Charing Cross Road long known as a center of poverty and crime.
- 50:1. Westminster Hall:** Part of the ancient Palace of Westminster, now a vestibule to the Houses of Parliament. It has been the scene of many important events in English history.
- 20. Derwentwater, James Radcliffe, Earl of (1689-1716):** An English Catholic nobleman, beheaded for his part in the rebellion of 1715.
- 29. Decus et solamen:** "His aid in arms, his ornament in peace."
Dryden's translation.
- 51:5. Orphean lyre:** In Greek legend, Orpheus, Apollo's son, had power to charm all animate and inanimate things with his lyre.
- 11. "Sweet breasts":** *i. e.*, musical voices; an Elizabethan phrase.
- 16. Midas:** In Greek legend, a King of Phrygia to whom was granted the wish that everything he touched might be turned to gold. Apollo gave him a pair of ass's ears for saying that Pan played better than Apollo; Lamb of course takes him as the type of bad taste in music.
- 52:28. Water-party:** *i. e.*, a picnic.
- 53:3. Henry Man (1747-1799):** Author of essays and letters, and from 1776 deputy secretary of the South Sea Company.
- 9. Barbican:** A locality in Cripplegate, London, so-called from a former watch-tower. Milton lived here (1646-47) and his name has been given to a street near by (formerly Grub Street, of unsavory note as the abode of small authors).
- 13. Public Ledgers and Chronicles:** "Man contributed a series of letters on education to Woodfall's *Morning Chronicle*. He also wrote for the *London Gazette*." (Lucas.)

14. *Chatham, etc.:* Chatham (William Pitt) was premier, and *Shelburne* was secretary of state under him, 1766-68. *Rockingham* preceded Chatham as premier. Chatham and *Richmond* opposed England's policy toward the colonies.

15. *Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Keppel:* English generals and admirals in the war with the colonies.

17. *Wilkes, Sawbridge, Bull:* Lord Mayors of London. *Dunning* defended Wilkes, who had been expelled from Parliament, in his trial before *Pratt*, the Lord Chancellor.

54:3. *Marlborough, Cave, etc.:* Cave (1691-1754) was a noted publisher, the founder of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and a friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who for a time had a place in the postoffice as clerk of the franks. He "often stopped franks which were given by members of parliament to their friends because he thought such extension of a peculiar right illegal . . . Having stopped, among others, a frank given to the old Duchess of Marlborough by Mr. Walter Plummer, he was cited before the House as for a breach of privilege . . . and was at last dismissed." (*Johnson's Life of Cave.*) A frank is the privilege of sending letters free of postage. The Duchess, a favorite of Queen Anne's, was the wife of the first Duke of Marlborough, the great English general.

10. *Pastoral M—:* Lamb wrote out for a fellow-clerk in the India House a Key to the blanks and concealed names in *Elia*. His entry for this blank was, "Maynard, hang'd himself."

19. *Swan-like:* The swan was fabled to sing most sweetly at the approach of death.

24. *Trying the question:* Probably he was constantly involved in lawsuits and bought property with clouded titles; but perhaps Lamb means that he found his chief pleasure in studying and discussing law-cases and actually spent good money for such trash as reports of legal proceedings.

OXFORD IN THE VACATION

55: *Title.* *Oxford:* Mr. Lucas believes that Lamb wrote this paper in Cambridge, "where he spent a few weeks in the summer of 1820, and transferred the scene to Oxford by way of mystification."

10. *Quis sculpsit: i. e.,* the engraver's name (literally, "who engraved it").

11. *Vivares, Woollett:* English engravers. Woollett is said to have "carried landscape engraving to a perfection unknown before his time." (*Cent. Dict.*)

17. *College: i. e.,* company. *Notched: i. e.,* closely-cut, shaven, an epithet applied by the Cavaliers to the Puritans, or Round-heads.

18. A *scrivener* was a public writer, notary, copyist.

20. *Agnize:* A pet word of Lamb's, meaning acknowledge, confess.

55:6. *Cart-rucks:* Ruts, parallel lines.

12. *Commodities:* Conveniences, agreeable things.

15. *Joseph's vest: i. e.*, a piece of (literary) patchwork. See *Genesis*, xxxvii, 3, marginal reading.
18. *Red-letter days: i. e.*, holidays (see *Cent. Dict.*). In 1820 the accountants' office of the India House observed only five holidays in the year. (Lucas.)
23. *Christ's: i. e.*, Christ's Hospital, the Blue Coat School.
24. *Baskett Prayer-book*: John Baskett (died 1742), King's printer, published his first prayer-book 1741; other editions 1746-1757. The royal patent bestowed the privilege of printing and selling bibles. One of Baskett's bibles, the "Vinegar Bible" of 1716-17 (so-called from a misprint for Vineyard in the heading of *Luke*, xx), was so carelessly printed that it was at once named "a Baskett-full of printers' errors."
25. *Bartlemy*: St. Bartholomew, who according to the tradition was flayed alive.
26. *Marsyas*: In Greek mythology a satyr who challenged Apollo to a musical contest. Apollo defeated him and then flayed him alive for his presumption.
27. *Spagnoletti*: Jusepe Ribera, called Spagnoletto, a Spanish painter, noted for his harsh and realistic manner.
30. *Better Jude*: Judas the brother of Simon, also called Thaddeus. See *Matthew*, x, 3; *Luke*, vi, 16. St. Simon and St. Jude's Day is the 28th of October.
- 57:2. *Gaudy-day: i. e.*, a holiday, especially an English university festival.
8. *Epiphany*: The Christian festival, also called Twelfth-day, celebrated on the 6th of January. It closes the Christmas observances, and especially commemorates the visit of the Magi, or Wise Men, to Christ.
17. *Selden*, John (1584-1654): A learned English jurist, antiquary, and orientalist.
18. *Usher*, James (1580-1656): A British prelate, theologian, and scholar; proposed a scheme of biblical chronology—that commonly printed in the standard versions of the English Bible—which was universally accepted until recently.
20. *Bodley*, Sir Thomas (1545-1613): An English diplomatist and scholar, founder of the great Bodleian Library of Oxford University.
23. *Institution: i. e.*, instruction, a rare and obsolete use.
28. *Ad eundem: i. e.*, to the same (degree), a phrase used when a member of one university is admitted without examination to the corresponding degree or standing in another university.
30. *Sizar*: A sizar was an undergraduate at Cambridge who received an allowance of food, or size, as it is called (see the interesting quotation in *Cent. Dict.* under *size*, def. 2).
- 58:1. *Servitor*: Servitors were formerly students at Oxford of much the same grade as the Cambridge sizars. Their name comes from their duty

of waiting on the table of the fellows and gentlemen commoners. *Gentleman Commoner*: The gentlemen commoners are the highest sort of commoners at Oxford—students who do not receive allowances from the funds of the college, but pay their own way and eat at the common table. The Oxford commoner corresponds to the Cambridge pensioner.

2. *Proceed*: In English university parlance, to take the degree of.

4. *Vergers*: Pew-openers.

7. *Christ Church*: One of the largest colleges of Oxford, with a great quadrangle ("Tom Quad") and tower. Properly speaking, Lamb should not have referred to it as *Christ's*, as he does in l. 11. Christ's College is one of the colleges of Cambridge. See note to p. 55, title.

9. *Seraphic Doctor*: It was not uncommon in the Middle Ages to nickname the great doctors of theology: thus Aquinas was called "Doctor Angelicus," Bonaventura, "Doctor Seraphicus." Lamb's use of the title does not imply that he must be thinking of some particular celebrity.

"And Doctors: teachers grave, and with great names,
Seraphic, Subtile, or Irrefragable,
By their admiring scholars dignified."

—Southey, *Joan of Arc*, Book III.

11. *Magdalen*: A college of Oxford, famous for its beautiful tower. (Usually pronounced Maudlin.)

13. *Pay a devoir*: i. e., pay one's respects.

15. *Beadsman*: In England inmates of almshouses are called beadsmen and beadswomen.

21. *Chaucer, Cook, Manciple*: An excellent instance of Lamb's neatness in allusion, though there is no evidence that Chaucer was ever at either university. Manciple means a purveyor, especially of an English college or inn of court. Chaucer describes a cook and a manciple in the *Prologue to The Canterbury Tales*.

24. *Antiquity*: In the rhetoric of this passage, as well as in the allusion to half-Januses, Lamb seems to owe a debt to Sir Thomas Browne. There is a superb paragraph of DeQuincey's (*Works*, Masson's ed., vol. I, p. 48) on Solitude that reads like a magnified reverberation of this of Lamb's.

30. *Half-Januses*: Janus was a primitive deity of the Romans, regarded as the doorkeeper of Heaven and the patron of beginnings and endings; hence the first month of the year was named for him. His temple in Rome was closed only in times of universal peace. He was the protector of doors and gateways and the god of the sun's rising and setting; and hence was represented with two faces, one to the east and one to the west.

59:9. *Oxenford*: An older form of Oxford. See Chaucer, *Prol.* 285. *Arride*: To please (obsolete and rare).

19. *Sciential apples*: The fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, in the Garden of Eden.

22. *Variaæ lectiones*: Variant readings.

24. *Three witnesses*: See I. John, v. 7, Authorized Version. This verse is omitted from the Revised Version, having been shown by Porson to be spurious.

26. *Porson*, Richard (1759-1808): A famous English classical scholar, professor of Greek at Cambridge. *G. D.*: "George Dyer, poet," in Lamb's Key. He was a scholar and antiquarian. His chief works are *History of the University and College of Cambridge* and *Privileges of the University of Cambridge*.

28. *Oriel*: A college of Oxford.

32. *Tall Scapula*: A tall (*i. e.*, untrimmed) copy of Scapula's Greek Lexicon.

60:3. *Clifford's Inn*: One of the Inns of Chancery, in Chancery Lane, London. Originally a sort of law school preparatory for the Inns of Court (see note on *The Temple*, p. 163, l. 2), the Inns of Chancery now serve chiefly as quarters for attorneys, solicitors, and other persons connected with the legal profession. Clifford's Inn was subsidiary to the Inner Temple.

6. *Apparitors*: Court servants, process-servers, etc. *Promoters*: Informers.

17. *C*—: Cambridge University.

22. *Caputs*: An abbreviation of the phrase *caput senatus* (literally, head of the senate), a council or ruling body in the University of Cambridge.

27. *Glebe lands*: Lands belonging to parish churches or ecclesiastical benefices. *In manu*: *i. e.*, in actual occupancy.

61:4. *Temple*: See note on p. 163, l. 2.

7. *Our friend M.*: Basil Montague (1770-1851), a lawyer and miscellaneous writer.

17. *Queen Lar*: The Lares were tutelary household divinities of the Romans.

24. *Another Sosia*: In Plautus's comedy *Amphitryon* there are two Sosias, a true and a false.

62:3. *Mount Tabor*: A wooded mountain in Palestine, according to tradition the scene of the Transfiguration. *Parnassus*: A mountain ridge in Greece, celebrated as the Mount of Apollo and the Muses; hence a symbol of poetry. *Plato*: The famous Greek ideal philosopher.

4. *Harrington*, James (1611-1677): An English political writer. His chief work was a treatise on civil government, *The Commonwealth of Oceana*. These names Lamb uses as symbols of an exalted idealism.

11. "*House of pure Emanuel*": Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

19. *Even-song*: Evening service.

25. *Agar's wish*: By mistake for Agur, a Hebrew prophet whose wish was "Give me neither poverty nor riches." *Proverbs*, xxx. 8.

29. *Under-working*: The *Cent. Dict.* gives the noun *underwork*, "subordinate work, petty affairs," from Addison.

63:13. *Strong lines in fashion*: This is probably an allusion to Byron, whose romances and *Manfred* had been published and whose *Don Juan* was coming out when this was written.

19. *Bath, Buxton, Scarborough, Harrogate* (Harrowgate): English watering places.

21. *Cam*: A river which gives its name to the city of Cambridge, situate on its banks; also called the Granta. *Isis*: A name sometimes given to the Thames in its upper course, especially near Oxford.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE AND THIRTY YEARS AGO

64: title. *Christ's Hospital*: The Blue Coat School, in Newgate Street.— "A school for 1200 boys and 100 girls, founded by Edward VI. . . . It occupies the site of an ancient monastery of the Grey Friars (see note, p. 79, l. 12). . . . The general government of the school is in the hands of a large 'Court of Governors,' but the internal and real management is conducted by the President, Treasurer, and 'Committee of Almoners.' The original costume of the boys is still retained, consisting of long blue gowns, yellow stockings, and knee-breeches. No head-covering is worn even in winter. The pupils—admitted between the ages of 8 and 10—must be the children of parents whose income is insufficient for their proper education and maintenance. They are first sent to the preparatory school at Hertford, whence they are transferred according to their progress to the city establishment. Their education—partly of a commercial nature—is completed at the age of 16. A few of the more talented pupils are, however, prepared for a university career and form the two highest classes of the school, known as *Grecians* and *Deputy-Grecians*. There are also 40 *King's Boys*, forming the mathematical school founded by Charles II. in 1672. The school possessed many ancient privileges, some of which it still retains. On New Year's Day the King's Boys used to appear at Court; and on Easter Tuesday the entire school is presented to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, when each boy receives the gift of a coin fresh from the mint. A line in the swimming bath marks the junction of three parishes. . . . Among the pictures are 'Founding of the Hospital by Edward VI.' ascribed to Holbein; 'Presentation of the King's Boys at the Court of James II.,' a very large work by Verrio." (Baedeker's *London*.)

"The London history of the school is now ended. The boys have gone to Sussex, where, near Horsham, the new buildings have been erected, and the old Newgate Street haven is being demolished as I write (February, 1903) to make room for offices, warehouses, and an extension of St. Bartholomew's Hospital." (Lucas.)

1. In *Mr. Lamb's "Works"*: This essay is transparent enough in its pretense of not being Lamb's work.

16. *Sub-treasurer*: Randal Norris, for many years sub-treasurer of the Inner Temple; an old friend of Lamb's father. Mary Lamb was a brides-

maid at his wedding. Lamb's essay *A Deathbed*, published in the first edition of the *Last Essays of Elia*, but afterwards withdrawn, described his death.

19. *Crug*: Mr. Lucas says that crug is still current slang.

26. *Banyan*: "Banian days, originally two days in the week . . . on which sailors in the British navy had no flesh meat served up to them." (*Cent. Dict.*) Banian means a Hindu trader, belonging to a caste of strict vegetarian practice.

27. *Double-refined*: Sugar of good quality.

35:2. *Caro equina*: Horseflesh.

4. *Crags*: Necks. See *scrag* in *Cent. Dict.*

9. *Griskin*: Certain small bones of pork—a provincial word.

14. *Regale*: Evidently used in the sense of delight, savor, relish. *Cates*: Delicacies; an archaic word, now only in poetic or consciously literary use.

15. *The Tishbite*: Elijah. See I. *Kings*, xvii. 6.

22. *I was a poor friendless boy*: Here Lamb speaks, it is sometimes said, "in the person of Coleridge." Coleridge was a poor, friendless, homesick boy, who had come up to London from a town "far in the west"—Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire; but Lamb doubtless knew other homesick, friendless boys than Coleridge.

66:13. *Excursions . . . relish*: "Our delightful excursions in the summer holidays to the New River, near Newington, where, like others, we would live the long day in the water, never caring for dressing ourselves when we had once stripped; our savoury meals afterwards, when we came home almost famished with staying out all day without our dinners; our visits at other times to the Tower, where by ancient privilege we had free access to all the curiosities." (Lamb, *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*.) The New River is an artificial stream that brings water for the supply of the City of London. See Chambers' *Book of Days*.

67:2. *Tower*: The Tower of London, once a palace, later famous as a state prison, and now a historical museum. It is perhaps the most interesting historical monument in England. "Blue-coat boys still have this right of free entrance to the Tower; but the lions are no more. They were transferred to the Zoölogical Gardens in 1831." (Lucas.)

4. *L.'s governor*: Samuel Salt (see note p. 168, l. 5), in whose rooms in the Temple the Lamb family lived.

28. *Nevis, St. Kitts*: Islands in the British West Indies.

68:5. *Leads*: The roof, from the use of sheets or plates of lead for roofing purposes.

7. *Cry roast meat*: A proverbial phrase meaning to publish one's good fortune. Cf. Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Bk. IV. Ch. v, and see *Cent. Dict.* under *roast*.

8. *Caligula's minion*: The horse that the Roman Emperor Caligula made a Roman consul. *Minion* here means favorite. See p. 121, l. 6.

15. *Client was dismissed, etc.*: The ass was driven to Smithfield, long famous for its cattle-market.

18. *L.'s admired Perry*: In the *Recollections of Christ's Hospital* Lamb had written of Perry in an enthusiastic strain. Perry was appointed steward of the school in 1761 and died in harness 1785 (Lucas). Lamb speaks of the deep effect his death had on the boys.

19. *Facile*: Compliant, easy-going, now a rather rare use, echoing exactly a transferred sense of the Latin *facilis*.

26. "*By Verrio*," etc.: Lamb had mentioned the "stately dining-hall hung round with pictures by Verrio, Lely, and others, one of them surpassing in size and grandeur almost any other in the Kingdom." Verrio was an Italian painter, employed in the decorations of Windsor Palace and Hampton Court. Sir Peter Lely was famous for his portraits of the beauties of the court of Charles II.

69:2. *The Trojan*, etc.: When Aeneas came to Carthage he saw pictures of the Trojan war in the Temple of Juno which Dido, the Carthaginian queen, was building. Lamb has Dryden's line in mind, but misquotes; it really is, "And with an empty picture fed his mind."

70:7. *Chancery Lane*: Leads off Fleet Street, on the other side from the Temple. Here were Clifford's Inn, and other abodes of those connected with the courts. Lamb and his sister lived in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, in 1800 and again in 1809.

15. *Hathaway, Matthias*: Steward of Christ's Hospital 1790-1813. (Lucas.)

23. *Young stork*: The fidelity and amiability of storks are traditional.

71:11. *Bedlam*: The hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem (whence "Bedlam") in London, afterwards a lunatic asylum; as a common noun, any madhouse.

72:1. *Auto da fé*: Literally, act of faith (Portuguese); the execution of judgment upon persons condemned by the Inquisition.

3. "*Watchet weeds*": i. e., his blue coat. Watchet was a favorite word of Lamb's.

8. *Disfigurements in Dante*: In the *Inferno* Dante tells how sowers of discord, heretics, and the like were punished by mutilation and disease.

18. *Ultima Supplicia*: Last, or extreme, punishment.

30. *San Benito*: The yellow garment worn by the victims of the Inquisition at their execution.

31. *Runagates*: Deserters (a corruption of *renegade*).

73:12. *James Boyer*: "Born in 1736, was admitted to the school in 1744, and passed to Balliol [Oxford]. He resigned his Upper Grammar Mastership in 1799." (Lucas.) He was still living when Lamb wrote *Recollections of Christ's Hospital* (1813). See p. 77, l. 16, where he is spoken of with respect.

13. *Matthew Feilde*: "The Rev. Matthew Feilde, also vicar of Ugley and curate of Berden." (Lucas.)

17. *Accidence*: A book containing the rudiments of grammar; strictly that part of grammar that deals with the inflections of words.

74:5. *Peter Wilkins*, *The Life and Adventures of*: A story by Robert Pollock, published 1751, relating the adventures of a sailor shipwrecked near the South Pole. He found a winged race of Glums and Gawress, and married one of the latter. The two other books mentioned are said to be trashy romances.

10. *Parentheses*: Lamb seems to have in mind the literal meaning of the Greek word, "a putting in beside."

12. "*French and English*": A little boys' slate game, less complicated even than tit-tat-to. See Cassell's *Book of Indoor Amusements*.

15. *Rousseau*, Jean Jacques: A Swiss-French social philosopher (1712-1778). His ideas helped to prepare the way for the French Revolution. Lamb alludes to Rousseau's *Emile, ou de l'Education* (1762), a work that caused its author's exile from France "and laid the foundation of modern pedagogy." *John Locke*, (1632-1704): A celebrated English philosopher, author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding* (1690), *Some Thoughts Concerning Education* (1693), and other works.

26. *Phædrus*: Wrote fables in verse, formerly used as a stock text-book for classes in elementary Latin.

75:3. *Helots*: Serfs among the ancient Spartans.

7. *Xenophon*: A Greek historian, whose *Anabasis* is still a standard text-book for beginners in Greek. Plato's *Dialogues* are used as text-books for more advanced students.

9. *The Samite*: "Pythagoras of Samos, who forbade his pupils to speak until they had listened through five years of his lectures." (Lucas.)

10. *Goshen*: That part of Egypt where Jacob and his sons settled when they fled from the famine in Canaan. It was not visited by the plagues that smote Pharaoh and his land (see *Genesis*, iv-lvii; *Exodus*, viii). Hence, Lamb uses Goshen to mean a sort of earthly paradise, an unreal world, apart from the concerns and business of real life. See pp. 175, 230.

20. *Elysian, Tartarus*: In classical mythology the under world was divided into two regions: Elysium, or the Elysian Fields, the abode of the blessed dead; and Tartarus, the place of punishment of the wicked.

25. *Ululantes*: Howling sufferers.

28. *Scrannel*: Harsh, squeaking, grating. See Milton, *Lycidas*, l. 124.

76: footnote. *Garrick*, David (1717-1779): Celebrated English actor and dramatist.

76:2. *Flaccus's quibble*: "In [Horace's] *Satires*, Bk. I, viii, 34, where *Rex* has the double meaning of King, a private surname, and King, a monarch. The thin jests in Terence are in *Andrea*—*tristis severitas in vultu*—'puritanic rigour in his countenance,' says one of the comic characters of a palpable liar; and in the *Adelphi*, where, after a father has counselled his son to look into the lives of men as in a mirror, the slave counsels the scullions to look into the stewpans" [*inspicere in patinas*]. (Lucas.)

4. *Vis*: Force, vitality.
8. *Cazon*: An old cant term for a wig.
10. *Passy*: Perhaps slang of the school.
11. *Comet*: Comets were anciently regarded as omens of approaching disaster.
23. *Devil's Litany*: "Litany" is evidently suggested by the division of the angry master's sentence into two distinct utterances; cf. devil's mass, devil's matins, devil's paternoster, etc.
25. *Rabidus furor*: Furious rage.
27. *The Debates*: The published record of the speeches in Parliament.
- 77:16. *Coleridge*, Samuel Taylor (1772-1834): English philosopher, poet, and literary critic. In his *Biographia Literaria* he praises Boyer (he calls him Bowyer, incorrectly) for his sound taste in classic literature, his good sense in making the boys study Shakespeare and Milton, his insight into the nature of poetry, and his severe and sane criticisms of the boys' English compositions;—"a man whose severities, even now, not seldom furnish the dreams by which the blind fancy would fain interpret to the mind the painful sensations of distempered sleep; but neither lessen nor dim the deep sense of my moral and intellectual obligations. He sent us to the University excellent Latin and Greek scholars, and tolerable Hebraists. Yet our classical knowledge was the least of the good gifts we derived from his zealous and conscientious tutorage." See also Coleridge's *Table Talk*, Aug. 16, 1832.
18. *The Country Spectator*: See note, p. 78, l.13.
28. *Dr. T*—*e*: Arthur William Trollope, who succeeded Boyer as Upper Grammar Master. (Lucas.)
- 78:5. *Fasces*: The bundle of rods which the Roman lictors carried before the magistrates as the symbol of authority. Here, of course, it is used figuratively of the schoolmaster's birch.
8. *Cicero de Amicitia*: Cicero's essay on Friendship is one of his best known works.
10. *Th*—: Sir Edward Thornton, an eminent diplomat. (Lucas.)
13. *Thomas Fanshaw Middleton* (1769-1822): Conducted *The Country Spectator*, 1792-3; published a treatise on *The Doctrine of the Greek Article*, 1808; was appointed the first Bishop of Calcutta, 1814. See *Introd.*, p.10.
17. *Sharpe*, Granville (1735-1813): English philanthropist, pamphleteer, and scholar. He made an important contribution to New Testament scholarship in his canon of the use of the definite article.
18. *Regni novitas: i. e.*, the recent establishment of British rule.
20. *Jewel*, John (1522-1571): Bishop of Salisbury, 1560; author of *Apologia pro Ecclesia Anglicana*. *Hooker*, Richard (1553-1600): Celebrated English divine and theologian, author of *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*. His biographer, Izaak Walton, calls him a "most learned, most numble, most holy man."

25. *Richards, George*: Became a governor of Christ's Hospital and founded a gold medal for Latin hexameters. (Lucas.)

26. *Poor S*—, *ill-fated M*—!: "Scott, died in Bedlam; Maunde, dismissed school." Lamb's Key (see note, p. 54, l. 10).

79:3. *Dark pillar*: In the Old Testament account of the pillar of fire and of cloud that led the children of Israel there is nothing to suggest Lamb's use of the cloudy column as the symbol of melancholy or hopelessness. See *Exodus*, xiii, 21; *Numbers*, ix, 15-23. Coleridge was known also in his later years as a wonderful talker. See Carlyle's account of his conversation, in *The Life of Sterling*.

8. *Mirandula, Giovanni Pico, Count of*: "An Italian humanist and philosopher, one of the leading scholars of the Italian Renaissance."

9. *Jamblicus, Plotinus*: Greek neo-platonic philosophers of the third century, A. D.

11. *Pindar*: "The greatest of Greek lyric poets."

12. *Grey Friars*: The buildings set apart for the purposes of Christ's Hospital had belonged to the Grey Friars (also called Minorites and Franciscans), whose monastery, founded in 1225, was one of the most important religious houses in London. At the Dissolution, Henry VIII. gave the property to the City of London. The Church was not destroyed at the Great Fire of 1666, but "nothing remains of the monastery except some low brick arches of the western cloister." Some of the school buildings are modern; the courts handsome and spacious; 685 boys are lodged and boarded in the surrounding buildings. (Hare, *Walks in London*.)

15. *C. V. Le G*—: Charles Valentine Le Grice, one of the Grecians of Lamb's day.

26. *Cognition*: A characteristically Elian use of the word.

30. *Nireus formosus*: Nireus was the handsomest man among the Greeks at Troy; *formosus* means comely.

80:3. "*Bl*—": Perhaps "blast —!" or "blackguard!"

6ff. *Junior Le G*—: "Samuel Le Grice became a soldier and died in the West Indies." *F*—: Joseph Favell, killed in the Peninsular War at Salamanca in 1812. *Fr*—: F. W. Franklin, "master of the Hertford branch of the school from 1801 to 1827." *Marmaduke T*—: "Marmaduke Thompson, to whom Lamb dedicated *Rosamund Gray* in 1798." (Lucas.)

THE TWO RACES OF MEN

81:6. *Alcibiades*: A brilliant but dissolute Athenian politician and general. *Sir Richard Steele* (1672-1729) was the friend of Addison, the founder of *The Tatler* and contributor to *The Spectator*, moralist, loose liver, warm-hearted and generous spendthrift.

7. *Brinsley*: Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816), noted dramatist, theatrical manager, orator, and politician. His best-known works are *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*. He, too, was a great spendthrift.

13. *Podantic distinctions of meum and tuum!*: Fielding has a very similar passage: "An absolute contempt of those ridiculous distinctions of *meum* and *tuum* which would cause endless disputes did not the law happily decide them by converting both into *suum*." (*Jonathan Wild*, Bk. III., ch. 14.) *Meum*, mine; *tuum*, thine; *suum*, his. Lamb wrote a Latin epigram (1830) *Suum Cuique*, on the same idea, for a schoolboy friend. See Lucas's edition, vol. V., p. 339.

14. *Noble simplification of language*: Lowell has made effective use of the same idea in his caustic review of *The Library of Old Authors*: "We find *Actus Secundus*, *Scena Primus* and *exit ambo*, and we are interested to know that in a London printing-house, two centuries and a half ago, there was a philanthropist who wished to simplify the study of the Latin language by reducing all the nouns to one gender and all the verbs to one number."

15. *Tooke, Horne (1736-1812)*: An English philologist; his chief work, *Epea Pteroenta, or The Diversions of Purley*, though unscientific, had much influence on Englishmen's ideas of etymology a century ago.

22. *Obolary*: "Reduced to the possession of only the smallest coins, hence, impecunious, poor" (*Cent. Dict.*). See p. 251, l. 21.

28. *Candlemas, Holy Michael*: Candlemas was one of the Scotch quarter-days. Michaelmas is an English quarter-day. In Great Britain quarter-days (*i. e.*, days that begin quarters of the year) are the usual terms, or landlords' and tenants' days for entering or ending leases and for paying rent.

29. *Lene tormentum*: Literally, gentle torture. (Horace, *Odes* III, *xxi*, 13.)

82:1. *Cloak of the traveller*: In Æsop's fable the North Wind and the Sun try their strength to see which can first strip a wayfaring man of his clothes. The Sun succeeds—Moral: Persuasion is better than force.

15. *Ralph Bigod*: The name under which Lamb speaks of John Fenwick, with whom he was associated on *The Albion*, which came to an end in 1801 by reason, it is thought, of a lampoon of Lamb's upon the Prince of Wales.

83:3. *Alexander*: Called "the Great"; who when he had subdued all the world, sighed because there were no more worlds to conquer.

6. *Tythe*: Tithe as an adjective is obsolete. "Every tithe soul," *Troilus and Cressida* II., ii, 19.

84:4. *Fisc*: Treasury, usually used of a state or a prince.

7. *Undeniable*: A play on words, of course.

9. *Cana fides*: Literally, hoary honesty.

16. *Mumping visnomy*: Whining face.

85:1. *Comberbatch*: Silas Tomkyn Comberbach [*Sic*] was the name Samuel Taylor Coleridge assumed when he enlisted in the dragoons, after running away from college. The name is sometimes written Comberback, *e. g.*, Lucas, *Elia*, p. 325; but Lamb's spelling indicates the pronunciation

sufficiently; and, anyway, punning was not much in Coleridge's line. We may be sure that Lamb would have made the pun, if he had had half a chance.

5. *Bloomsbury*: When Lamb wrote this he was living in Great Russell Street over a shop which had once been Will's Coffee House, famous in Dryden's day.

6. *Switzer-like*: Like Swiss Guards—a company of Swiss mercenaries in the French service, noted for their stature and their courage. *The Guildhall giants*: Two wooden figures, known as Gog and Magog, used formerly in city pageants, and now set up, high against the wall, in the Guildhall in London. There is a picture of them in Chambers' *Book of Days*, vol. II., p. 562.

9. *School divinity*: Mediaeval scholastic theology, which was versed in nice disputations. St. *Bonaventura* and St. *Thomas Aquinas* were famous scholastic philosophers and theologians of the thirteenth century; see note on p. 58, l. 9. *Bellarmino* was an Italian cardinal and Jesuit theologian (1542–1621).

11. *Ascapart*: A famous giant in the old romance of *Bevis of Hampton*.

22. *Browne*, Sir Thomas (1605–1682): English physician and author. He wrote *Religio Medici* (1643), *Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Inquiry into Vulgar Errors* (1646), *Hydrotaphia, or Urn Burial* (1658), *The Garden of Cyrus, or the Quincuncial Lozenge* (1658), and *Christian Morals* (published posthumously 1716). Lamb was fond of his odd ideas and elaborately curious style, as was DeQuincey also.

27. *Dodsley*, Robert: English bookseller and author; best known for his "Select Collection of Old Plays" (12 vols., 1744).

28. *Vittoria Corombona*, or the White Devil: A play by John Webster.

29. *Priam's refuse sons*: After the death of Hector, nine of Priam's fifty sons were still living. *Iliad*, Bk. XXIV.

30. *Anatomy of Melancholy*: By Robert Burton (1621); a curious book abounding in quotations from authors of all ages and countries, which treats of the causes, nature, and cure of melancholy. Lamb was fond of it and published some imitations of it (see *Introd.*, p. 22).

31. *Complete Angler*: By Izaak Walton (1653), author also of lives of some English worthies.

36:1. *John Buncke, The Life of*: By Thomas Amory (1691?–1788). Its hero marries seven wives—"is a prodigious hand at matrimony, divinity, a song, and a peck." Lamb says "'Tis very interesting, and an extraordinary compound of all manner of subjects, from the depth of the ludicrous to the heights of sublime religious truth." (Letter to Coleridge, June 24, 1797.) On this whole passage see the excellent appendix on Lamb's Library in Lucas's *Life*, vol. II.

10. *Proselytes of the gate*: i. e., those converts to Judaism who were not compelled to submit to the regulations of the Mosaic law.

14. *Deodands*: Lamb uses the word here in the sense of forfeit, pledge, or, as it were, hostage; but properly the word means property forfeit to the crown for having been by chance the cause of death.

19. *K*—: James Kenney, the dramatist. Lamb got his book back. See *Descriptive Catalogue of the Library of Charles Lamb*, privately printed for the Dibdin Club, New York.

22. *Margaret Newcastle*: Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle (1624?–1674), author of poems, plays, letters and discourses on natural philosophy, an autobiography, and the biography of her royalist husband. Pepys says, "The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic." Lamb speaks thus: "The Life of the Duke of Newcastle by his Duchess—no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel." (*Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading*, in the *Last Essays*.)

87:6. *Fulke Greville, Lord Brook[e]*: English poet and statesman, a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and intimate friend and biographer of Sir Philip Sidney. Lamb esteemed his tragedies highly. See Hazlitt's essay *On Persons One Would Wish to Have Known*.

9. *Zimmerman[n]*, J. G. von: A Swiss physician and philosophical writer. He wrote *On Solitude* (1755), *On National Pride* (1758).

19. *Daniel, Samuel* (1562–1619): An English poet and historian.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

87: title. *New Year's Eve*: This essay was the probable cause of a brief falling-out with Southey, who objected (in a review) to Lamb's want of a sounder religious feeling. (See *Introd.*, p.32.)

27. *Desuetude*: Disuse.

88:3. *Pretermitted*: Omitted, disregarded.

89:11. *Alice W—n*: Lamb's Key says merely "feigned (Winterton)"; but we must understand Ann Simmons (see *Introd.*, p. 18).

13. *Old Dorrell*: In his poem *Going or Gone* (1827) Lamb writes:
"And wicked old Dorrell,
'Gainst whom I've a quarrel"

and goes on to mention "a poor Fortune, that should have been ours." Mr. Lucas thinks there is no doubt that he is the Dorrell who witnessed Lamb's father's will.

25. *A notorious . . .* : The blanks are in the original text.

90:22. *Idea*: In the Platonic sense of archetype or essence.

25. *Singularly conceited*: Perhaps unusually self-complacent, but more likely Lamb would use the phrase to mean oddly whimsical, peculiar.

91:10. *Audits*: Periodical reckonings.

20. *Reluct*: To struggle against; a rare word.

92:1. *Lavinian shores*: A reference to Aeneas's migration to Italy after the sack of Troy.

12. *Huge armfuls*: Leigh Hunt recalls seeing Lamb kiss an old folio of Chapman's *Homer*.

22. *Problematic*: Not puzzling, but questionable, doubtful. *Poor snakes*: "Poor worms," "worms of the dust," etc., are more familiar expressions of extravagant humility or contempt; but snake, serpent, is an obsolete sense of the word worm.

24. *Burgeon*: To bud; Lamb was fond of this old word.

93:1. *Innutritious one*: See the *Song of Solomon*, viii, 8.

2. *The Persian*: The Persian religion, Zoroastrianism, was a form of sun-worship.

4. *Humours*: The thin bodily fluids; a term of antique medicine.

10. *Friar John*: "In *Rabelais*. Friar John when fighting would give his fallen foe 'to all the devils in hell!'" (Lucas.)

15. *Privation, positive*: Terms of logic. Privation means negation or negative.

19. "*Lie down with Kings*," etc.: Mr. Lucas, following Hallward and Hill, suggests that this is perhaps a compound quotation from *Job*, iii, 13, and Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn-Burial*; but the echo, if such it is, is not close.

27. "*Such as he*, etc.: "A common sentiment on tombstones." (Lucas.)

94:5. *Mr. Cotton*: Charles Cotton, poet, translator of Montaigne's *Essays*, and author of a *Second Part* (on fly-fishing) to Walton's *Complete Angler*.

10. *Janus*: See note on p. 58, l. 30.

95:23. *The Princess*: i. e., Fortune.

34. *Helicon*: Really a mountain in Greece, celebrated in Greek mythology as the abode of the Muses; but here used of the fountain of Hippocrene, sacred to the muses, on the mountain. The confusion is an old one: Chaucer speaks of "Elicon, the clere welle." *Spa*: A watering-place with medicinal springs, in Belgium.

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST

96: title. *Mrs. Battle*: Probably more or less a portrait of Mrs. Sarah Burney, wife of Lamb's friend Rear-Admiral James Burney and so sister-in-law of Fanny Burney, the novelist. Lamb himself was devoted to whist. The footnotes (p. 96) from the original version in the *London Magazine* were not reprinted in the version of 1818.

26. *Under the rose*: i. e., in confidence, *sub rosa*.

97:18. *Pope*, Alexander (1688-1744): The chief English poet of the early 18th century. The third canto of *The Rape of the Lock* describes a game of Ombre played by the heroine, Belinda, against two gentlemen.

20. *Ombre*: A game borrowed from Spain, usually played by three persons, as is tradrille (more commonly *tredille*).

25. *Bowles*, William Lisle (1762–1850): Poet, antiquary, and clergyman. His sonnets first fired Coleridge's poetical enthusiasm (see *Biographia Literaria*); his edition of Pope appeared 1806.

27. *Quadrille*: "A modern game, bears great analogy to Ombre, with the addition of a fourth player." (Strutt's *Book of Sports and Pastimes*.)

32. *Spadille*: The ace of spades. "Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!" *Rape of the Lock*, iii, 49.

98:5. *Sans Prendre Vole*: Taking every card when playing single handed.

17. *Machiavel*, or Machiavelli, Niccolo (1469–1527): An Italian statesman and author. He wrote *The Prince*, a history of Florence, and *The Art of War*.

24. *Nob*: *i. e.*, head. "One for his nob" is a point counted in cribbage for holding the knave of trumps.

30. *Solecism*: A blunder, incongruity, inconsistency.

31. *Alliteration*: Lamb knew perfectly well that his style was full of alliterations, as here, for example.

99:22. *Vandyke*, Sir Anthony (1599–1641): A famous Flemish painter best known for his portraits; knighted by Charles I. of England (1632) and made court painter. *Potter*, Paul (1625–1654): Noted Dutch painter of animals and portraits.

26. *Antic*: *i. e.*, fantastic.

29. *Pam*: The knave of clubs in the game of loo. In Lamb's children's book, *The King and Queen of Hearts*, the knave is named Pambo.

100:4. *Deal-board*: A thick plank, usually of fir or pine

5. *Verdant carpet*: The green baize top of the card-table.

28. *Five dollar stake*: *i. e.*, a five-crown stake.

31. *Tenure*: An English law term meaning the conditions upon which property is held.

101:4. *Piquet*: In this game points are scored for *carte blanche*, or hand of only plain cards; for *point*, or a hand with the strongest suit; for *pique*, or winning thirty points before one's opponent scores at all; for *repique*, or winning thirty points by the combination of cards in one's hand before play begins; for *capot*, or taking all the tricks; and for combinations such as *sequence*, *quatorze*, *trio*.

102:15. *Size ace*: Six and one. See a happy use of the language dicing quoted from Lowell under *Ambes-ace* in *Cent. Dict.*

103:28. *Bridget*: See the essay *My Relations*.

104:4. *Manes*: See note, p. 47, l. 5.

7. *Tierce*, *quatorze*: A tierce is a sequence of three cards; a quatorze is four aces, kings, queens, knaves, or tens, so called because it counts

16. *Lenitive*: A soothing application; here doubtless a poultice for gout.

18. *Appliances*: *i. e.*, applications.

VALENTINE'S DAY

21. *Bishop Valentine*: Properly speaking, St. Valentine was not a bishop; but *Elia* had good literary precedent for speaking of him thus: Drayton and Donne in their poems call him bishop. On the origin of the observances of Valentine's Day see Chambers' *Book of Days*.

22. *Arch-flamen of Hymen*: High priest of the God of Marriage.

105:1. *Jerome, Ambrose, Cyril, Austin, Origen*: Early church fathers.

4. *Bull, Parker, Whitgift*: English prelates of the 16th and 17th centuries.

9. *Choristers*: Choir-boys. *Precentors*: Choir-leaders in cathedrals and monastic churches.

10. *Crozier*: The staff borne before a bishop on solemn occasions, symbolical of his office.

13. *Ycleped*: *i. e.*, called.

106:22. *Irreversible*: A somewhat rare word—one of Jeremy Taylor's—meaning not to be set aside or annulled.

26. *Type*: *i. e.*, emblem or symbol.

107:3. *Arcadia*: A region of Greece, proverbial for its rural simplicity; in modern literature an ideal land of piping shepherds and coy shepherdesses; a symbol for peacefulness, content, and simplicity.

6. *E. B.*: Edward Francis Burney, half brother of the Admiral. See note on p. 96, title.

26. *Ovid*: One of the chief Latin poets of the Augustan age; author of *The Art of Love*.

27. *Pyramus and Thisbe, Dido, Hero and Leander*: Stock classical examples of constant love. The more hackneyed the allusion, the more suitable for the banter of this passage, of course.

29. *Cayster*: A river in Lydia mentioned in the *Iliad* (II., 461) as abounding in cranes, geese, and swans.

31. *Iris*: The goddess of the rainbow.

A CHAPTER ON EARS

109:6. *Defoe, Daniel*: The author of *Robinson Crusoe*, who was pilloried for his tract *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, but did not lose his ears.

16. "*Water parted from the sea*," "*In Infancy*": Songs by Arne in *Artaxerxes*, Lamb's "First Play." (Lucas.) See note, p. 197, l. 2.

19. *Mrs. S*—: "Mrs. Spinkes" in the Key (see note, p. 54, l. 10).

21. *In his long coats*: *i. e.*, in baby-clothes, or perhaps Lamb means the Blue Coat of the school dress.

25. *Alice W*—n: See note, p. 89, l. 11.

30. *Quavers*: *i. e.*, eighth-notes.

110:3. *My friend A.*: "Probably William Ayrton, the musical critic." (Lucas.)

20. *Thorough bass, sostenuto, adagio*: Lamb exaggerates his ignorance of music and musical terms.

27. *Baralippton*: The scholastic philosophers devised a whole set of artificial words or names to denote the various forms of the syllogism in logic, of which *Baralippton* was one. In themselves they are perfectly meaningless.

31. *Gamut*: The musical scale.

111:1. *Magic influences*: Cf. the opening lines of Congreve's *Mourning Bride*, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," etc.

22. *Enraged Musician*: "A reference to Hogarth's picture with that title, where street noises are driving the performer mad." (Lucas.)

112:1. "*Party in a parlour*," etc.: From Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* (first edition) afterwards expunged. "The lines . . . seem to have clung to Lamb's memory, for there is the story of his shouting the words at a solemn evening gathering seen through a window in passing . . . shaking the railings the while." (Lucas, *Life*, II., 14.)

8. *To pile honey*: An adaptation of the classical proverb, "to pile Pelion on Ossa."

12. *All stops*: i. e., all punctuation marks.

22. *Burton*: See note on p. 85, l. 30. The quotation is from Part I, Section 2, of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, "not quite correctly copied." (Lucas.)

27. *Amabilis insania, mentis gratissimus error*: Sweet rapture; most delightful wandering of the mind.

113:2. *Toys*: In the older sense of trivial pleasures, mental playthings

16. *Subrusticus pudor*: i. e., a sort of countrified embarrassment.

26. *Nov*—: Vincent Novello, the organist, composer, and musical publisher.

27. *Abbey*: Westminster Abbey.

114:14. *Arions*: Arion was fabled to have charmed the creatures of the sea by his playing. *Haydn*, Joseph (1732-1809); *Mozart*, Wolfgang Amadeus (1756-1791); *Bach*, Johann Sebastian (1685-1750); *Beethoven*, Ludwig van (1770-1827): Famous German composers. Modern critical taste ranks the latter two the more highly.

20. *Triple tiara*: The insignium of the Pope.

24. *Malleus hereticorum*: Hammer of the heretics, a title given to St. Bernard, the preacher of the second crusade, and also to Johann Faber the opponent of Luther.

25. *Heresiarch*: Chief heretic.

26. *Marcion, Ebion, Cerinthus*: Early unorthodox Christians.

115:5. *P. S.*: This postscript was omitted from the collected edition.

8. *Leigh Hunt*: See *Introd.*, p. 26. *The Indicator* article referred to

was a review of Lamb's *Works* (collected ed., 1818) in which Hunt said: "We believe we are taking no greater liberty with him than our motives will warrant, when we add that he sometimes writes in the *London Magazine* under the signature of Elia."

116:8. *Steelyard*: The place in London where, until expelled in 1595, the merchants of the Hanseatic League had their headquarters. They had an organization like a gild and controlled most of the foreign trade of England.

ALL FOOLS' DAY

23. *A speck of the motley*: A streak of folly. Motley (*i. e.*, parti-colored garb) was the conventional dress of court-fools.

26. *Free of the corporation*: Invested with the full rights and immunities of the company (of fools).

117:1. *Stultus sum*: I am a fool.

5. *Sparkling gooseberry*: Short for gooseberry wine, the appositeness of which is obvious in the connection. Mr. Lucas piles Pelion on Ossa by thinking that Lamb meant to call the notion of gooseberry fool (a kind of conserve) to his readers' minds.

7. *Troll the catch of Amiens*: Sing Amiens's song. It is sung not by Amiens but by Jacques. The burden, or chorus, of it is properly *ducdame*, which the hearers in the play do not understand—or the editors either, for some editions (one of which Lamb follows) make it over into *duc ad me*, *i. e.*, lead to me.

16. *Bauble, etc.*: The court-fool often carried a bauble, or mock-sceptre, which generally bore a fool's head, with parti-colored hood, asses' ears, and little bells. *Hobby*: A hobby-horse.

22. *A salamander-gathering*: The salamander was supposed to live in the fire.

118:1. *Disinterested sect of the Calenturists*: A calenture is a feverish delirium supposed to be caused by hot weather, especially on shipboard. Elia calls the victims a disinterested sect because they obligingly throw themselves overboard, out of the way of their shipmates.

3. *Gebir*: An 8th century Arab, the father of mediaeval chemistry, or alchemy. Lamb seems to have evolved the connection of Gebir with Babel from Landor's poem *Gebir*, in which the hero "tries to build a city, but finds his labours destroyed 'not by mortal hand'" (Hallward and Hill, quoted by Lucas). Among the many traditions of the origin of Masonry (which is probably an outgrowth of the mediaeval gilds) is one that the fraternity originated at the building of the Tower of Babel.

5. *Right hand . . . stammerers*: A double allusion to Lamb's own impediment and the confusion of tongues at Babel.

7. *Herodotus*: "Lamb invented this reference" (Lucas). *Toises*: The toise was an old French measure of about 6 feet.

10. *Nuncheon*: Midday luncheon

17. *Moppet*: A rag-doll, a humorous or affectionate term of address to a child.

18. *Mister Adams*, etc.: In Fielding's novel *Joseph Andrews*, Adams is a simple, absent-minded clergyman and *Mrs. Slipslop* a vulgar waiting-woman. *Odso*: A modified form of an old oath.

24. *Raymund Lully* (1235-1315): A Spanish philosopher, poet, and missionary to the Mohammedans. The appositeness of Lamb's mention may lie in the fact that "to the end of his life, and after his death, his ignorance of Latinity was used as a reproach against him;" or it may rest on Lully's idea that he had invented "a universal and infallible intellectual method," in which he "essentially kept all the fundamental notions of the schoolmen, but made confusion worse confounded by his juggling methods." (A. R. Marsh, in *Johnson's Cyclopaedia*.)

26. *Duns Scotus*, surnamed Doctor Subtilis: A famous scholastic philosopher and logician of the 13th century. "His name . . . came to be used as a common appellation, 'a very learned man,' and being applied satirically . . . gave rise to *dunce* in its present sense." (*Cent. Dict.*)

119:1. *Stephen*, etc.: Foolish characters in Ben Jonson and Shakespeare.

8. *R*—: "Ramsay, London Library, Ludgate Street; now extinct." Lamb's Key.

14. *Granville S*—: See note, p. 78, l. 17.

19. *Armado*: A fantastic braggart in *Love's Labour's Lost*. *Quisada*: The fantastic, chivalric knight, Don Quixote, in Cervantes' famous novel of that name.

120:19. *Tendre*: An affectionate regard. The English noun *tender* has the same meaning in Shakespeare.

21. *That answered*: May mean "that was satisfactory," or "that was reciprocal."

121:1. *Dotterels*: The dotterel is a foolish bird; "to dorr the dotterel" is an old phrase meaning "to fool a simpleton."

5. *Darlings, minions, white boys*: All of equivalent meaning.

A QUAKERS' MEETING

121: title. *A Quakers' Meeting*: "Lamb's connection with Quakers was somewhat intimate throughout his life." (Lucas.) His friends, the Lloyds and Bernard Barton (the poet), were Quakers. See also the essay on *Imperfect Sympathies*.

122:4. *Ulysses* stuffed his comrades' ears with wax, and had himself tied to the mast, so that the Sirens' enchanting song should be of no effect.

27. *Carthusian*: One of the rules of the Carthusian monks is to keep perpetual silence.

123:5. *Zimmerman*: See note, p. 87, l. 9.

26. *Nought-caballing*: To cabal is to plot.
29. *Council, consistory*: Solemn meetings of ecclesiastical authorities in the Roman Catholic and other churches.
- 124:6. *Fox*, George (1624-1691): The founder of the Society of Friends; frequently imprisoned for breaking the laws against conventicles (*i. e.*, unauthorized religious gatherings). *Dewesbury* was "one of Fox's first colleagues, and a famous preacher." (Lucas.)
11. *Church and presbytery*: The established church and the dissenters. *Receptacle*: Gathering-place, a rare use of the word.
16. *Penn.*: In a letter to Coleridge (Dec., 1797), Lamb says: "I am just beginning to read a most capital book, good thoughts in good language, William Penn's 'No Cross, No Crown.' . . . I love it [Quakerism] in the books of Penn and Woolman, but I detest the vanity of a man thinking he speaks by the Spirit. . . ."
17. *The bail dock*: A small room in the corner of the Court in the Old Bailey. Lamb later, in a letter, says that he finds no such words in Fox's journal and "must have put some other Quaker's words into his mouth."
21. *Sewel*, William: His chief work is *The History of the Rise, Increase, and Progress of the Christian People Called Quakers*, originally published in Dutch, 1717; English translation, 1722.
25. *Wesley*, John (1703-1791): The founder of Methodism.
30. *James Naylor* (1618-1660): A fanatical English Puritan; rode into Bristol naked, in imitation of Christ's entry into Jerusalem; was convicted of blasphemy and recanted.
- 125:11. *John Woolman* (1720-1772): American Quaker preacher. He wrote on slavery, but is best known by his *Journal*, published 1774.
17. *The dove*: The symbol of the Holy Spirit.
- 126:4. *Orgasm*: *i. e.*, ecstasy.
7. *Malleable*: *i. e.*, capable of being changed or worked; a good instance of Lamb's aptness in phrase.
23. *Jocos Risus-que*: Jests and laughter, *i. e.*, the Levities. *Loves*: Proserpine was gathering flowers with Cupid at Enna when she was carried off to Hades by Dis (Pluto).
30. *Trophonius*: A legendary Greek hero, who was consulted at his oracle in a cave in Boeotia.
- 127:15. *Whitsun-conferences*: Yearly meetings.

THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER

27. *Ortelius*: Abraham Ortelius, a Flemish geographer who published an atlas *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum* in 1570. *Arrowsmith*, Aaron: English geographer and mapmaker (1750-1823).
- 128:5. *Dear friend*: Barron Field (1786-1846), son of the apothecary to Christ's Hospital; judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales 1816-1824. He published several volumes, among them *First Fruits of*

Australian Poetry (reviewed by Lamb in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, Jan. 16, 1820), containing two poems, "Botany Bay Flowers" and "The Kangaroo." See the essay on *Distant Correspondents*.

6. *Terræ Incognitæ*: Unknown lands.

7. *Bear, Charles's Wain*: The principal stars of the Great Bear compose the figure of Charles's Wain, or the Dipper.

18. *Four great monarchies*: Chaldæa, Assyria, Egypt, Persia.

21. *Shepherd Kings*: A name given to the Hyksos dynasty of foreign kings of Egypt about 2000 B. C. *My friend M.*: Thomas Manning (1772-1840), an English mathematician and traveler. He was the first Englishman to enter the sacred city of Lhasa in Thibet.

129:11. *Shuffling*: Dodging the issue.

16. *Bishopsgate, Shacklewell*: See notes, p. 45, ll. 3, 7.

130:1. *Smithfield*: See note, p. 68, l. 15.

8. *Norton Folgate*: A district in London, about 1½ miles northeast of St. Paul's.

11. *Morning avocations*: *i. e.*, his occupation in the India House.*

19. *Sirens*: See note on p. 122, l. 4. *What name Achilles assumed*: According to one story, Achilles was taken as a youth by his mother, Thetis to the court of King Lycomedes, where he lived disguised as a maiden among the King's daughters, in order that he might escape being summoned to join the expedition against Troy. Ulysses, who had gone to seek him, discovered him by a trick. Disguised as a pedlar, he spread out his wares and some weapons before the women, and then caused the signal for battle to be blown on the trumpets. Achilles seized the weapons and so betrayed his sex.

22. *Shoreditch*: A northerly continuation of Bishopsgate Street With out; also the name of a borough of London.

131:2. *Kingsland*: Formerly a suburb, now an outlying district of London, about four miles north of the Thames.

5. *North Pole Expedition*: Probably Sir John Franklin's disastrous one of 1819.

13. *Dalston*: See note, p. 45, l. 3.

30. *The Lilies and the Linacres*: William Lily (ca. 1468-1522), an English grammarian, the friend of Colet, Erasmus, and More; one of the first teachers of Greek in England; headmaster of Colet's school in St. Paul's Churchyard and author of a Latin grammar which in a revised form was long a national text-book. Thomas Linacre (ca. 1460-1524), a noted English classicist and physician; projector and a founder of the College of Physicians in London; taught Greek to Erasmus and Sir Thomas More; published grammatical works.

132:9. *Flori*: Florilegia, anthologies; literally, cullings of flowers.

10. *Spicilegia*: Gleanings of grain. *Arcadia*: See note, p. 107, l. 3.

12. *Basileus*, etc.: Pamela and Philoclea are the daughters of King Basileus in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*; Mopsa and Damcetas are comic characters in the same.
17. *Paul's Accidence*: A Latin grammar so called because John Colet (1467-1519), the famous humanist, who wrote it, was the founder of St. Paul's School.
28. *Solon* (about 640-560 B. C.): An Athenian reformer and lawgiver. *Lycurgus* (probably 9th century, B. C.): The traditional author of the laws and institutions of Sparta.
- 133:7. *He: i. e.*, the pupil.
19. *Cum multis aliis*: With many other things.
20. *Tractate on Education*: Milton's *Tractate on Education*, 1644.
21. *Hartlib*, Samuel: A friend of Milton, and pamphleteer on education and husbandry.
28. *Mollia tempora fandi*: Favorable occasions for speaking of the matter.
- 134:14. *Orrery*: A mechanical representation of the solar system; see cut in *Cent. Dict.* *Panopticon*: A museum or exhibition room for novelties.

MY RELATIONS

- 138:11. *Browne's Christian Morals*: See note, p. 85, l. 22.
19. *Aunt*: Sarah Lamb, sister of Elia's father; she was known to the children as "Aunt Hetty." See p. 65. One of Lamb's poems in *Blank Verse* (see *Introd.*, p. 20) was written in memory of her. She died in 1797.
26. *Thomas à Kempis*: properly, Thomas Hammerken (1379?-1471), German mystic and ascetic, generally thought to be the author of *De imitatione Christi*.
28. *Matins, complines*: The offices, or services, for the first and the last, respectively, of the seven "canonical hours" into which the day is divided by Roman Catholic ecclesiastical practice.
- 139:6. "*Adventures*," etc.: The book is a real one. "The history tells of the unfortunate Mons. du F—— . . . married against his father's will, and suffered in consequence many privations, including imprisonment in a convent, from which he escaped by a jump of fifty feet." (Lucas.)
7. *Chapel on Essex Street*: A Unitarian chapel (perhaps the one still standing in Milford Lane) close by the Temple, where the Lambs lived. Of course Elia does not mean that Unitarianism actually began in Essex Street and in Aunt Hetty's lifetime. It is a very ancient "heresy," and in England Unitarian opinions took root at an early period of the Reformation. The philosophical writings of the 18th century tended to the strengthening of the doctrine. Very likely the chapel in Essex Street had not long been opened.
11. *Never missed them: i. e.*, never cared if she did not get them, as is

shown plainly enough in the sharing of her attentions between the Roman Catholic prayer-book and the Essex Street chapel.

25. *Brother or sister I never had any:* Lamb's parents had several children, of whom John and Mary ("James" and "Bridget") were the only ones Charles knew. The others all died young. A daughter, Elizabeth was born in 1768, six years and more before Charles.

29. *Cousins in Hertfordshire:* By the name of Bruton, his maternal grandmother's family. See p. 149.

140:6. *Grand climacteric:* Climacteric years, or critical periods of change in the bodily organism, were held by some ancient philosophers to recur every seven years, by others every nine years. The "grand climacteric" was the 63rd year, the multiple of 7 and 9.

10. *Yorick:* A clergyman in Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, in whose guise Sterne gives us his own picture; hence the name is often applied to Sterne himself.

17. *Phlegm . . . sanguine:* Old-fashioned medicine distinguished various complexions, temperaments, etc., named (according as one or another of the humors had predominance in the body), phlegmatic, melancholic, choleric, sanguine.

141:4. *Domenichino, Domenico Zampieri (1581-1641):* An Italian painter. His most famous picture is "The Communion of St. Jerome in the Vatican." The proper form is Domenichino.

10. *Charles of Sweden:* Charles XII. (1682-1718), a celebrated military leader.

17. *Cham:* An old form of Khan, *i. e.*, sovereign. The Grand Khan of Tartary, described by the celebrated Venetian traveler, Marco Polo (1254-1324), in his *Travels*, was Kublai Khan (the "Kubla Khan" Coleridge's poem), the founder of the Mongol dynasty of China.

28. *John Murray's Street:* John Murray, the great publisher and friend of literary men (especially Byron, who has immortalized him), had his office in Albemarle Street.

143:5. *Claude, Lorrain (1600-1682):* Celebrated French landscape painter. *Hobbima, Meyndert (1638-1709):* Dutch landscape painter. Properly Hobbema.

6. *Christie's:* A well-known auction-room in Pall Mall, London, established by James Christie (1730-1803), the friend of Garrick, Gainsborough and Reynolds; continued by his son, James Christie (1773-1831), known also as an antiquary and art critic; now Christie, Manson & Woods. Christie's sale catalogues may be traced the history of fine-art taste in England for over a century."

7. *Gauds:* Playthings, toys, trifles.

13. *Pall Mall:* Formerly a fashionable suburban promenade, now a handsome street in the West End, the center of London club life.

29. *Raphael, Sanzio (1483-1520):* A celebrated Italian painter. Am

his works are the well-known "Sistine Madonna" and "The Madonna of the Chair."

144:1. *Carracci*, Annibale (1560-1609): An Italian painter, pupil of his cousin, Ludovico.

4. *Giordano*, Lucca (1632-1705): An Italian painter, celebrated for his swiftness of execution. *Maratti*, Carlo (1625-1713): An Italian painter, chiefly of religious subjects.

145:3. *Apostle to the brute kind*, etc.: John Lamb published a pamphlet (1810) on the prevention of cruelty to animals, containing a huge sentence on the manner of cooking eels. *À propos*, Lamb wrote in a letter, "Don't show it [the pamphlet] to Mrs. Collier, for I remember she makes excellent eel soup."

9. *Clarkson*, Thomas (1760-1846): English abolitionist and pamphleteer. He wrote a *History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade* (1808).

MACKERY END IN HERTFORDSHIRE

146: title. *Mackery End*: "Lamb's first visit there must have been when he was only a little boy, somewhere about 1780." (Lucas.) The house is still standing.

15. *Rash king's offspring*: Jephthah's daughter; see *Judges*, xi, 37, 38.

147:12. *Religio Medici*: See note, p. 85, l. 22.

18. *Margaret Newcastle*: See note, p. 86, l. 22.

21. *Freethinkers*, etc.: Among them Coleridge, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, William Godwin.

149:7. *Less known relations*: Lamb's maternal grandmother, Mary Field (born Bruton), was in charge of Blakesware House, the Plumers' Hertfordshire place, from 1778 till her death in 1792.

8. *Corn country*: i. e., grain-growing country.

20. *My grandmother*: See *Dream Children*, p. 201.

31. *St. Albans*: A city in Hertfordshire, twenty miles northwest of London.

151:6. *Females*: See note, p. 281, l. 24.

152:8. *B. F.*: See note, p. 128, l. 5.

11. *Words written in lemon*: Salts of lemon are used in preparing certain of the so-called 'sympathetic' inks.

IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES

152: title. *Imperfect sympathies*: In the *London Magazine* the title as *Jews, Quakers, Scotchmen, and Other Imperfect Sympathies*.

24. *Notional and conjectural essences*: Abstract qualities of things conceived as having ideal existence. *Concretions*: The embodiments of these ideal essences in material form.

153:10. *Apathies*: "In the *London Magazine* Lamb had written 'dispathies.'" (Lucas.)

155:1. *His Minerva is born in panoply*: i. e., his thoughts are brought forth fully developed and equipped. Minerva, the goddess of learning, was said to have sprung in full armor from the head of Jove.

11. *True touch*: i. e., genuine gold; the touch is the stamp applied by the Goldsmith's Company to a piece of plate testifying to its fineness (*Cent. Dict.*)

155:1. *John Buncke*: See note, p. 86, l. 1.

8. *Leonardo da Vinci*: Famous Italian painter, architect, sculptor, scientist, mechanic, and musician (1452-1519). Among his best known pictures are "The Last Supper," "The Virgin of the Rocks," "St. John the Baptist," "Mona Lisa."

25. *Burns*: In a letter Lamb calls Burns "a favorite Bardie."

31. *Swift, Jonathan* (1667-1745): Celebrated satirist and pamphleteer, author of *Gulliver's Travels*.

157:12. *Thomson, James* (1700-1748): English poet (of Scotch birth) author of *The Seasons* and *The Castle of Indolence*. *Smollett, Tobias George* (1721-1771): Of Scotch birth, a satirist, historian, and humorous novelist. Among his novels are *Roderick Random* (1748), *Peregrine Pickle* (1751), *Humphrey Clinker* (1771). He translated *Don Quixote* and continued *David Hume's History of England*. In *Roderick Random* he exhibits Rory (i. e., Roderick) and Strap, his companion, as the greenest of Scotch greenhorns when they first arrive in London.

21. *Stonehenge*: The wonderful ruins of what is supposed to have been a Druid temple, on Salisbury Plain. Sir Norman Lockyer, the English astronomer, has recently made a computation, based on the orientation of the altar, and declares that the ruins must have been erected more than six thousand years before Christ. *Nonage*: Time of life before a person comes of age.

25. *The story of Hugh of Lincoln*: A mediaeval legend of the murder of a little boy by the Jews in Lincoln. There is an old ballad on the subject, and Chaucer has told a similar story in *The Prioress's Tale*. "The Jew's House" is still shown at Lincoln.

158:7. *On 'Change*: i. e., in business (literally, on the stock exchange).

12. *Congeeing*: Bowing ceremoniously.

16. *Keck*: To be nauseated.

19. *I like fish or flesh*: Probably Lamb had in mind the proverb " 'Tis neither flesh, fish, fowl, nor good red herring."

21. *B*—: "Braham, now a Xtian," Lamb's Key. John Brahm (1774-1856), an English tenor singer (of Jewish birth), and composer of popular songs.

159:3. *As Kemble delivered dialogue*: See p. 235.

16. *Fuller, Thomas* (1608–1661): An eminent English divine and writer, author of *The History of the Holy War* (1639), *The Holy State and the Profane State* (1642), *The History of the Worthies of England* (1662), and other works.

160:4. *Evelyn, John* (1620–1706): Author of a celebrated diary and of discourses on political subjects and horticulture.

25. *Laic-truth: i. e., lay-truth; ordinary or common truth.*

161:28. *I was travelling, etc.:* Lamb confessed to his Quaker friend, Bernard Barton, that this was a second-hand story.

30. *To bait:* To feed our horses. *Andover:* A town in Hampshire.

162:29. *Soporific:* Strictly a sleeping-potion.

30. *Exeter:* A city in Devonshire, a hundred miles or so west of Andover.

THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE

163:2. *The Temple:* This great and ancient institution, comprising both the Inner and the Middle Temple, is one of the four great Inns of Court. The network of lanes, courts, gardens, chambers, buildings, and terraces that compose its visible habitation, lies between Fleet Street and the Thames. Here many lawyers have their lodgings and offices. "These Inns are colleges for the study of law, and possess the privilege of calling to the Bar. Each is governed by its older members, who are termed *Benchers*.

. . . The Temple, formerly a lodge of the Knights Templar . . . became Crown property on the dissolution of the order in 1313 [and later] came into the possession of the Knights of St. John, who, in 1346, leased it to the students of common law. From that time . . . the group of buildings . . . has continued to be a school of law. . . . In 1609 it was declared by royal decree the free hereditary property of the Corporations of the Inner and Middle Temple. . . . The Inner Temple is so called from its position within the precincts of 'the City'; the Middle Temple . . . from its situation between the Inner and the Outer Temple [the last no longer exists]. The Inner and the Middle Temple possess in common the Temple Church, St. Mary's. . . . The fine Gothic hall of the Middle Temple was built in 1572. . . . Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was acted in this hall during the dramatist's lifetime. . . . The new Inner Temple Hall was opened in 1870. . . . Oliver Goldsmith lived and died on the second floor of 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple Lane; Blackstone, the famous commentator on the law of England, lived in the rooms below him; and Dr. Samuel Johnson occupied apartments in Inner Temple Lane." (Baedeker's *London*.)

21. *Albeit of Paper hight: i. e., although called Paper.* At one side of the Temple Gardens stand the Paper Buildings. Mr. Lucas thinks that Lamb manufactured the quotation. Across the Gardens stand Harcourt Buildings (probably named after Simon Harcourt, lord-chancellor in 1713), and between Paper Buildings and Harcourt Buildings is Crown Office Row, forming the northern side of the enclosure.

24. *Kindly engendure: i. e., birth; the word should properly be engendrure; kindly may have its old meaning of natural.*

27. *Just weaned from her Twickenham Naiades:* The Naiads were water-nymphs. Twickenham, where the poet Pope lived, is a suburban village up stream from London, about $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles southwest of the city. The great docks and basins of London are a little down stream from the Temple, the *Port of London* extending from London Bridge to a point 6 miles down the river.

164:13. *Nice:* Delicate.

27. *Horologe:* Literally, hour-teller.

165:4. *Marvell, Andrew (1621-1678):* English poet. Lamb often quotes him. *Lincoln's Inn:* One of the four Inns of Court (see note on p. 163, l. 2) in Chancery Lane, a little north of the Temple.

166:14. *They are awakening images to them at least:* This ambiguous sentence may mean that the sculptures on the fountains at any rate awaken the imagination of children.

26. *Gothic:* Formerly very frequent in the transferred sense of rude, grotesque, barbarous. *G. thicised*, three lines below, must be a play on the two senses of Gothic.

167:1. *Winged horse:* "Concerning the winged horse, the badge of the Inner Temple, Mrs. E. T. Cook, in her *Highways and Byways of London* 1902, has this interesting passage: "This winged horse has a curious history, for, when the horse was originally chosen as an emblem, he had wings, but was ridden by two men at once to indicate the self-chosen poverty of the brotherhood [of the Templars]; in lapse of years the figure of the men became worn and abraded, and when restored were mistaken for wings." (Lucas.)

167:12. *Sided:* Pushed aside.

15. *J—ll:* Joseph Jekyll, a friend of Lamb's, known as a wit.

17. *Thomas Coventry (1713-1797):* Became a Bencher in 1766, died in Serjeants' Inn, and was buried in the Temple Church. He was a successful governor of the South-Sea House, and in 1782 gave £10,000 of South-Sea stock to Christ's Hospital. (Lucas.)

168:1. *Dark rappee: i. e., the color of rappee snuff.*

5. *Samuel Salt:* Became Bencher in 1782, lived at 2 Crown Office Row, died 1792, and was buried in the Temple Church. He was connected by marriage with Thomas Coventry, and was a governor of the South-Sea House. Lamb's father was Salt's confidential clerk and personal servant. Mrs. Lamb was his housekeeper. Salt got Lamb into Christ's Hospital and probably arranged John Lamb's appointment to the South-Sea House. (Lucas.)

18. *Lovel:* Under this name Lamb describes his father, John Lamb, the elder.

32. *Miss Blandy:* Hanged April 6, 1752, for having poisoned her father.

23. *Susan P*—: Lamb's Key gives Susan Peirson [sic], sister of Peter Pierson, spoken of on p. 172. *B—d Row*: Probably Bedford Row, Holborn, near Gray's Inn.

170:1. *Cadet*: i. e., younger son.

7. *Moidore*: An obsolete Portuguese gold coin.

8. *Serjeants' Inn*: There are two Serjeants' Inns, one in Fleet Street, one in Chancery Lane. They were once set apart for the lodgings and chambers of the serjeants at law, i. e., lawyers of high rank. No serjeants have been created since 1868.

16. *Hic currus*, etc.: Here were his chariot and his arms.

19. *Elwes*, John (1714–1789): Noted English miser, well-educated, but with extraordinary vagaries.

171:7. "*Flapper*": In Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* the wise men of Laputa were attended by servants called flappers, whose business it was to awake their masters from their meditations and revery.

26. *Garrick*: See note, p. 76, footnote.

29. *Prior*, Matthew (1664–1721): English poet and diplomatist renowned for light verse.

172:5. *Brother of the angle*: Fisherman.

6. *Izaak Walton*: See note, p. 85, l. 31.

12. *Bayes*: A character in Buckingham's farce *The Rehearsal*, intended to ridicule Dryden.

15. *Little boy from Lincoln*: Lamb speaks again, in *Poor Relations* (*Last Essays*), of his father's memories of Lincoln.

26. *Peter Pierson*: Became Bencher in 1800, died 1808, and was buried in the Temple Church. He and John Lamb, Junior, were sureties for Lamb when he entered the East India House. (Lucas.)

173:3. *Our great philanthropist*: Mr. Lucas says probably John Howard. Howard was celebrated for his exertions in behalf of prison reform.

6. *Daines Barrington*: Bencher 1777, buried in the Temple Church. He inspired Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne* (1789), many of the letters in which are addressed to him. (Lucas.)

15. *Barton*, Thomas: Bencher 1775, died 1791. (Lucas.) *Negation*: Nonentity.

29. *Figure*: As of a dance.

174:5. *Jackson*, Richard: Bencher 1770, died 1787. Dr. Johnson said was blasphemous to call him "omniscient." (Lucas.)

8. *Friar Bacon*: Roger Bacon (ca. 1214–1294), celebrated English philosopher, renowned for his learning; he was invited by Pope Clement V. to write a general treatise on the sciences (the *Opus Majus*). A popular legend which grew up about him in the Middle Ages represented him as a magician and formed the basis of Greene's play *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*.

11. *Edge bone*: The spelling *aitch* bone is the more usual; see *aitch bone* in *Cent. Dict.*

27. *Michael Angelo* (1475–1564): A famous Italian sculptor, painter, architect, and poet. His great horned "Moses" is in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome.

28. *Baron Maseres*: Francis Masères (1731–1824). An English mathematician, historian, and reformer; attorney-general of Quebec, 1766–69; Benchet, 1774; cursitor baron of the exchequer, 1773–1824. He wore a three-cornered hat and ruffles till his death.

175:13. *Goshen*: See note, p. 75, l. 10.

21. *R. N.*: Randal Norris. See note, p. 64, l. 16.

176:4. *Incondite*: Crude, a favorite word of Lamb's.

10. *Gentleman's*: In the essay *A Deathbed* printed in the first edition of the *Last Essays of Elia*, which describes Norris's death, Lamb wrote "In him I seem to have lost the old plainness of manners and singleness of heart. Lettered he was not; his reading scarcely exceeded the obituary of the old *Gentleman's Magazine*, to which he has never failed of having recourse for these last fifty years. Yet there was the pride of literature about him from that slender perusal."

12. *Urban*: Sylvanus Urban was the hereditary pseudonym of the editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

20. *Hooker*: See note, p. 78, l. 20. *Selden*: See note, p. 57, l. 17.

22. *Quiristers*: Same as *choristers*.

26. *Reductive of juvenescent emotions*: i. e., bringing back emotion of youth, or emotions that make one young again. The phrase is a good example of the brevity and delicate humor that Lamb often gains by the use of Latin words.

WITCHES AND OTHER NIGHT FEARS

177:8. *Decency*: Appropriateness, decorum.

12. *Wasting inwardly*: It was a popular superstition that one could bring harm to one's enemies by incantations performed over wax figures representing them. Lamb speaks of the same thing and of the blasting corn in his story of *The Witch Aunt* in *Mrs. Leicester's School*. *Corn lodged*: Standing grain was beaten flat.

15. *Spits and kettles only*: i. e., of their own accord; of themselves.

22. *Indigent eld*: Needy old age.

24. *Anile*: Belonging to old women.

178:11. *Hcadborough*: Chief of the district

18. *Guyon*: Sir Guyon, the personification of Temperance in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, is taken by the fiend Mammon to the lower regions tempted by the offer of golden fruit, which he refuses. *Assay*: A taste from the old use of the word meaning the tasting, or trying "of food intended for another, as a King, before presenting it." (*Cent. Dict.*)

26. *History of the Bible*: Thomas Stackhouse's *New History of the Holy Bible from the Beginning of the World to the Establishment of Christianity* (1737).

179:16. *Bane*: Not common in the sense of poison except in compounds such as *henbane*, *ratsbane*.

27. *Long-coats*: Baby-clothes.

182:1. *Little T. H.*: Leigh Hunt's son, Thornton Hunt. Southey, a strict churchman and pietist, in his article on *The Progress of Infidelity*, (see *Introd.*, p.27) took occasion to object to *Elia's* "wanting a sounder religious feeling," this passage being his chief text. He must have been desirous of finding fault with Lamb and Leigh Hunt, to have made so innocent a remark bear the construction which, with the help of his knowledge of Hunt's liberal views, he put upon it.

6. *Ab extra*: From without.

11. *Gorgons, Hydras, Chimæras*: Monsters of Greek mythology. The Gorgon's head is represented with snakes for hair; the Hydra had nine heads; the Chimaera was a fire-breathing monster part lion, part goat, part dragon.

12. *Celæno*: One of the Harpies, ravenous and filthy winged creatures having bodies like a woman, wings and claws of a bird of prey, and faces pale with hunger. See p. 188, l. 9.

24. *Devils in Dante*: In the first part, Hell (*Inferno*), of Dante Alighieri's great poem, *The Divine Comedy*.

183:9. *Ante-mundane condition*: State of being before coming into this world.

27. *Fells*: Hills.

31. *Helvellyn*: A mountain in the Lake District, in Cumberland.

184:4. *Kubla Khan*: See note, p. 141, l. 17.

7. *Barry Cornwall*: Pseudonym of Bryan Waller Procter (1787-1874), English poet and author. He wrote a memoir of Lamb (1866). *Tritons*: Subordinate sea-deities. *Nereids*: Sea-nymphs.

14. *Spectra*: i. e., spectres, phantoms. *Conchs*: Horns made of conch shells.

21. *Ino Leucothea*: A Greek sea-nymph.

28. *Lambeth Palace*: The London residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, on the right (or Surrey) bank of the Thames about a mile above the Temple. From Lambeth Palace Lambeth Road runs east past the Bethlehem Lunatic Asylum ("Bedlam") near by. (See note, p. 71, l. 11.) Lamb suggests that after such a dream he was in a good way to become a lunatic.

30. *Quantum*: Quantity.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

185: title. *Grace before meat*: In his *Letter to Southey* protesting against Southey's criticisms of his essays (see note, p. 182, l. 1.), Lamb

suggests that Southey may have had this essay in mind. He says, "Rightly taken, sir, that paper was not against graces, but want of grace; not against the ceremony, but the carelessness and slovenliness so often observed in the performance of it."

186:3. *Manducation*: Eating.

8. *Liturgy now compiling* . . . *Christians*: In plain prose, Lamb means that as religious thinking grows wiser and more tolerant, some form of worship (*liturgy*) may be developed by mankind (*Homo Humanus*, literally, human man) that will recognize the spiritual value of things not yet generally regarded as religious, such as philosophy and poetry. Creature comforts and material enjoyments would be no more frowned upon by such religion than they were in the Abbey of Thélème, founded by Gargantua, the hero of Rabelais's story (Book I., chap. 52-57), where everything was arranged to make life as pleasant as possible.

12. *Unprovocative*: Not tending to stimulate appetite.

32. *Rarus hospes*: An infrequent guest.

187:4. *Orgasm*: Ecstasy.

188:7. *Virgil knew*: In the *Aeneid* (Bk. III.) when Aeneas and his companions come to the Harpies' islands, they kill the flocks for a feast, but the Harpies snatch the food from before their faces. At length they beat off the Harpies, whose queen, Celaeno, curses them and prophesies famine for them.

189:2. *Gris-amber*: Ambergris, a precious fragrant substance, got from the sperm whale.

5. *Cates*: See note p. 65, l. 14. ,

10. *Gaudy day*: See note p. 57, l. 2.

11. *Heliogabalus*: An emperor of Rome, a type of debauchery and luxury.

16. *He that disturbed him*: *i. e.*, the Tempter.

190:31. *Unctuous morsels*: Lamb writes in a letter to Charles Chambers: "I like you for liking hare. I esteem you for disrelishing minced veal. Liking is too cold a word. I love you for your noble attachment to the fat unctuous pieces of deer's flesh and the green unspeakable of turtle." In the same letter occurs the word sapor, which appears in the *Dissertation upon Roast Pig* (see p. 267). (Compare sapidless, p. 191, l. 15.)

191:16. *Beside my tenour*: Out of my humor.

17. *Author of the Rambler*: Dr. Samuel Johnson.

28. *Dagon*: A deity mentioned in the Old Testament as the national god of the Philistines, thought to have been represented as half man and half fish. See I. *Samuel*, v, 4, marginal reading.

32. *Chartreuse, La Grande*: A Carthusian monastery near Grenoble in France.

192:6. *Hog's Norton*: "An old proverb runs: 'I think thou wast bor

at Hogg's Norton, where pigs play upon the organs. (Lucas.) See the quotation under *organ* def. 2 in *Cent. Dict.*, also *organum*, *organ*.

28. *Sectaries*: Adherents of a religious sect, hence dissenters.

193:3. *Lucian*, of Samosata (ca. 120-200 A. D.): Celebrated Greek satirist and humorist. "He was a free-thinker, attacking with pungent satire the religious beliefs of his time."

7. *Flamens*: Priests.

13. *C. V. L.*: Charles Valentine Le Grice. See p. 79.

16. *Our old form at school*: Mr. Lucas gives the grace said before meat at Christ's Hospital in Lamb's day: "Give us thankful hearts, O Lord God, for the table thou hast spread for us. Bless thy good creatures to our use and us to thy service, for Jesus Christ his sake. Amen." *Creature* in old usage means any created thing, as here. Cf. I. *Timothy*, iv, 4; and *Romans*, viii, 39.

21. *Non tunc illis erat locus*: Those things were out of place.

30. *Horresco referens*: I shudder to think of it.

MY FIRST PLAY

194:1. *Cross Court*: Does not now appear on the map of London.

5. *Old Drury*: Drury Lane Theatre, one of the principal theatres of London. It was opened 1663; rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren 167a. This, "Garrick's Drury," was superseded by a new building (1794), which burned 1809 and was replaced by the present theatre, built 1812.

15. *My Godfather F*—: "The *British Directory* for 1793 gives him as Francis Field, oilman, 62 High Holborn." (Lucas.) Lamb's Key gives "Field," but the proper spelling seems to be "Fielde."

17. *Holborn*: A district and street in the central part of London.

19. *John Palmer*: See pp. 216-7.

23. *Sheridan*: See note, p. 81, l. 7.

25. *Maria Linley*: Eliza Ann Linley, English soprano singer in oratorio, of Bath, whence she eloped to France with Sheridan, 1772.

195:10. *Ciceronian*: Distinguished by elaborate polish of diction.

16. *Seneca*, Lucius Annaeus (4 B. C.—65 A. D.): A celebrated Roman Stoic philosopher and tragic dramatist. *Varro*, Marcus Terentius (116—27 B. C.): Celebrated as the most learned of Roman scholars.

20. *St. Andrew's*: One of the 108 parishes of the City of London proper.

27. *Landed property*: A plot of land, with a thatched cottage (now called "Button Snap") and a barn, conveyed to Lamb, not strictly by "testamentary beneficence" from Francis Fielde, but from his widow, in 1812. In 1815 Lamb conveyed the property (by a deed witnessed by William Hazlitt) to Thomas Greg, Jr. (Lucas.)

196:3. *Centre*: According to ancient astronomy, the fixed middle point of the universe, supposed to be the central point of the earth.

4. *Agrarian*: An agrarian law, i. e., a measure affecting the legal tenure of land, especially one designed to effect the equal or uniform ownership of land. (Rare as a noun.)

6. *Pit orders*: Passes.

11. *Nonpareils*: "A kind of apple" (Johnson's *Dictionary*). In Lamb's mock biography of 'John Liston, the actor, published in 1825, he pretends to quote a passage from a Puritan pamphlet against the stage: "Where, as I am told, the custom is commonly to mumble (between the acts) apples, not ambiguously derived from that pernicious Pippin"—i. e., Eve's apple.

19. *Rowe*, Nicholas (1674–1718): An English dramatist, appointed poet laureate 1714. His edition of Shakespeare was published 1709.

29. "*Fair Auroras*": The phrase occurs in the first song of *Artaxerxes*. (Lucas.)

197:2. *Artaxerxes*: An opera by Thomas Arne, produced first in 1762. The historical Artaxerxes was a King of Persia, 465–425 B. C. See *Ezra* iv, vi, vii, and *Daniel* vi. *Persepolis* was one of the capitals of the Persian empire.

15. *Harlequin's Invasion*: A pantomime by Garrick. Mr. Lucas says the only time in 1780–2 that this was given with *Artaxerxes* was Dec. 1, 1780, the probable date of Lamb's first visit to the theatre. Harlequin is a stock figure in pantomime, a glutton, clown, and trickster, usually clothed in variegated colors and armed with a sword of lath. His part frequently needs to be acted by an acrobat.

17. *Beldams*: Old women.

20. *St. Denys*: The apostle to the Gauls and the patron saint of France; the legend says that when he was beheaded (Paris, 272 A. D.) he got up and carried away his head in his hands.

21. *Lady of the Manor*: In this and the next paragraph Lamb's memory probably deceived him, as Mr. Lucas points out. His second play was probably *The Lord of the Manor*, by Gen. Burgoyne, followed by *Robinson Crusoe*, and his third, *The Way of the World*, by Wycherley, followed by *Lun's Ghost*.

25. *Rich*, John (1692–1721): An English pantomimist, called "the Father of Harlequins." He played under the name of Lun.

27. *Lud*: A mythical king of Britain, a sort of Celtic Zeus, associated by tradition with London (cf. the name Ludgate Hill).

29. *Motley*: See note, p. 116, l. 23.

198:7. *Pantaloony*: Buffoonery. Pantaloon is a conventional clown type in pantomime, like Harlequin.

12. *Round Church*: One of the parts of St. Mary's Church, in the Temple, completed in 1185. The other part, the choir, was added in 1240. "The lawyers used formerly to receive their clients in the Round Church, each occupying his particular post like merchants 'on change.' The incumbent of the Temple Church is called the Master of the Temple." (Baedeker)

London.) Canon Ainger, the biographer and editor of Lamb, was Master from 1894 till his death.

199:17. *Mrs. Siddons:* Sarah (Kemble) Siddons (1755–1831), a celebrated English tragic actress, sister of John and Charles Kemble. "In 1782 she appeared at Drury Lane with extraordinary success as Isabella in Southerne's *Fatal Marriage*." (*Cent. Dict.*) Her greatest part was Lady Macbeth. One of Lamb's sonnets, published with Coleridge's *Poems* (see *Intro.*, p.20), was addressed to her.

DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE

24. *My little ones:* The names of the Dream-Children, John and Alice, were endeared to Lamb by affectionate remembrance. His brother John died in October, 1821; Alice was the name under which he recalled Ann Simmons, the love of his boyhood days in Hertfordshire.

25. *Great-grandmother Field:* See p. 149.

26. *Norfolk:* The real place was Blakesware, in Hertfordshire, of which Lamb wrote a further description in his essay *Blakesmoor in H——shire*. (*Last Essays*.) In that paper he speaks of "the bright yellow H——shire hair, and eye of watchet hue—so like my Alice!"

200:24. *Old Tombs:* In the *Last Essays* is one on the *Tombs in the Abbey*. *Psallery:* unusual in the sense of Psalter, i. e., the Psalms as set forth in the Prayer Book.

201:24. *The twelve Caesars:* "Mine, too, Blakesmoor, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements and its Twelve Caesars—stately busts in marble—ranged round: of whose countenances, young reader of faces as I was, the frowning beauty of Nero, I remember, had most of my wonder: but the mild Galba had my love." (*Blakesmoor in H——shire*, in the *Last Essays*.)

202:24. *John L——:* See *My Relations*, p. 140ff. Lamb published *Dream-Children* in January, 1822; John Lamb had died Oct. 26, 1821, leaving all he possessed to his brother Charles.

203:6. *He became lame-footed, too:* In a letter to Coleridge (1796) Lamb says: "We have just learned that my poor brother has had a sad accident; a large stone . . . has bruised his leg in a most shocking manner."

22. *Took off his limb:* Mr. Lucas doubts "if the leg were really amputated."

29. *Alice W——n:* See note, p. 89, l. 11.

204:9. *Bartrum:* It is a fact that Ann Simmons married a man named Bartrum or Bartram. (Lucas.)

12. *Lethe:* In Greek mythology, the river of oblivion in Hades, the underworld.

ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS

204: Title. *The Old Actors:* "In February, 1822, Lamb began a series of three articles in *The London Magazine* on 'The Old Actors.' The second

was printed in April and the third in October. . . . In reprinting them . . . he rearranged them into the essays 'On Some of the Old Actors,' 'On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century,' and 'On the Acting of Munden.' " (Lucas.) The first four paragraphs of this essay were added in the collected edition; a few omissions were made; and the paragraphs from "If few can remember Dodd" (p. 213), down to "O La! O La! Bobby!" (p. 216) were taken from the third paper.

22. *Drury Lane Theatre*: See note, p. 194, l. 5.

29. *Whitfield, etc.*: Mr. Lucas says that Whitfield, Packer, Benson (who was also a playwright), Burton, and Phillimore were actors of small parts and utility men at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. "Barrymore was of higher quality."

205:7. *Mrs. Jordan* was the stage name of Dorothy Bland, an Irish actress excelling in comedy.

12. *Nells and Hoydens*: Lamb may likely enough have had particular plays in mind, but uses the names to mean boisterous parts generally.

13. *Melting eye*: Melting, in the sense of tender, soft, is often applied in Shakespeare to eyes and tears. In the eighteenth century it was in vogue in the sense of affecting, moving.

206:5. *Mrs. Powel* [Powell]: An actress previously known as Mrs. Farmer, subsequently as Mrs. Renaud, long connected with Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres. "Her forte lay in the intenser rôles of tragedy."

10. *Conceits*: Ingenious, witty, or fantastic thoughts or fancies.

20. *Of all the actors*: Here began the original *London Magazine* essay.

21. *Bensley, Robert*: Retired from Drury Lane in 1796. Others confirm Lamb's judgment of his Malvolio; "but otherwise he is not the subject of much praise." (Lucas.)

207:7. *Nuncios*: Messengers; but there is a special aptness in the use of the word from its dignified use as the title of the Papal diplomatic agents.

24. *Mine Ancient*: Iago is Othello's ancient, i. e., ensign, or flag lieutenant.

208:7. *Baddeley, Robert*: "In his will he left the . . . interest of £100 to provide wine and cake for the actors of Drury Lane Theatre on Twelfth Night. This is, still done." (*Cent. Dict.*) *Parsons, William*: A successful actor; noted for his rôles of old men.

15. *Lambert, John* (1619-1683): An English general of the Parliamentary armies in the Civil War, of great civil and military influence.

16. *Lady Fairfax*: Both the second and the third Baron Fairfax were Parliamentary leaders in the Civil War. The sixth Baron Fairfax emigrated to Virginia and became a friend of Washington.

209:17. *At the buttery hatch*: At the pantry door.

210:15. *Hero of La Mancha*: Don Quixote.

30. *To taste manna*: A familiar metaphor for any delicious entertain

ment of body or mind. *To mate Hyperion*: To equal or emulate Hyperion, the sun-god; i. e., to scale the very heaven itself.

211:11. *Dodd*, James William: A member of Garrick's company, especially successful as Aguecheek (*Twelfth Night*) and Druggier (*The Alchemist*).

12. *Lovegrove*, William (1778-1816): An English comedian, a member of the Drury Lane Company.

16. *In puris naturalibus*: i. e., naked, as it was born, in mere natural state or guise.

212:1. *Gray's Inn*: One of the four great Inns of Court (see note on p. 163, l. 2) in Holborn. It formerly paid ground-rent to the Lords Gray of Wilton; has existed as a school of law since 1371; "during the 17th century the garden, in which a number of trees were planted by Lord Bacon, was a fashionable promenade." (Baedeker's *London*.) The Verulam Buildings are named in honor of Bacon, the most eminent of former members of Gray's Inn.

4. *Crankles*: Angles, bends; perhaps an echo of I. *Henry IV.*, iii, 1, 98.

10. *Bacon*, Francis (1561-1626): Celebrated English philosopher, jurist, and statesman; lord chancellor (1618-1621).

30ff. *Foppington*, *Tattle*, *Backbite*, *Acres*, *Fribble*: Characters in Vanbrugh's *Relapse*, Congreve's *Love for Love*, Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, Sheridan's *Rivals*, and Garrick's *Miss in her Teens*, respectively.

213:26. "*Put on the weeds of Dominic*": Milton alludes to the practice of taking monastic vows at the approach of death as a means of salvation. The Dominicans are known as Black Friars, from their black mantles.

214:3. *Suett*, Richard (1755-1805): His parts were mainly confined to Shakespearian clowns and other characters principally belonging to low comedy. His reputation rests chiefly on Lamb's praise; though Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt praised him, too. Mr. Lucas says that Suett had been a choir-boy at Westminster, not at St. Paul's.

6. *Nonage*: See note, p. 157, l. 21.

28. *Albe*: In modern spelling, alb; one of the vestments of a priest.

215:1. *Secularization*: A technical word meaning release from the vows or rule of a monastic order.

9. *He was known, like Puck*, etc.: In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, cries "Ho, ho, ho!" to Demetrius, but does not let Demetrius see him.

16. *Matthews*, Charles (1770-1835): An English comedian, especially successful as a mimic.

18. *Richer than the cuckoo*—which also has but two syllables at command.

23. *Unmixed existence*: His simple, carefree life.

216:4. *Deep as the centre*: The center of the earth, conceived (in the old Ptolemaic astronomy) as the center of the universe. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii, 2, 159.

7. *Bannister*, John (1760-1836): A noted English comedian.
16. *Vesta*: The virgin goddess of the hearth, one of the primitive deities of the ancient Romans.
21. *Palmer*, Robert (1757-1805): An actor, brother of John Palmer, good in low parts.
26. *The Elder Palmer*: John Palmer (1742?-1798); "One of the most versatile as well as the most competent and popular of actors." (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*)
- 217:9. *Captain Absolute*: A spirited soldier and lover in Sheridan's *The Rivals*.
13. *Dick Amlet*: A gamester in Vanbrugh's comedy, *The Confederacy*. He tries to pass himself off as a fine gentleman.
19. *Wilding*: The hero of Foote's play *The Liar*. *Joseph Surface*: A malicious, hypocritical character in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*.
24. *Congreve*, William (1670-1729): One of the greatest English comic dramatists. *Love for Love* is one of his comedies.
- 218:17. *Metaphrases*: Strict or literal translations; opposed to paraphrases.
30. *Wapping*: A quarter of London on the left bank of the Thames, about two miles below London Bridge; the resort of sailors and stevedores.

DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS

219: title. *B. F.*—: Barron Field. See note p. 128, l. 5. Lucas points out that the germ of this essay is to be found in an actual letter of Lamb's to Field, dated Aug. 31, 1817. The motif is perhaps to be discovered in an earlier bantering letter (Dec. 25, 1815) written to Thomas Manning, who was travelling in Thibet. In Lamb's review of Field's poems there are jocular remarks about plagiarism and kangaroos.

19. *Mrs. Rowe*: Author of *Friendship in Death, in Twenty Letters from the Dead to the Living*. (Lucas.)

20. *Cowley*, Abraham (1618-1667): English poet of the so-called metaphysical school. His *Hymn to Light* contains these lines:

"Let a Post-Angel start with thee
And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he."

22. *Lombard Street*: For centuries a great banking center of London. The India House was not far away.

28. *Theosophist*: Perhaps Lamb gives this name to the Man in the Moor because of his successive reappearances, reincarnation (a mode of reappearance, certainly) being one of the essential doctrines of theosophy. The *Cent. Dict.*, quite unconscious of this passage, defines a theosophist as "one who professes to possess divine illumination."

220:2. *Parasangs*: A Persian measure of distance about equal to 3 miles—a familiar word to every schoolboy reader of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Lamb uses it, probably, for the sake of its outlandishness.

3. *Plato's man*: In this sentence the Australian savages, the Platonic doctrine of a self-existent "idea" (or archetype) of man, and the Man in the Moon contribute to the complicated allusion. In one of his Latin poems Milton speaks of the Platonic archetype as possibly inhabiting the moon. Mr. Lucas, following Hallward and Hill, thinks that Lamb had the passage in mind.

17. *In the Bench*: The King's Bench Prison. (Lucas.)

21. *Munden*, Joseph Shepherd (1758-1832): An English comedian. Old Dornton in Holcroft's *Road to Ruin* was his greatest part. He left the stage in 1824.

25. *Confusion of tenses*: Lamb had used this idea in 1810 in a letter to his friend, Thomas Manning, then traveling in China: "The distance you are at cuts up tenses by the root." In the same letter, practising his doctrine as to the nature of epistolary matter, he included a number of puns he had recently made, among them his reply to the beggar woman p. 260.

27. *Postage*: Communication by post.

28. *Bath*: In Somersetshire. *Devizes*: A town in Wiltshire.

221:9. *Will Weatherall*: Doubtless a fiction.

12. *Replication*: A legal term, meaning answer.

22. *Our maid Becky*: Lamb's friend Patmore has left amusing recollections of the tyranny of Becky over the Lamb household (see Lucas, *Life*, Vol. II., 292-5): "I believe there was no inconvenience, privation, or expense, that they would not have put up with, rather than exchange her honest roughness for the servile civility of anybody else. . . . At last Becky left them to be married; and I believe this circumstance more than anything else, was the cause of their giving up housekeeping."

31. *Pleadings*: The formal allegations of the parties to a suit at law.

32. *Flam*: A lie, or hoax.

222:11. *Two prophets*: According to the marginal chronology of the authorized version, Habakkuk's prophecy is dated nineteen years earlier than the beginning of the Book of Daniel. Lamb's joining of these two names may very possibly have been suggested by their conjunction in the apochryphal addition to the Book of Daniel, known as the History of Bel and the Dragon.

18. *Water-plates*: A sort of dish with a receptacle for hot water to keep the contents warm.

21. *Lord C*—: Lamb's Key says "Lord Camelford." Thomas Pitt, second Baron Camelford (1775-1804), was a commander in the navy and a notorious duellist. He wished to be buried in Switzerland, and after he was killed in a duel, his body was embalmed and made ready for transportation abroad; but, the war preventing, the coffin was left in St. Anne's Church, Soho, and eventually lost sight of. (See Charles Reade, *Jilt and Other Stories*.)

223:8. *Tide-waiters*: Customs officers who board ships entering port, to enforce the customs regulations.

12. *Lustring*: A kind of glossy silk like taffeta.

14. *Propitiatory*: Not "serving as propitiation," the proper sense of the word, but "needing to be propitiated." *St. Gothard* (Gotthard): Bishop of Hildesheim (1038); patron saint of those in peril of the sea.

15. *Quietus*: End, fate.

28. *Twinkling corpuscula*: According to the corpuscular, or emission, theory (maintained by Sir Isaac Newton, but now universally rejected), light consisted of infinitesimal particles or corpuscles, ejected by the luminous body.

224:4. *Fine slime of Nilus*: The silt brought down by the yearly floods of the Nile makes Egypt one of the most fertile countries in the world.

5. *Melior lutus*: Finer clay; perhaps an echo of Juvenal, *Sat.*, xiv, 34.

6. *Sol pater*: The Father Sun.

20. *Consult his visnomy*: Look at his face in a glass.

25. *Peter Wilkins*: See note, p. 74, l. 5.

26. *Hades of Thieves*: In 1787-88 the English government established a penal colony at Botany Bay, New South Wales. Thence the settlement was transferred to the shores of Port Jackson, where Sydney was founded. Convicts were sent out as late as 1841, the total number of persons transported reaching 83,000.

27. *Diogenes*: A Greek philosopher, famous for his eccentricities. The story is that he was met one day in the market-place carrying a lantern; on being asked why he carried the lantern, he said he was looking for an honest man.

225:4. *Framed*: i. e., formed, established, created. *Pickpocket*: Could Lamb have forgotten that kangaroos have pouches or pockets themselves?

6. *A priori*: Lamb puns on the literal meaning of the Latin, which is "from before," i. e., "antecedently"; he makes it mean "anteriorly."

7. *Hind-shifters, loco-motor*: Evidently an imitation or adoption of thieves' slang.

10. *Young Spartans*: The ancient Spartans had a reputation for thievery and were said to train their youth in the most approved methods of stealing.

11. *Spoils their scanning*: An allusion to the schoolboy's practice of laboriously counting the feet of his verse-exercises on his fingers.

16. *Do you bleach*: Mr. Lucas sees in this metaphor an allusion to the contention of some authorities on heraldry that its legitimacy wears out in three or four generations.

18. *Delphic voyages*: The oracle of Delphi in Greece was world-famous and sought from all lands.

20. *Hemp*: For the hangman's rope.

28. *Ruralists*: A good example of Lamb's humorous use of formal Latin words.

226:9. *Sally W*—r: Lamb's Key says "Sally Winter."

13. *J. W.*: James White. See p.248 ¶.

ON THE ARTIFICIAL COMEDY OF THE LAST CENTURY

17. *The Artificial Comedy*, etc.: There is difference of opinion as to the soundness of Lamb's view of the subject of this essay. Macaulay, in his essay on *The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration* (1841), objected strongly to Lamb's defence of the artificial comedy. "The morality," he says, "of the *Country Wife* and the *Old Bachelor* is the morality, not as Mr. Charles Lamb maintains, of an unreal world, but of a world which is a great deal too real. . . . It is the morality, not of a chaotic people, but of low town-rakes. . . . And the question is simply this, whether a man of genius who constantly and systematically endeavors to make this sort of character attractive, by uniting it with beauty, grace, dignity, spirit, a high social position, popularity, literature, wit, taste, knowledge of the world, brilliant success in every undertaking, does or does not make an ill use of his powers." James Russell Lowell, on the contrary (in *Shakespeare Once More*), says: "He had the great advantage of not feeling himself responsible for the manners of the inhabitants he found [in the old drama], and not thinking it needful to make them square with any Westminster catechism of æsthetics. . . . When he arrived at the Dramatists of the Restoration, so far from being shocked, he was charmed with their pretty and immoral ways. . . . Lamb had the great advantage of seeing the elder dramatists as they were; it did not lie within his province to point out what they were not." Professor C. H. Herford (*The Age of Wordsworth*) is rather between Macaulay and Lowell: "He was peculiarly ready to believe in the art which plays with the elements of life—which creates a fantastic world of its own—like humanity, but detached from the conditions of human beings. It was thus that he persuaded himself that the Restoration comedy was a genial fantasy, flung gaily before the eyes of audiences to whose habits and experience the Wishforts and the Millamants were as foreign as Caliban."

The *Comedy of Manners*, imported from France, was comedy of wit and fashion, very different from the romantic comedy of Shakespeare and the comedy of humors of Ben Jonson. The chief writers of the Restoration Comedy (so-called because the new style came in upon the Restoration of the Stuarts, 1661) were Sir George Etherege (1634-1691?): *The Comical Revenge* (1664), *She Would if She Could* (1668), *The Man of Mode* (1676); William Wycherley (1640-1715): *The Gentleman Dancing Master* (1671), *Love in a Wood* (1671), *The Country Wife* (1673), *The Plain Dealer* (1674); William Congreve (1670-1729): *The Old Bachelor* (1693), *The Double Dealer* (1693), *Love for Love* (1695), *The Mourning Bride* (1697), *The Way of the World* (1700); George Farquhar (1678-1707): *Sir Harry Wildair* (1701), *The Inconstant* (1703), *The Recruiting Officer* (1706), *The Beaux'*

Stratagem (1707), and others; Sir John Vanbrugh (1666?–1726): *The Relapse* (1697), *The Provoked Wife* (1698), *The Confederacy* (1705), and others. Congreve was the most brilliant of them.

19. *Exploded: i. e., hissed.*

227:28. *Mournful privilege of Ulysses:* In his wanderings homeward from Troy, Ulysses, after he had left Circe's isle, visited Hades to learn whether he should ever see again his wife and Ithaca.

31. *Indifferent to neither:* Indifferent to both or either would make easier sense.

228:3. *Alsatia:* "Explained as a cant name for Whitefriars [the ancient monastery was just off Fleet Street], which, possessing certain privileges of sanctuary, became for that reason a nest of those mischievous characters who were generally obnoxious to the law. . . . James I. confirmed and added to [these immunities] by a charter in 1608. Shadwell . . . made some literary use of Whitefriars in his play of the *Squire of Alsatia*." (Sir Walter Scott, *Introd. to The Fortunes of Nigel*.)

10. *Surtout:* A broad-skirted overgarment.

229:4. *Catos of the pit:* Cato, surnamed the Censor, a Roman statesman, "sought to restore the integrity of morals and the simplicity of manners prevalent in the early days of the republic."

6. *Political justice:* This reading, which is followed in all editions of the collected essays which I have examined, is, I feel sure, a misprint, not a correction, of "*poetical justice*" of the original text of the *London Magazine*. The passage is incoherent and rather blind. I interpret thus: The modern play being built upon current, actual notions of morality; the poetical justice meted out by the modern author to his characters must conform to the standards of actual justice, *i. e.*, "the standard of *police*." Such an atmosphere will blight any character from the fairyland of the older comedy.

10. *Swedenborgian bad spirit:* Emanuel Swedenborg (1688–1772), a Swedish philosopher and mystic theologian, believed in the existence of good and bad spirits which had been men. He was the founder of the New Church, or Church of the New Jerusalem, organized in London in 1778.

13. *Fainall, Mirabel, Dorimant, Lady Touchwood:* Characters respectively in Congreve's *Way of the World*, Farquhar's *Inconstant*, Etherege's *Man of Mode*, Congreve's *Double Dealer*.

20. *Cuckoldry:* A cuckold is a man whose wife is unfaithful. *Utopia:* An imaginary island, the seat of an ideal commonwealth described in Sir Thomas More's political romance *Utopia* (1516); generally used of any imaginary and ideal land.

29. *Angelica:* The principal female character in Congreve's *Love for Love*.

230:12. *The impertinent Goshen, etc.: i. e.,* the frivolous, unreal world of the fashionable comedy would have shown in the light of true moral feeling all its wickedness and insubstantiality.

231:2. *Sir Simon*, etc.: These are all characters in Wycherley's *Love in a Wood*.

7. *Frogs and mice*: The allusion is to the *Batrachomyomachia*, an ancient Greek mock epic, formerly ascribed to Homer, that deals with the war between the frogs and the mice.

9. *Atlantis*: A mythical island in the Atlantic Ocean, northwest of Africa. Bacon wrote an allegorical romance, *The New Atlantis*, picturing a community governed only by conscience and the moral law. Lamb may have had this in mind.

18. *The sentimental comedy*: This began with Sir Richard Steele's plays: *The Funeral* (1702), *The Lying Lover* (1703), *The Tender Husband* (1705), *The Conscious Lovers* (1722).

23. *Plausibility*: Palmer was known by the nickname of Jack Plausible.

31. *His better brother*: *i. e.*, Charles Surface.

232:29. *Bowles*: Carington Bowles, a publisher of prints. (Lucas.)

233:3. *Kissing of the rod*: To kiss the rod is to accept punishment submissively.

11. *Teazle*, Sir Peter: A cross old fellow in *The School for Scandal*. His wife, *Lady Teazle*, the chief female character in the comedy, is a country girl who plunges into the fashionable life of the town and beats "the veterans of the art of scandal" at their own game.

21. *King*, Thomas (1730-1805): Actor and dramatist, for a long time the mainstay of Drury Lane Theatre. He was the original Sir Peter Teazle.

234:12. *Crim. con.*: *i. e.*, criminal conversation; a frequent abbreviation of the technical name of a suit for damages for adultery.

20. *Crabtree*, Sir Benjamin Backbite, *Snake*, Mrs. *Candour*: All characters in *The School for Scandal*.

23. *Amphisbœnas*: Amphisbaena was a fabulous serpent with a head on either end.

27. *Miss Pope*: Jane Pope (1742-1818), an actress in comedy at Drury Lane Theatre. She played Mrs. Candour "in the immortal first performance of the *School for Scandal*." Many of her parts "she played at sixty with the sprightliness of sixteen."

31. *Saturnalia*: A Roman festival period, given up to feasting, merry-making, and license.

235:6. *Notional justice*, etc.: *i. e.*, imaginary, ideal; see note on *notional essences*, p. 152, l. 24.

10. *Manager's comedy*: Sheridan was manager of Drury Lane Theatre where his brilliant play was produced in 1777. *Miss Farren*: Eliza Farren (1759?-1829), an English actress, a rival of Mrs. Abington. She left the stage 1797.

11. *Mrs. Abington*: Fanny (Barton) Abington (1737-1815), an eminent English actress. Her best part was *Lady Teazle* in Sheridan's *School for*

Scandal, which she created. *Smith*, William (1730?-1819): An actor, known as "Gentleman Smith." He was the Charles Surface of the first performance of *The School for Scandal*, an impersonation "held never to have been equalled."

14. *John Kemble* (1757-1823): A celebrated English tragedian, brother of Charles Kemble and Mrs. Sarah (Kemble) Siddons. His best rôle was *Coriolanus*.

237:2. *Otway*, Thomas (1651-1685): The principal tragic dramatist of the Restoration. He wrote *Alcibiades* (1675), *The Orphan* (1680), *Venice Preserved* (1682), and other plays.

4. *Adventure bottomry*: Bottomry is a kind of mortgage by which a person pledges his ship as security for money advanced for the purpose of the voyage. *Sir Edward Mortimer*: A character in George Colman, Jr.'s tragedy, *The Iron Chest*, founded on Godwin's novel, *Caleb Williams*.

7. *G.*: William Godwin, Shelley's father-in-law. His *Inquiry Concerning Political Justice* was a visionary and radical work. He wrote also several novels, of a speculative tendency. Lamb calls him "the Professor" in his letter. *Antonio*, for which Lamb wrote a humorous epilogue, had its first and only performance Dec. 13, 1800.

31. *His friend M*—: John Marshall. Lamb calls him "the old, steady, unalterable friend of the Professor" (in a letter).

238:24. "From every pore," etc.: From Lee's *Rival Queens*. Lamb had used the quotation in a delicious letter to Manning (Dec. 16, 1800) recounting the failure of *Antonio*. Writing to Godwin the day after the performance, Lamb concludes his postscript thus: "I am emboldened by a little jorum of punch (vastly good) to say that next to *one man*, I am the most hurt at our ill success. The breast of Hecuba, where she did suckle Hector, looked not to be more lovely than Marshall's forehead when it spit forth sweat, at Critic-swords contending. I remember two honest Y'es by Marvel (whose poems by the way I am just going to possess):

'Where every Mower's wholesome heat
Smells like an Alexander's sweat.'

The sentence about Hecuba is an adaptation of *Coriolanus* I., iii, 43-46.

239:14. *R*—*s*: Frederic Reynolds (1764-1841), dramatist, author of nearly 100 tragedies and comedies, of which about 20 were popular in their day. One of his plays, *The Caravan*, included a rescue of a drowning child by a real dog, with real rocks and real water. Byron pays his respects to him in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

240:20. *An . . . so*: If they would take it, very well; if not, that also was very well.

27. *Elvira*: In a summary of the plot of *Antonio* quoted by Lucas (*Letters* I., 201) the heroine is named Helena; Elvira appears in Dryden's *Spanish Friar* and in some other plays with Spanish setting. Lamb's memory seems to have played him false.

241:3. *Exorbitant*. *i. e.*, outrageous, exceeding proper bounds—the etymological meaning of the word.

12. *Misprision of parricide*: In law misprision is criminal neglect or passive complicity.

16. *Fasthold*: Apparently a "portmanteau word," made up of *fastness* and *stronghold*.

23. *Nigritude*: Blackness.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS

242:2. *Clergy imps*: See note on p. 249, l. 28.

9. *Fauces Averni*: The jaws of Hell.

26. *Kibed*: *i. e.*, chapped or chilblained.

28. *Tester*: A sixpence.

243:4. *Mr. Read*: "Mr. Thomas Read's Saloop Coffee House was at No. 102 Fleet Street." (Lucas.) Saloop is sassafras-tea. See the quotations under *Saloop*, in *Cent. Dict.*

18. *Fuliginous*: Sooty.

22. *Bitter wood*: Lamb plays on the metaphorical sense of wormwood,—misery.

24. *Lenitive*: See p. 104, l. 16.

30. *Valerian*: An herb with a pungent odor.

244:19. *Precocious*: The strict etymological sense is "early ripe."

21. *Hammersmith*: A suburb of London, formerly noted for market gardens and nurseries.

245:9. *When I walk westward*: *i. e.*, from the India House to his lodgings in Great Russell Street.

21. *The March to Finchley*: Hogarth's picture (now in the Foundling Hospital, London), humorously depicting the confusion at the break-up of a camp of the Guards on Finchley Common at the time of the Young Pretender's uprising.

246:23. *The Young Montagu*: "Ran away from Westminster school more than once, becoming, among other things, a chimney-sweeper." (Lucas.)

25. *Defiliations*: *i. e.*, kidnappings.

27. *Howard*: The family name of the Dukes of Norfolk.

247:31. *Incunabula*: Literally, cradle-clothes; but in English used metaphorically to mean origin. Lamb doubtless had both meanings in mind.

248:5. *James White*: At Christ's Hospital with Lamb, admitted on the presentation of Thomas Coventry. He published a parody, *Original Letters, etc., of Sir John Falstaff and his Friends* (1796), in which Lamb almost certainly collaborated.

11. *Bartholomew Fair*: A fair formerly held in Smithfield on St. Bartholomew's Day; in 1840 removed to Islington and discontinued 1853. Originally it was a great cloth-fair, but gradually changed into a Saturnalia, or occasion for merry-making and license. Ben Jonson portrayed its humors in his comedy *Bartholomew Fair* (1614).

16. *Infantry*: An ancient and honorable pun.

20. *Quoited*: *i. e.*, thrown.

28. *Napery*: Table linen.

249:2. *Bigod*: See p. 82, l. 15.

4. *Rochester*, John Wilmot, Earl of (1647-1680): A poet, courtier, famous wit, and infamous rake. Dorimant, in Etherege's *Man of Mode*, was intended as a portrait of him.

9. *Dame Ursula*: Ursula is a fat pig-woman in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*.

13. *The concave*: The vault of the sky.

22. *Kissing-crust*: The overhanging crust of a loaf.

28. "*Cloth*": Properly, the clergy; a joke at the expense of both parson and sweep.

A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS IN THE METROPOLIS

250:17. *Besom*: An old word for broom.

18. *Alcides*: Another name for Hercules.

23. *Purheus*: Outskirts, environs; frequently used of shabby or disreputable parts of a city. *Eleventh persecution*: Historians count ten general persecutions of the Christians, from Nero to Diocletian. (Haydn's *Dict. of Dates*.)

251:2. *Bellum ad exterminationem*: War of extermination.

10. *Rates*: The usual word in England for local taxes.

16. *Dionysius*: A tyrant of Syracuse, twice deposed.

17. *Vandyke*: See note, p. 99, l. 22.

18. *Ferula*: Schoolmaster's rod.

21. *Belisarius*: A great general of the Byzantine (Roman) Empire. The tale of his blindness and beggary is not true. *Obolus*: A small Greek coin. Lamb translates it "penny" on p. 256, l. 17.

252:3. *Three-foot . . . shopboard*: Lamb alludes to the practice of tailors of sitting upon their tables or counters as they sew.

14. *Cresseid*: In Chaucer's poem and Shakespeare's play *Troilus and Cressida*, a Trojan lady who deserts her lover Troilus for the Greek Diomed. The Scotch poet Henryson wrote a continuation to Chaucer's story, *The Testament of Cresseide*, in which he makes her, now a leper, beg alms by the wayside as Troilus rides by

15. *Other whiteness*: *i. e.*, from leprosy.

16. *Lazar: i. e., a leper. Clapdish: A dish with a lid to make a noise*
17. *Lucian wits: See note, p. 193, l. 3.*
20. *Semiramis: A legendary Assyrian queen famed for her luxury and power.*
29. "*Neighbour grice*": Each grade of poverty is mocked by the grade next above. *Grice: A step.*
- 253:12. *Jostle with him for the wall: To "take the wall" of a person is to take precedence of him; from the desirability of keeping close to the houses to avoid the mud and filth of the ancient streets.*
17. *Led captain: Obsequious attendant, henchman, hanger-on.*
21. *Tenure: Clearly used as meaning something like uniform, badge of office, though the dictionaries give no such meaning; but see tenure-law, tenure-sword in Cent. Dict.*
- 254:9. *Ballad singer: The ballad singers were not a very reputable class of citizens, but certainly a very interesting one. See Autolycus, in the Winter's Tale, for a picture of the ballad singer of Shakespeare's day.*
12. *Emblems: Symbolical designs or figures, often accompanied with words intended to convey some truth or moral, the instability of Fortune and the shortness of life being favorite themes. Mementoes: Reminders of death (from the Latin memento mori), often in the form of a ring with skull and crossbones carved upon it. Dial-mottoes: Appropriately emphasizing the flight of time. Spital sermons: Sermons preached before the inmates of a hospital or asylum. The Blue Coat Boys used to hear two special spital sermons in Easter week. (Lucas.)*
17. *Tobit: The chief personage of the apocryphal Book of Tobit. He became blind in his fifty-eighth year, but was restored by his son Tobias, through the help of the good angel Raphael.*
29. *St. L—; B— rector of —: Lamb's Key says "no meaning."*
- 255:3. *Vincent Bourne (1695-1747): An English writer of Latin verse (Poemata, etc., 1734, and other works). "What a heart that man had, all laid out upon town scenes . . . making a flower of everything, his diction all Latin and his thoughts all English." (Lamb to Wordsworth, Apr., 1815.) Lamb published translations of his poems in Album Verses, 1830 (see Introd., p.29.), the Epitaph on a Dog among them. It had first appeared, however, in Hunt's Indicator, 1820.*
- 256:36. *A well-known figure: Mr. Lucas identifies the subject of the reference as Samuel Horsey, a prominent figure in London, said to have been known as the King of the Beggars. He gives a portrait of Horsey, but the "machine of wood" instead of having wheels, as Lamb implies, looks like a stumpy sled. A biography of Horsey quoted by Lucas ends thus: "Of all other men, Horsey has the most dexterous mode of turning, or rather swinging himself into a gin-shop. He dashes the door open by forcibly striking the front of his sledge and himself against it."*
- 257:12. *Riots of 1780: The Gordon Riots, the result of anti-Catholic agitation led by Lord George Gordon. Groundling: The usual meaning is*

a person who stood in the pit of the old-fashioned theatre instead of taking a stall or seat in the surrounding galleries.

13. Antaeus: In Greek mythology a giant, son of the Sea and the Earth. He was invincible so long as he touched the ground. Hercules wrestled with him and overcame him by lifting him in the air and throwing him down.

15. Elgin marbles: Sculptures taken from the Parthenon, at Athens, and brought to England by the Earl of Elgin, 1801-3. They are in the British Museum. They include a large part of the frieze of the temple in bas-relief, and magnificent figures more or less mutilated, from the pediment. It is hardly to be doubted that Lamb had in mind partly what the splendid recumbent male figure commonly said to represent Theseus or, more properly, Cephalus. (In the English name Elgin the *y* is hard.)

20. Mandrake: A plant whose root, commonly forked, somewhat resembles the human form. Various superstitious notions attached to it, some others, that it was supposed to shriek when pulled out of the ground. The word was used humorously or as a term of reproach for such persons. Cf. *H. Henry IV.*, i, 2, 17, and *Romeo and Juliet*, iv, 3, 45.

22. Centaur, Laphone: The Centaurs—half man, half horse—were a fierce war with the Lapithae, according to Greek legend. The war was the subject of some of the reliefs from the Parthenon among the *Figures marbles*.

26. Or sublime: Literally the uplifted countenance.

258:B. Lunus natura: Freak of nature.

9. Lunus accidentium: Victim of mischances.

28. Yorick: See note, p. 140, l. 10.

259:B. Puckham: A suburb of London, now built up.

11. Bartimeo: A blind beggar whose sight was restored by Christ. See *Mark*, x, 46-52.

300:9. Mumping: Winning, assessing. See p. 84, l. 16.

22. Budaunian: See note, p. 58, l. 15.

14. My friend I—: Lamb himself.

24. "The Baggart's Petition": "A stock piece for infant recitation hundred years ago" (Lamb.)

27. Goldsmith, Oliver (1728-1774): English poet, novelist, dramatist, and miscellaneous writer. *The Citizen of the World* (1762), *The Vicar* (1765), *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766), *The Good Natured Man* (1768), *The Deserted Village* (1770), *She Stoops to Conquer* (1774).

261:A. Against Wordsworth: In his celebrated preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* (2nd edition, 1800) Wordsworth had attacked as the manner and artifice of conventional "poetic diction," and had announced a principle of the experiment in poetry which he undertook to lay contributions to the *Lyrical Ballads*, viz. to "use no language except from common life in a selection of the language actually used by men in ordinary talk."

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

6. *My friend M.*— Thomas Manning, the Chinese traveler, who did tell Lamb a story of some sort on which this extravaganza was based.
11. *Confucius* (556-478 B. C.)— A celebrated Chinese philosopher.
17. *Hobbs*. It is possible that this fanciful name is nothing but the Greek indefinite neuter pronoun, ὅτι meaning anything, dressed up to look like Chinese. *Bosho*. From "hobby." *Must*. Acorns, beechnuts, and the like.
24. *Antediluvian*. Ancient; literally, before the Deluge.
- 262:21. *Crustling*. The crisp rind of roasted pork.
- 264:17. *Assize towns*. Assizes are sessions of court held twice a year by general commission issued to the judges of the High Court of Justice, in each of the counties of England and Wales.
- 266:26. *Mundus estibilis*. Edible world.
26. *Princeps obumbrorum*. Chief of vizards.
26. *Hobnobbers*. Raw stragglers, as yet hardly men.
31. *Amor emenditior*. Love of filth, which Lamb suggests is the original sin of pickling.
- 266:21. *The string*. By which he is hung before the open fire.
23. *Radiant jollies—shooting stars*. "Messrs. Hallward and Hill have this interesting note: 'In Donne's *Epigrams* there is a reference to the superstition that shooting stars left jollies behind them when they fell.
"As he that sees a star fall runs apace
And finds a jolly in the place."'" (Lucas.)
26. *Pithy conversation*. Conversation here means behavior.
- 267:8. *Saporis* i. e., delicacies (Latin *sapor* taste, whence *savoury*). See note p. 190. l. 81.
26. *Bulter*. To grow fat.
- 268:3. *Villatic*. Of the barnyard.
4. *Brawn*. Bour's flesh, also head-cheese.
15. *My good old aunt*. See p. 65 and p. 128-9. But very likely Lamb is here writing of another aunt John Lamb the elder, had two sisters, as we know from his will, for Aunt Henry lived with the Lambs in the Temple, and London Bridge would not be at all on his way to school from there. The implication is that the "holiday" was spent away from home. Mr. Lucas somewhat doubtfully accepts this view (*Works*, Vol. I., p. 25, note).
16. *Vice* & c., particular, scrupulously careful.
- 268:18. *Tenderizing and dulcifying*. Making tender and sweet.
26. *St. Omer's*. A Jesuit college. Of course Lamb was never there. Incidentally he pokes a little fun in the triviality of much of the discussion induced by the study of casuistry and scholastic logic.
- 270:4. *Barbecue*. To roast whole.
5. *Shalots*. A sort of onions.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT OF THE BEHAVIOR OF MARRIED PEOPLE

271:24. *Usufruct*: In law, temporary enjoyment of property that belongs to another.

272:16. *Made free of the company*: See note, p. 116., l. 26.

273:7. *Phœnixes*: The phoenix was a fabulous bird which, after a solitary existence of 500 years or so, the only one of its kind in the world, renewed its youth in a fire of its own kindling.

18. *Churching of women*: "A title popularly given to the liturgical form of thanksgiving for women after childbirth." (*Cent Dict.*)

274:21. *Per se*: In themselves.

275:22. *They*: The wives.

276:12. *A humorist*: As on p. 48, l. 13; *i. e.*, a person of caprice,—a crank.

278:18. *Testacea*: In imitation of the practice (common in satire) of indicating a person by an appositely invented name. Lamb calls the lady *Testacea* because he goes on to speak of oysters! (*Testacea* are shellfish.) Similarly *Cerasia*, from the Latin word for cherries.

25. *Morellas*: "To 'Morellas' [in *The Reflector*] was this footnote: 'I don't know how to spell this word; I mean Morella cherries.'" (*Lucas.*) The *Morello* is a dark-red cultivated variety, much esteemed.

ON THE ACTING OF MUNDEN

279: title. *On the acting of Munden*: The text as here printed (see note, p. 204, title) is all that Lamb saved for the collected *Elia* essays from the *London Magazine* paper, which in its turn had been reprinted from the *Examiner* of Nov. 7 and 8, 1819. *Munden*: See note, p. 220, l. 21. Lamb wrote a comic *Autobiography of Mr. Munden* for the *London*, 1825.

4. *Cockletop*: A credulous old man in O'Keeffe's farce, *Moderr Antiques*.

27. *Edwin*: There were two John Edwins, father (1749-1790) and son (1768-1805), both actors. (*Lucas.*)

280:4. *Farley, Knight, Liston*: Contemporary comedians. Lamb wrote a fictitious *Biographical Memoir of Mr. Liston* for the *London*, 1825, of which he said in a letter: "Of all the lies I ever 'put off' I value this most."

9. *Hydra*: A fabulous Greek monster with nine heads, each of which being cut off, was immediately succeeded by two new ones. Hercules killed it by scorching the stumps as fast as he cut off the heads.

18. *River-horse*: Hippopotamus.

20. *Sir Christopher Curry*: In Colman's *Inkle and Yarico*.

21. *Old Dornton*: See note p. 220, l. 21.

31. *Sessa*: An obsolete interjection of uncertain meaning.

281:1. *The Cobbler of Preston*: A play by Charles Johnson (1716) founded on *The Taming of the Shrew*. (Lucas.)

9. *Cassiopeia's chair*: One of the northern constellations, on the opposite side of the pole star from the Great Bear, or Dipper.

11. *A beggar*, etc.: That is, Michael Angelo (see note, p. 174, l. 27) could glorify even a beggar by his art.

12. *Fuseli*: A Swiss-English painter and art critic (1741-1825).

17. *Platonic idea*: Plato taught the doctrine of the existence of ideas as entities in themselves, the patterns, as it were, of actual concrete things. See pp. 90, l. 22; 152, l. 24; 220, l. 3.

18. *Quiddity*: True essential quality.

MODERN GALLANTRY

24. *Females*: See an article in *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1906, where Professor Lounsbury discusses the changes of fashion in the use of words, particularly noticing the vogue of *female* for "woman" in the early part of the last century and the present avoidance of it in that sense.

282:8. *Dorimant*: A witty fashionable libertine in Etherege's comedy *The Man of Mode*, "a type of the brazen faced lady-killer."

28. *Lothbury*: A district and street in London, once the centre of the pewterers' and candlestick-makers' trade.

283:16. *Has "overstood her market"*: Has outlasted the demand.

20. *Joseph Paice*: A merchant and director of the South-Sea Company, who took Lamb into his office (about 1789 or 1790) to learn bookkeeping, got him into the South-Sea House in 1791, and into the East India House in 1792. (Lucas.)

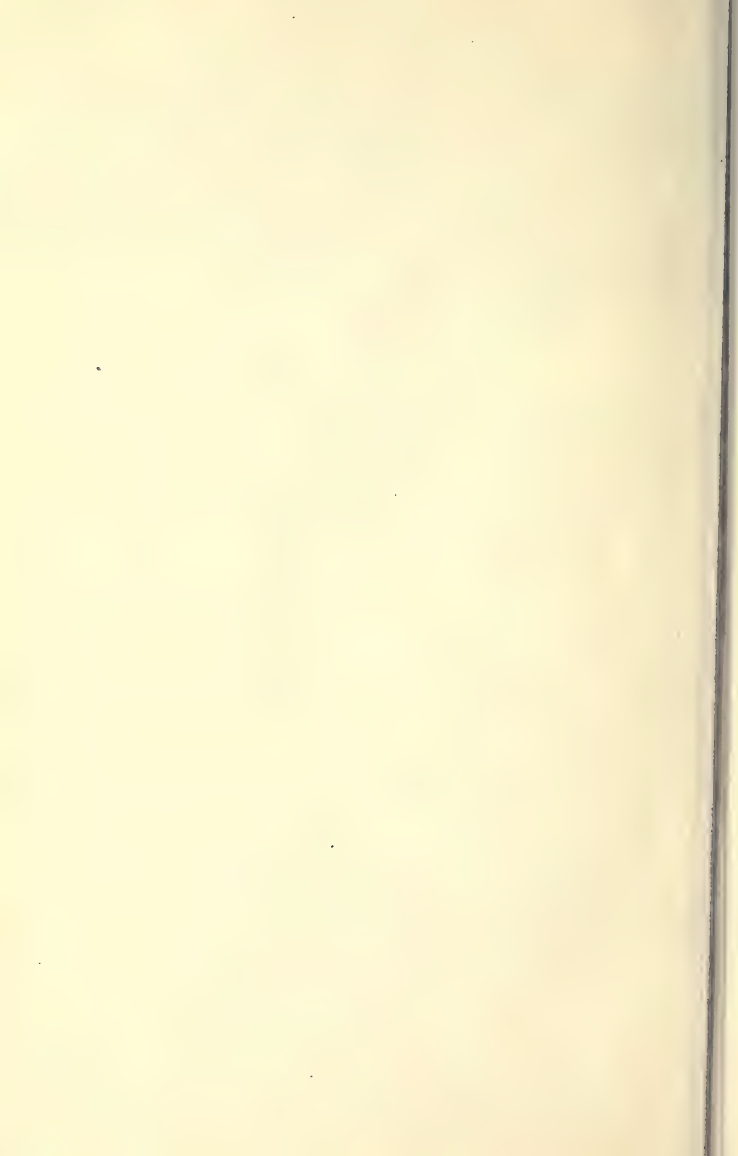
22. *Edwards, Thomas* (1699-1757): An English critic; wrote *Canons of Criticism* upon the appearance of Warburton's edition of Shakespeare, (1747).

28. *Though bred a Presbyterian*: The sect of the Presbyterians was recruited chiefly from the plain people of the middle classes.

284:2. *Casualties*: Chance circumstances.

17. *Preux Chevalier*: Perfect knight; literally, knight of prowess.

18. *Sir Calidore*: In *The Faerie Queene* the type of perfect courtesy. *Sir Tristan*: One of the knights of Arthur's court, introduced by Spenser into *The Faerie Queene*. He slays a discourteous knight, in defence of a lady, and is made a squire by Calidore.



APPENDIX

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APPENDIX

(Adapted, and enlarged, from the *Manual for the Study of English Classics*, by George L. Marsh)

HELPS TO STUDY

CHARLES LAMB

What was the station of Lamb's family (p. 9)? Note where members of it are described in these *Essays* (pp. 168 ff., etc.).

What was the principal school he attended, and who were his more important schoolmates (p. 10)? At what age did he leave school?

What was his principal employment (p. 11) and for how long? What was his attitude toward it?

With whom did Lamb live nearly all his life, and why (p. 14)? Why did he never marry (p. 18)? Note allusions to his love affair, as in "Dream Children" (pp. 199 ff.).

Note the long list of Lamb's friends (p. 17), and the extent to which they represent nearly the whole literary life of the period.

What was Lamb's attitude toward the country (p. 16)? Contrast that of Wordsworth and Coleridge and other romanticists.

What different kinds of literary work did Lamb do before he found his particular forte (pp. 20-22)? In what work did he collaborate with his sister?

What was the purpose and the significance of Lamb's *Specimens of . . . Dramatic Poets* (pp. 24-26)?

When and under what circumstances did Lamb get started as an essayist (p. 26)? Note the origin and progress of the *Essays of Elia*.

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA IN DETAIL .

"The South-Sea House"—What was the "famous Bubble" (p. 287)? Why was the company kept up? When had Lamb worked there, and how long (p. 11)? Note statements that are un-

true of Lamb himself, and hence misleading as to authorship (pp. 45, 47, 288, etc.). What do you think of the ending of this essay? Is there any inartistic sense of incompleteness?

“Oxford in the Vacation”—Note the sketch of “G. D.” as a typical scholar. Compare Chaucer’s Clerk (Prologue to *Canterbury Tales* in Lake Classics edition). What is to be said of the mixing of “you” and “thee” in the second paragraph (p. 55)? Note reflection of Lamb’s feeling as to his lack of a university education.

“Christ’s Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago”—What devices are there to conceal authorship in this essay? Who was the “poor friendless boy” in whose person Lamb speaks (p. 65)? Note especially the estimate of Coleridge in this essay. What about the ending—is it unduly abrupt?

“The Two Races of Men”—Note again the allusions to Coleridge. What serious thought is there back of the whimsicalities of this essay?

“New Year’s Eve”—Why is there such a homily on death here? What is the effect of Lamb’s allusions to his own past, his love affair, etc.? Has the poem cited from Cotton (pp. 94, 95) real poetic quality? Does it deserve Lamb’s comment?

“Mrs. Battle’s Opinions on Whist”—Are there any serious merits in the defense of gambling (p. 103)?

“Valentine’s Day”—Do Lamb’s comments indicate much difference between the observance of Valentine’s Day in his time and now?

“A Chapter on Ears”—Note the error as to Defoe (p. 305). How seriously is this essay to be taken? Apply it to present-day music. Why was the “P. S.” (beginning p. 115) omitted in the collected edition of the *Essays*? What is the point of this? Is it really unfriendly to Hunt?

“All Fools’ Day”—This essay depends to even an unusual degree on a background of literary and historical knowledge on the reader’s part.

“A Quakers’ Meeting”—Would Lamb find reasons for similar comments on this subject now? What peculiarities of the sect which still survive does he mention?

“The Old and the New Schoolmaster”—Was Lamb really de

ficient in range of information and interest, as pretended (pp. 127 ff.)? Do you get any valuable notions about education from this essay—notions of value today? If so, what? What is the gist of Lamb's contrast between the old and the new schoolmaster? Discuss the merits of the contentions near the top of page 135. What ground is there for the implication as to Lamb's work near the top of page 136?

“My Relations”—Study the discussion of “J. E.” as a character sketch. Note the art allusions in this essay.

“Mackery End, in Hertfordshire”—Study also the discussion of “Bridget Elia” as a character sketch. Note the self-revelations of this essay.

“Imperfect Sympathies”—How seriously is Lamb's estimate of the Scotch to be taken? Of the other classes here discussed? Compare, as to Quakers, pages 121 ff.

“The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple”—What appropriateness has the quotation from Marvell (p. 165)? What poetic merits? What notions of Lamb's father are gained from this essay (as “Lovel,” pp. 168 ff.)?

“Witches and Other Night-Fears”—Note uses of the superstition as to waxen images (p. 177) in Rossetti's “Sister Helen” and in Hardy's *Return of the Native*. Discuss the merits of the criticism by Southey (mentioned p. 319).

“Grace Before Meat”—Criticize or defend Lamb's comment on this essay, quoted at the top of page 320.

“My First Play”—Note the significance of the mentions of Sheridan (here and elsewhere).

“Dream-Children: A Reverie”—Divide this into paragraphs. Is there any good reason for making it all one paragraph? Compare Kipling's “They,” as to idea.

“On Some of the Old Actors”—How many of the actors and plays mentioned here had you ever heard of before? What principles of acting may be drawn from this essay?

“Distant Correspondents”—What real difficulties are brought out, in an exaggerated way, in this essay? Note the number of the word “news” (near top of p. 220). What are the most important qualities of a good letter, according to Lamb?

“On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century”—What is the

most important critical idea here? Discuss the view Lamb takes. Is it possible for us to think of anything that we see or read as a play, as if it were quite remote from real life? Note the erroneous judgment as to a play of Sheridan's (p. 231).

“The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers”—Note an allusion to Wordsworth's “Ode on . . . Immortality” (p. 248, the ode may be found in *The Golden Treasury*, Lake edition).

“A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis”—What sound idea is there in this essay; what real use, to human nature, of beggars? Compare Wordsworth's “Old Cumberland Beggar.”

“A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig”—What well marked parts are there here? Which seems to you most interesting and effective?

“A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People”—Sum up the serious criticisms to be found back of the whimsicality of this essay.

“Modern Gallantry”—How much of this can be applied at the present time?

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA, GENERAL MATTERS

Pick out in the essays the most notable examples of the different qualities mentioned in pages 31 ff.; e. g.:

1. Humor (pp. 108 ff., 261 ff., etc.; note the distinction from wit, p. 31);
2. Tenderness (pp. 89 ff., 199 ff., etc.);
3. “Intimate personalness” (examples almost everywhere).

Classify the essays read in any way that seems proper (e. g., personal reminiscences, character sketches, criticisms, etc.). Can any of them be called short stories? Which come near to being short stories? What do such lack?

Pick out an essay that seems particularly notable for pathos, and try to discover how the pathos is secured, its qualities, etc. Is it natural, quiet, exaggerated, self-conscious?

What seems to you most striking about Lamb's humor? How is it secured? Is it mainly in thought or in style?

Find a number of examples illustrating Lamb's fondness for the quaint prose writers of the seventeenth century—examples not so

much of allusions to these writers as of their influence on Lamb's style, in choice of words, sentence structure, figures, etc. What authors' works do you find most frequently alluded to or quoted?

Do you find rigidity of logical structure in any of the essays read? Is the plan ever prominently in view? On the other hand, do you find any incoherence or lack of clearness in the order?

Study the sentence structure. Note how loose and rambling the sentences frequently are. What defense may be made for such sentences?

Pick out the unusual words, or words used in an unusual way, on any page. Try substituting other words, and note if your substitute in any case seems as effective as the original.

Examine Lamb's figures of speech with care. Do you find them frequent? Are they taken more from nature or from human life? Do you find that they reveal Lamb's liking for the city in preference to the country?

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Lamb's life (pp. 9-19).

2. Lamb in business. (Something about the positions he held, the companies he worked for, etc.; or, more imaginatively, an account of a typical day's work somewhat as he might have written it himself.)

3. Character sketches, as gleaned from the essays, of the following:

Lamb himself (may be divided according to different elements of his character, if the whole subject seems to present too much material);

“Bridget Elia” (pp. 146 ff.);

“James Elia” (pp. 140 ff.);

Coleridge (pp. 79, 84-87);

“Mrs. Battle” (pp. 96 ff.).

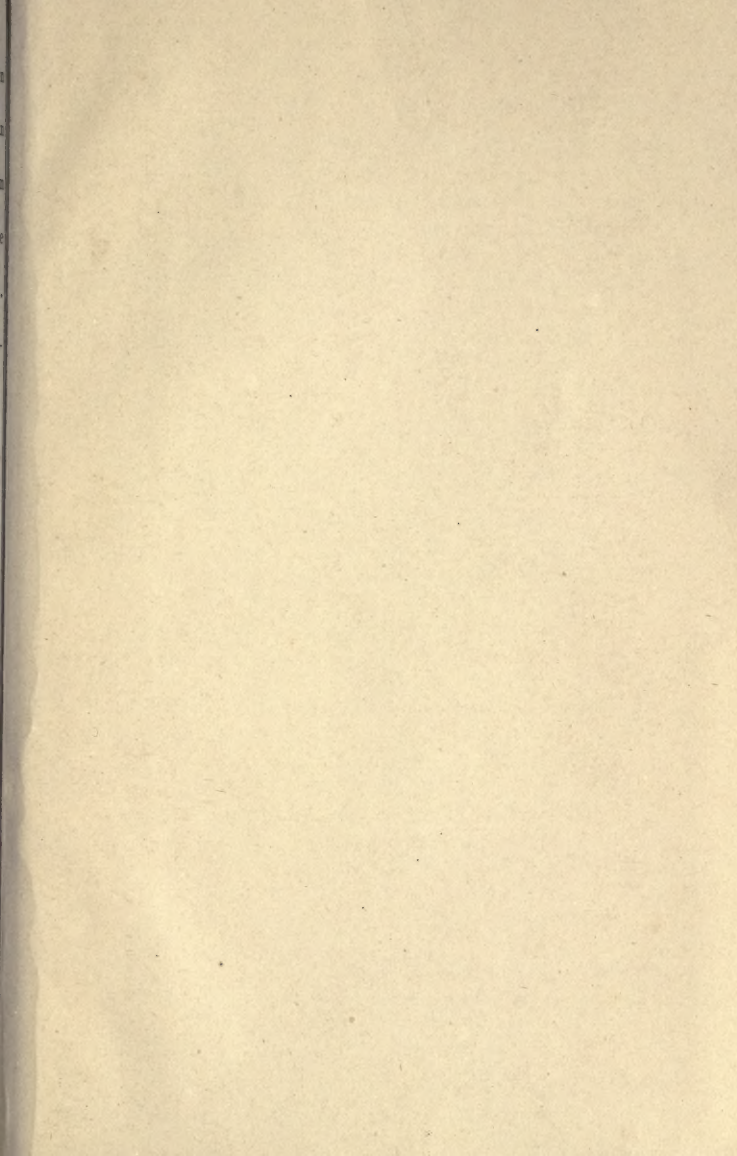
4. An imaginary talk between Charles and Mary Lamb about some play or some character of Shakspeare.

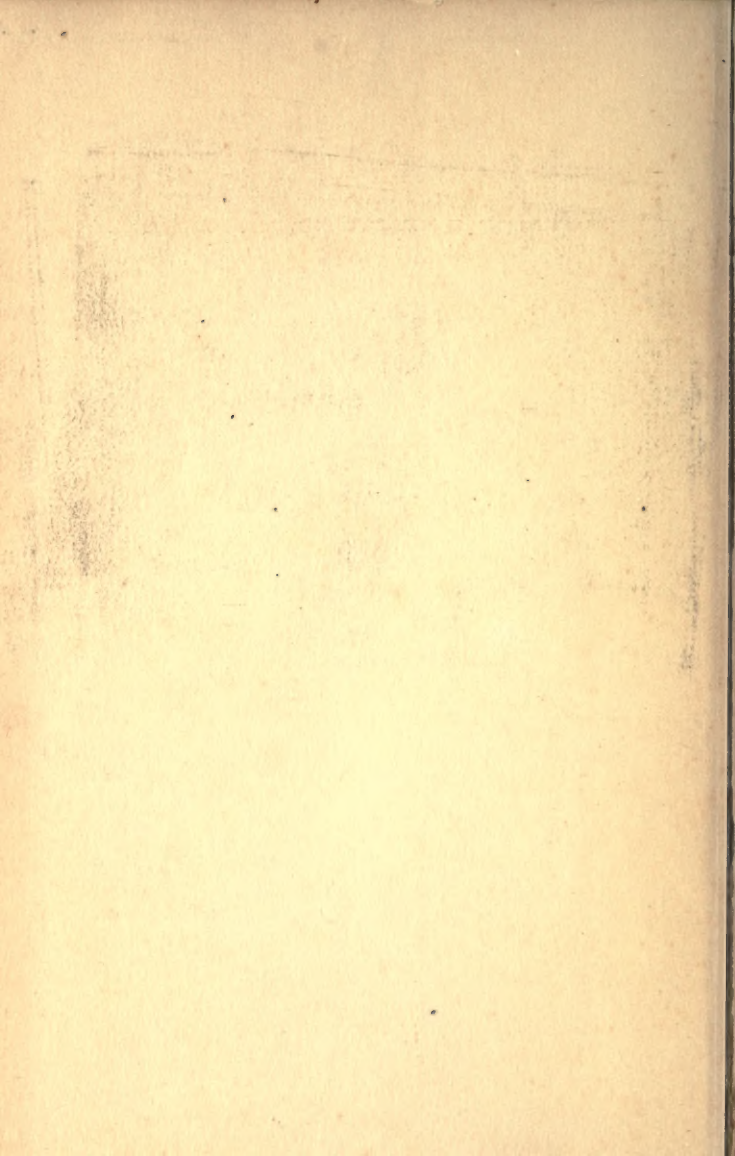
5. A theme on persons associated with the writer in an office, or in school, or at home; somewhat after the manner of Lamb on pages 48 ff.

6. A present-day visit to Oxford or Cambridge in vacation (pp. 55 ff.).
7. Reminiscences of the student's first school, or first day in school (pp. 64 ff.).
8. What Lamb would have thought of a New Year's eve in Chicago (or some other American city). See pages 87 ff.
9. What Mrs. Battle would think of auction bridge, or some other present-day game of cards (pp. 96 ff.).
10. A Quaker meeting the student has attended (pp. 121 ff.).
11. Lamb's recollections of his father (pp. 168 ff.).
12. Your own commonest dream or nightmare or childish superstition. (Cf. pp. 177 ff.)
13. Your own first play (pp. 194 ff.).
14. An ideal letter (pp. 219 ff.).
15. An imaginary account of the origin of some favorite dish, somewhat after the manner of Lamb (pp. 261 ff.).

SELECTIONS FOR CLASS READING

1. The old South-Sea House (pp. 45-48).
2. Reminiscences of Christ's Hospital (pp. 64-68).
3. Coleridge (pp. 79, 84-87).
4. Borrowers and lenders (pp. 80-82).
5. New Year thoughts (pp. 87-93).
6. Lamb's ear for music (pp. 108-112).
7. "A Quaker's Meeting" (pp. 121-27).
8. Thoughts about schoolmasters (pp. 131-36).
9. Lamb's brother (pp. 140-49).
10. "Bridget Elia" (pp. 146-46).
11. Lamb's view of Scotchmen (pp. 154-57).
12. "Night-fears" (pp. 178-84).
13. "Dream-Children" (pp. 199-204).
14. On chimney-sweeps (pp. 241-46).
15. On beggars (pp. 252-55).
16. The origin of roast pig (pp. 261-65).
17. "Modern Gallantry" (pp. 281-83).





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Lamb, Charles
Elia

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